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# *The* ARCHIVE

Edited by DAVID H. THORPE. ROBERT M. JOHNSTON, *Bus. Mgr.*

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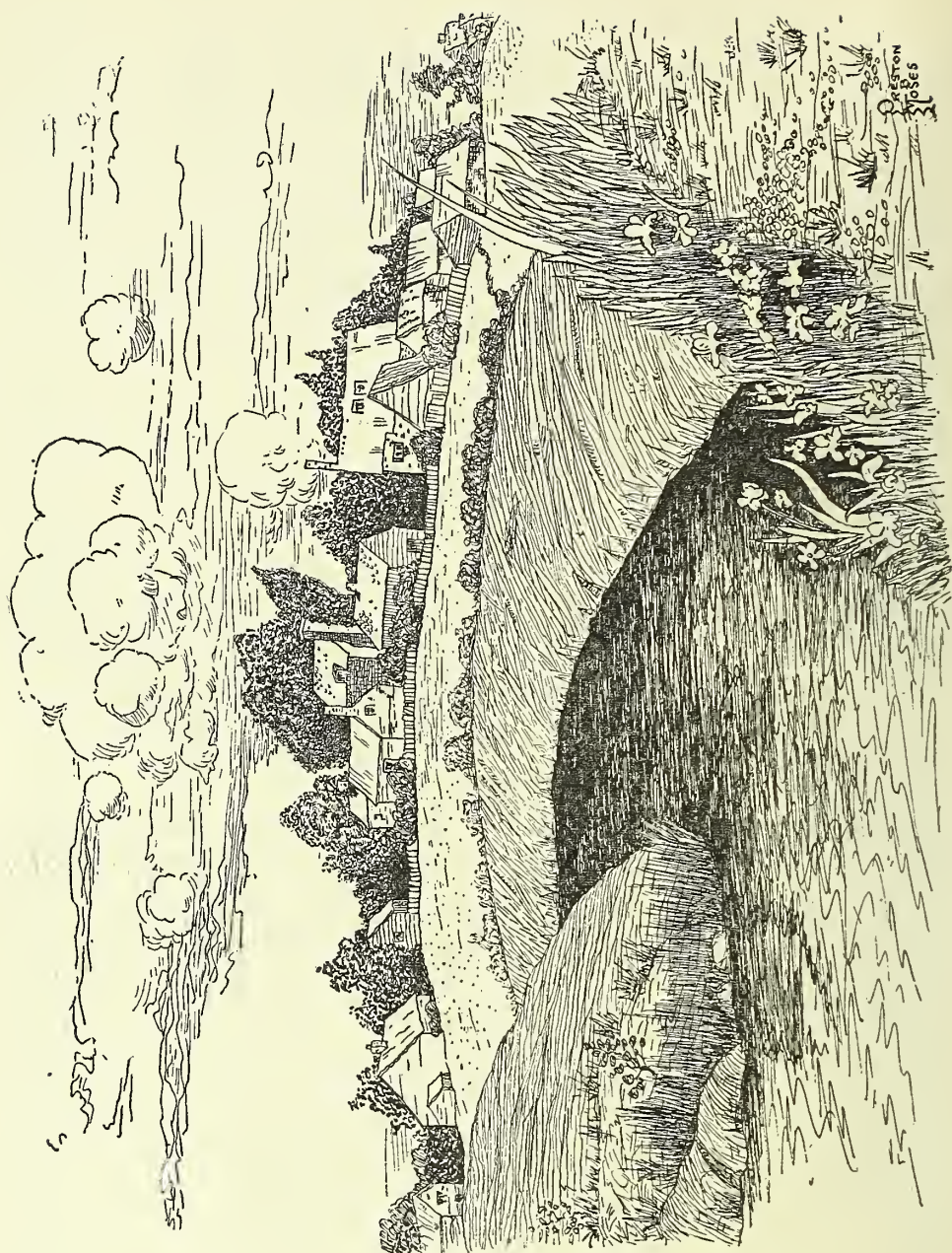
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## ANNOUNCEMENT

This number commences the forty-first volume of the ARCHIVE, and also the first issue under the editorship of the present staff. The staff intends to continue the past policy of the ARCHIVE by combining the contributions of students of Duke University with those of outside contributors. All contributions should be addressed to the Editor, Duke University, Durham, North Carolina, and should be typewritten, using double-space, and on one side of paper only.





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# Gerhart Hauptmann:

## *A Tribute*

By EDWIN BJÖRKMAN

WINNERS of the literary Nobel prize have not always been popular in that capacity. But when, in 1912, the Swedish Academy bestowed this honor on Gerhart Hauptmann, then fifty years old, none of the usual protests were heard except from certain reactionary elements in Germany, whose disagreement only tended to increase the satisfaction felt by the world at large. At that time Hauptmann had already produced some of his greatest dramatic successes, like "The Weavers," "Hannele's Assumption," and "The Sunken Bell." Yet he did not hold the commanding position that is his to-day. If, nevertheless, the award in his case was greeted with general approval, the reason must be sought in the fact that, in the man himself as well as in his work, the world recognized a spirit aiming and reaching beyond the mere perfection of form, on one side, and beyond the mere correction of social maladjustments, on the other.

The prize in question is supposed to be given for work of markedly idealistic tendency. As the provisions of the Nobel will have been interpreted, this does not call for writings that show what in our country is called a Pollyanna attitude. Rather it implies on the part of the honored author an effort at raising the human spirit to a higher level of perfection, to loftier and more distinterestedly inspired visions, or, if you so prefer, to a higher degree of God-realization, than has been achieved hitherto. If ever an artist earned the name of idealist in this, the finer and truer sense, it is, I think, Hauptmann. In spite of his early realistic plays, many of them written under influences essentially foreign to his own nature, he has always been regarded as predominantly a dreamer. "A painful, introspective, hunted earnestness is on his face," Charles Henry Meltzer wrote of the poet's appearance in 1913; "the face of a thinker, a dreamer, a genius."

Hauptmann, however, is more than a dreamer. He is a mystic.

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This means to me a man who sees and seeks the purpose of life and living in the great unknown that towers shadow-like behind the known, rather than in the little circle of daily events that rules our senses and is ruled by them in turn. A modern mystic, be he otherwise poet, prophet, or preacher, does not despise or decry scientific thinking and searching. Nor does he neglect or scorn man's endeavor to adjust himself more snugly to a gradually shifting environment. He deems both these processes fundamental to our understanding and control of the world and of ourselves. But always he is irked and goaded by a mysterious inner sense which tells him that what we call truth . . . the ultimate explanation of the universal multiplicity of facts . . . lies beyond all science, and yet not beyond man's intuitive realization. To him the unity and community of all existence, known or unknown, far or near, great or small, is the most important veracity to be counted with, and man's highest objective in life, as well as the price of what he calls happiness, is to discover the proper relationship between his own self and the larger whole of which he feels himself an infinitesimal yet remarkably impressive part.

These are, in the last instance, the ideas and the aims that run through all of Hauptmann's finest work and explain its typical coloring. This coloring has become more and more evident the longer he has lived and worked. For this very reason his form has frequently, if not always, been lacking in that final polish which stamps the work of the purely esthetic creator. Beauty is in his soul, in his never sated longings, and in his external manifestations of both. But it is a beauty of the spirit as much as of the form . . . a beauty of self-knowledge and self-realization no less than of literary or plastic or musical expression. And it is his reverence for this kind of beauty which always has made him feel and resent the division that haunts and hampers our poor human lives as actually lived.

When he wrote "The Sunken Bell," he was undoubtedly preoccupied with the bridging of such a division within himself . . . the supposedly insurmountable division between the flesh and the spirit, between the real and the ideal, between the god that is in nature and the god that man has raised into a heaven of his own making. But the autobiographical element was only a starting point. The proof of his genius, of his greatness as man and artist, is that he transmuted the

personal problem into a typically human one, so that his bell-founder, torn between Magda and Rautendelein, between the church and the forest, is not Hauptmann, but Man. The spirit in and behind that play is religious in the noblest sense, and so is its author, though his religion has nothing to do with creeds or rites or institutions.

This is one reason why he could never remain a purely tendential writer of the reforming type. With man's suffering, self-imposed or inflicted from without, he has the most profound sympathy. Man's evil ways toward other men he views with a divinely intolerant hatred. But the petty evils and pains and quarrels of the passing day can never make him halt for long in misanthropic contemplation. The evils that detain his attention lastingly are of another type, rooted in men's souls, ineradicable by legislative enactments or economic readjustments, however well these may be required. It is the evil of perennial separation and opposition, of man's splitting himself off from nature as a superior being, and thus splitting himself off from his own kind . . . man against man, man against woman, child against parent, class against class, nation against nation, race against race, and all against life and its simple, silent, but irresistible laws. Reunion . . . of man with man, of man with nature, of man with God . . . that is what he preaches, in his plays and in his novels, in "The Sunken Bell" and in "The Island of the Great Mother." It is this preaching which men and women everywhere sense rather than grasp in his work. It is because of this that they call him great, and honor him, and listen to him, and want to know more about him.



# The Simple Truth

By COUNTÉE CULLEN

I know of all the words I speak, or write,  
Precious and woven of a vibrant sound,  
None ever snares your faith, intrigues you quite,  
To send you soaring from the solid ground.  
You are the level-headed lover who  
Can match my kisses while the tremors last;  
But you are never shaken through and through;  
Your roots are firm after the storm has passed.

I shall know nights of tossing in my sleep  
Fondling a hollow where your head should lie,  
But you a calm review, no tears to weep,  
No wounds to dress, no futile breaths to sigh.  
Ever this was the way of wind with flame:  
To harry it, then leave the way it came.





# Orchid-Hunting

By SAMUEL SCOVILLE, JR.

MY PATH led down the side of the lonely Barrack, as the coffin-shaped hill had been named. There I had been exploring a little mountain stream, which I had fondly and mistakenly hoped might prove to be a trout-stream. The winding wood-road passed through dim aisles of whispering pine trees. At a steep place, a bent green stem stretched half across the path, and from it swayed a rose-red flower like a hollow sea-shell carved out of jacinth. For the first time I looked down on the moccasin flower or pink lady-slippper (*Cypripedium acaule*), the largest of our native orchids.

For a long time I hung over the flower. Its discovery was a great moment, one of those that stand out among the thirty-six odd million of minutes that go to make up a long life. For the first time my eyes were opened to see what a lovely thing a flower could be. In the half-light I knelt on the soft pine-needles and studied long the hollow purple-pink shell, veined with crimson, set between two other tapering petals of greenish-purple, while a sepal of the same color curved overhead. The whole flower swayed between two large, grooved leaves.

Leaving the path, I began to hunt for others under the great trees, and at last came upon a whole congregation nodding and swaying in long rows around the vast trunks of white pines which were old trees when this country was born.

From that day I became a hunter of orchids and a haunter of far-away forests and lonely marshlands and unvisited hill-tops and mountain-sides. Wherever the lovely hid-folk dwell, there go I. They are strange flowers, these orchids. When first they were made out of sunshine, mist, and dew, every color was granted them save one. They may wear snow-white, rose-red, pearl and gold, green and white, purple and gold, ivory and rose, yellow, gold and brown, and every shade of crimson and pink. Only the blues are denied them.

Since that first great day I have found the moccasin flower in many places—on the top of bare hills and in the black lands of northern Canada, where, four feet under the peat, the ice never melts even in mid-

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summer. Once I saw it by a sphagnum bog where I was hunting for the almost unknown nest of the Tennessee warbler, amid clouds of black flies and mosquitoes that stung like fire. Again, on the tip-top of Mount Pocono in Pennsylvania I had just found the long-sought nest of a chestnut-sided warbler. Even as I admired the male bird, with his white cheeks and golden head and chestnut-streaked sides, and the four eggs like flecked pink pearls, my eye caught a sight which brought me to my knees regardless for a moment of nest, eggs, birds and all. Among rose-hearted twin-flowers and wild lilies of the valley and snowy dwarf cornels swung three moccasin flowers in a line. The outer ones, like the guard-stars of great Altair, were light in color. Between them gleamed, like the Eagle Star itself, a flower of deepest rose, an unearthly crystalline color, like a rain-drenched jacinth.

Another time, at the crest of a rattlesnake den, I found two of these pink pearls of the woods swinging above the velvet-black coils of a timber rattlesnake. I picked my way down the mountain-side, with Beauty in one hand and Death in the other, as I romantically remarked to the unimpressed snake-collector who was waiting for me with an open gunny-sack.

Then there was the day in the depths of the pine-barrens, where stunted, three-leaved pitch pines took the place of the towering, five-leaved white pine of the North. The woods looked like a shimmering pool of changing greens lapping over a white sand-land that had been thrust up from the South into the very heart of the North. I followed a winding wood-path along the high bank of a stream stained brown and steeped sweet with a million cedar-roots. A mountain laurel showed like a beautiful ghost against the dark water—a glory of white, pink-flecked flowers.

Through dripping branches of withewood and star-leaved sweet-gum saplings the path twisted. Suddenly, at the very edge of the bank, out of a mass of hollow, crimson-streaked leaves filled with clear water, swung two glorious blossoms. Wine-red, aquamarine, pearl-white, and pale gold they gleamed and nodded from slender stems. It was the pitcher-plant which I had never seen in blossom before.

From the stream the hidden path wound through thicket after thicket, sweet as spring with the fragrance of wild magnolia and the spicery of the gray-green bayberry. Its course was marked with white

sand, part of the bed of some sea forgotten a hundred thousand years ago. By the side of the path showed the vivid crimson-lake leaves of the wild ipecac, with its strange green flowers; while everywhere, as if set in snow, gleamed the green-and-gold of the hudsonia, the barrens-heather. The plants looked like tiny cedar-trees laden down with thickly set blossoms of pure gold, which the wind spilled in little yellow drifts on the white sand. In the distance, through the trees, were glimpses of meadows, hazy-purple with the blue toad-flax. Beside the path showed here and there the pale gold of the narrow-leaved sundrops, with deep orange stamens. Beyond were masses of lambskill, with its fatal leaves and crimson blossoms.

On and on the path led, past jade-green pools in which gleamed buds of the yellow pond-lily, like lumps of floating gold. Among them were blossoms of the paler golden-club which looked like the tongue of a calla lily. At last the path stretched straight toward the flat-topped mound that showed dim and fair through the low trees. The woods became still. Even the Maryland yellow throat stopped singing, the prairie warbler no longer drawled his lazy notes, and the chewink, black and white and red all over, like the newspaper in the old conundrum, stopped calling his name from the thickets and singing, "Drink your tea!"

I knew that at last I had come upon a fairy hill, such an one wherein the shepherd heard a host of tiny voices singing a melody so haunting sweet that he always remembered it, and which has since come down to us of today as the tune of Robin Adair. Listen as I would, however, there was no sound from the depths of this hill. Perhaps the sun was too high, for the fairy-folk sing best in late twilight or early dawn.

The mound, like all fairy hills, was guarded. The path ran into a tangle of sand-myrtle with vivid little oval green leaves and feathery white, pink-centred blossoms. Just beyond stood a bush of poison-sumac. Pushing aside the fierce branches, I went unscathed up the mound. At its very edge was another sentry. From under my feet sounded a deep, fierce hiss, and there across the path stretched the great body of a pine snake fully six feet long, all cream-white and umber-brown. Raising its strange pointed head, with its gold and black eyes, it hissed fearsomely. I had learned, however, that a pine snake's hiss is worse than its bite and, when I poked its rough, mottled body with my

(Continued on page thirty six)

# Betrayal

*By* VIRGINIA STAIT

Death-folded, I put my grief down,  
Under sod and earth and delaying;  
And I forced my lips to the known,  
And I forced my feet to obeying.

"They will think it far-finished," I said,  
"That today is yesterday's after;  
I shall feign in my silver and red,"  
But I had forgotten . . . laughter!



# Victorian Set

*By* LUCIA TRENT

There is a stirring in the trees tonight  
As if a hundred ladies  
Were moving decorously  
In taffeta gowns;  
And the moon has the air  
Of a man of the world,  
Scanning a hundred ladies  
Moving decorously  
In taffeta gowns.



# Masculine Handwriting

By VIRGINIA McCORMICK

“UPWARDS of sixty” was the verdict of a woman who had known her for many years. How much leeway is allowed there we may wonder about, for there is always the pitiful bartering of senile flattery among women as they skim around the edges of old age without the courage to dip in and have it over.

She came to Virginia in the early eighties, leaving in New Orleans a memory still beautiful and hauntingly reminiscent today. She must have had lovers and a family and all the appurtenances of youth but none of them had ever appeared in the years that we knew her, and they were twenty-one; years filled with many little makeshifts that we pretended not to see.

Even twenty years ago she was a “roomer,” that strange anomaly, product of the urban life. She had two small rooms in the household of an old and aristocratic, but financially reduced, family, in one of the streets of Our Town, where the belles and beaux of a past generation had gathered, but even so long ago as that it was enveloped in an atmosphere of faded gentility and now it is a place of small shops with apartments for the venders above their squalid counters and pine-board shelves, reached by narrow dark stairs and never a hint of the lovely winding staircase which they have replaced.

The Roomer has moved into another neighbourhood, equally shabby but more genteel; that bar sinister of a decadent square in all cities. Her demands are a bit high-handed and her manner always seems intended to impress one with the idea of a great person temporarily dislodged from her rightful surroundings and determined not to melt into the background of her present status. However these demands become secondary and inconsequential once she is established in one room with the privileges of the family bath and the family Sunday dinner. How she lives the rest of the week is a mystery. Every Wednesday she spends the day with a retired school teacher, existing upon her frugal pension, and they share a meager lunch, recalling things which they

have persuaded themselves really happened, but which are actually part of a subconscious dream life that is lived by women who make their habitat alone.

Sometimes friends drop into the Roomer's one bed-and-sitting room at tea time and she always has a cup of tea to offer. She brews it in an old silver teapot that is a relic of her French ancestry and is of priceless beauty and artistry. Hemlock would taste ambrosial poured from its curving spout and we never realize that the tea is weak and the sugar scanty, but as there is never lemon, an article too perishable to have on hand, we do not need a full measure of sweetness. Of course there are no cakes at the hospitable disposal of the Roomer, but if the visitor is tactful she carries an informal looking paper bag from the little French patisserie around the corner and offers it as a gift before the question of tea has been broached. No one has ever had the temerity to suggest an old ladies' home to the Roomer and I doubt if her aristocratic constitution would stand the shock of such a suggestion, but think of the delight of regular meals and warm fires, not to mention congenial companionship after supper, the hours which the Roomer finds it hardest to live through. Once when she was ill I went in quite suddenly between eight and nine at night, to take her some wholesome nourishment, and that was my only glimpse into her real life. A little funny old-fashioned cowhide trunk, with the hair still there in patches, had been pulled from under the bed and in it lay nothing but letters; letters in fine feminine hand writing and letters with a fierce manly sprawl across their yellowed pages. The Roomer was too weak to remain the mystery we were accustomed to consider her. She was reading the letters with the big sprawly handwriting and tears of sentimentality were trickling down her greyish, wrinkled cheeks. "We were to have been married, Dearie, but we disagreed and he never came back." The last words told the whole story of her life. He never came back! Can you not see her waiting in that old New Orleans parlour where the blinds were never raised, day after day; putting on her freshest and most becoming organdy each evening and bringing out the tapestry work that she has never finished to this day?

If the Roomer had married she would long ago have ceased to regard this *beau chevalier* with sentimentality. He would probably be a

gouty old grandfather and she would be immersed in the joys and sorrows of her children and her children's children. Matrimony at least does this one thing for women; it stamps out sentimentality and gives them in its place either a tender sentiment or a wholesome pessimism with which to face life's failures. No married woman will brood over letters half a century old or weep at the sight of sprawly masculine chirography!

But the Roomer will go on interminably I feel sure, or another so like her will take the place we assign her that we shall not know she is gone,—making weak tea and reminiscing of the *ancien régime*, and, when she has a snuffly cold, re-reading for the millionth time these faded letters that are like her in their yellowed age, except that the writing in the masculine sprawly hand does not shine out so emphatically upon her yellow-grey person; it is faded and colourless like her hair and skin, but it is very evident at times, as for example when a young girl tells the Roomer of her engagement. Then there is a new light of understanding, and the handwriting is clear and defiant of the years!



# Urns

By DILLARD STOKES

I have worked long enough. My limbs are numb and weak; and the sweat of my body has become a bitter perfume in my nostrils. It is enough. I go.

Have I earned no resting?

Have I not laid quiet through the nights when the loon called me to high sport under the drunken stars? have I not plodded across the fields when the loam laid hold on me with clinging fingers? have I not been peaceful and placid when strong deeds were abroad and hot words were on the quick, touchy winds?

I have begotten your children without lust. I have earned their bread without stint; their souls have been high and proud because of my labor. I weary of the warm stupid toil.

They are men and women now; they know their ways.

Hot words are on the wind tonight.

My strength is gone out of me, lost . . . lost to the loam.

Hot words are on the wind tonight.

I will try dreaming for myself awhile.

I have worked long enough. . . .



# The Mountain

By SHARLEY BELL

All day the mountain distant towers  
Above the haunts of men.  
The winds sweep by, the clouds float high  
In peace beyond our ken.  
All day the mountain seems to say  
I know you not, strange children far below,  
I know you not, nor heed your futile way.  
But when the sunset lights his peak  
Empurpling all the hills the while,  
Over the village in quiet sleep  
I thought I saw the mountain smile.



# *Chopin and the Cat*

NOTE.—There is adroit and profound subtlety in the caption for this monthly department with which the editor of this magazine has maliciously chosen to inflict you, erudite reader. Unless you are a devout follower of Freud and the new psychoanalysis and have painstakingly recorded all the dreams that you have had during the past fortnight, unless you subsist entirely on a diet of oysters and champagne, as the mother of the late Isadora Duncan was accustomed to do at one auspicious moment in her life, unless you have heard Chopin played by a half-mad lad and know the various habits of cats to the extent of the late Hippo-campe, and unless you have read widely the verse of a certain buxom, tobacco-loving New England poet, the subtleties of the caption for this department will remain impenetrable to you. For those prerequisites for an understanding are all that I shall divulge of my title. In case you care to send in your surmises, you may address them to the editor of this magazine, or simply toss them into your own waste basket.

## Summer Reading

Concerning summer reading, strange, there is only one opinion held. I call your attention to the strangeness because concerning Al Smith, Herbert Hoover, Prohibition, and Catholicism there are so many varying opinions held that it seems impossible that the American people can find one topic concerning which there is no disagreement.

It is pretty generally held that summer reading should be light. At least the book concerns assume that their patrons read only light literature during the vacation months as is apparent in their advertisement recommendations of the books to carry on that trip to Europe or that jaunt to the seaside. And the monthly lists of most popular books during June, July, and August always have an over-weight of fiction. No doubt the sultry days have considerable to do with the nature of the reading that we do in the old hammock.

For some years my habits of reading during the summer have been only slightly affected by this important tenet in the American credo, to wit, that summer reading should be light. I have always prided myself upon the fact that I read whatever I wish and whenever I wish. During the summer I have only sought to read those books which somehow I failed to read during the busier months and which I still feel that as an intelligent American citizen with some literary and artistic interests I should read.

But this summer my choice of books has been influenced by other than the last mentioned reason. I find that I have become familiar with some of the so-called best sellers which in most cases fall into the category of light reading. For in-

stance there is the much discussed and much whispered *Bad Girl*, a book of which I am sure that our grandmothers would disapprove, if they did not perceive its usefulness as a convenient manual with which successfully to evade some of the embarrassing questions asked by inquisitive daughters. But hardly that could have been expected of the pre-Victorian days.

I confess that my interest in the Viña Delmar novel was prompted by curiosity. Merely the knowledge that *Bad Girl* had been dubbed by the Literary Guild as one of its monthly offerings to the various gullible palates that compose its membership is sufficient to arouse one's interest. One remembers *Circus Parade* and *The American Caravan*. Then there were those intriguing rotogravure advertisements in the *New York Times* "Book Review" in which there was pictured a modern, rather pleasant-looking female holding somewhat guiltily before her a copy of *Bad Girl*. Underneath in large letters the reader was told something about "a sensational novel." Another inducement to my reading Miss Delmar's book was the urgent request from a feminine friend, who tried so hard to be serious and yet had a faintly malicious twinkle in her eye, that I read the book and write immediately to her telling her what I thought of it. Those circumstances conspired to make me read *Bad Girl*.

Now concerning another no less advertised and discussed book that I read during the summer, I can again offer curiosity as a strong influence. The book is *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*. I can account for my reading this book mainly to Mr. Gene Tunney. Had not his recent cavortings with Mr. Thornton Wilder, the author, been so broadcasted, perhaps my interest in the Pulitzer novel would have waned and grown cold. But curiosity to know for my own satisfaction if Miss Frances Newman's panning of Mr. Wilder's novel in this magazine last spring was justified also led me into a perusal of the novel otherwise lauded.

But I confess that the predominant reason for my selection of *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* is a weakness of long standing with me. It is my constant failure to withstand a beautiful book. I mean physical beauty. Handsome cover, artistic illustrations, leisurely paging, and other crafts of the book-maker's trade are a potent charm to which I am always a submissive victim. But I might add that the successor to *The Cabala* is quite as artistic in its literary execution as in its physical appearance.

There are other books of summer reading to which I might refer, such as *Erik Dorn*, *Capitol Hill*, *Spider Boy*, and others; but that must be put away, like bread, for other times.

B. B. CARSTARPHEN

# Wheels

By ELIZABETH LYLE

The wheels go by  
Down my road,  
Droning past my cottage gate  
Over the hill beyond;  
And I cannot find the why  
Of their passing code.

When the wheels go slow  
And draw near,  
I light my candle at the fire,  
And wait behind the door . . .  
Passing like the ebb and flow  
Of another year.

'Tis weary to snuff  
The candle out  
And wind the clock; latch the door  
And bank the dying fire—  
While wheels drone by on the rough  
Road I know about.





# Book Reviews

## *The New Humanism*

*American Criticism: A Study in Literary Theory from Poe to the Present*, by Norman Foerster. Boston and New York: The Houghton, Mifflin Company. 273 pp. \$3.50.

Whatever one may think of the present state of American literature, there is no doubt that our literary criticism is in a healthier condition than it has ever before been. Never before has there been such marked interest in critical ideas or such a resolute attempt to find values that are permanent. This critical activity is doubtless merely one aspect of the tendency to view critically every aspect of American life and thought. Perhaps we are, intellectually, coming of age at last.

Quite timely, then, is Professor Foerster's "critical analysis of the literary creeds that have been most impressively set forth in this country." Mr. Foerster has made a very thorough analysis of Poe, Emerson, Lowell, and Whitman. He has performed this difficult task with admirable thoroughness. I only regret that he has not made similar studies of Henry James and William Dean Howells, later realistic critics who would help to counterbalance the romanticists whom he has studied.

Mr. Foerster has, however, added a final chapter on the Twentieth Century which will interest many readers more than the preceding four. Mr. Foerster's own critical creed is that of the New Humanists. Some of the critics who belong to this group are Paul Elmer More, Irving Babbitt, George Edward Woodberry, W. C. Brownell, and G. R. Elliott. Stuart P. Sherman belonged to the group in his earlier years, and the English critic, J. Middleton Murry, may perhaps be classed with them. The New Humanists are classicists; the majority are college professors, and most of them have studied under Irving Babbitt, professor of French at Harvard. They have much in common with Matthew Arnold. Unlike the vast majority of our literary journalists and reviewers, the New Humanists have very definite standards. They believe in discipline, restraint, tradition, ethical as well as literary values. To them criticism is not merely describing "the adventures of the soul among masterpieces," as it was to Anatole France, nor is their conception of art that of Croce: "Art is the expression of impressions." For them it is not enough to ask, as Spingarn would ask of the work of an artist:

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"Has he or has he not created a work of art?" They would also ask whether the author's aim is intrinsically worth while.

The New Humanists believe with Lowell that, "Before we can have an American literature, we must have an American criticism." They believe with Arnold that criticism should prepare the way for the literature of the future. Undoubtedly, a current of fresh critical ideas is badly needed, but the history of criticism indicates that it looks backward rather than forward.

For my part, I prefer the creed of the New Humanists to that of their opponents, but values in literature seem to me too relative to justify a creed that is so hard and fast. As A. H. Thorndike has said, "On the matter of definitions I am either a sceptic or an eclectic. I am willing to take all or none of them. In the search for beauty which has gone on through the centuries like the search for truth, I do not see why we do not take gratefully whatever men have found and kept, and yet retain an expectancy of new discovery."

Jay B. Hubbell.

### *The Adolescent Spirit of Communist Russia*

*The Diary of a Communist Schoolboy*, by N. Ogniov. Translated from the Russian by Alexander Werth. New York: Payson and Clark, Ltd. 288 pp.

Evolution of the Russian national mind as seen in the attitude of her youth might not appeal to the average reader when treated by a sociologist in a technical study of the situation. Presented in the diary of a rather precocious young rogue whose outlook upon life is a revelation of one of the most fascinating phases of life, the conception is interesting beyond measure. One instinctively compares the Russian and the American present generations while reading the racy diary created by N. Ogniov (Mikhail Grigoryevitch Rosanov) and acclaimed by some critics to be the most significant literary production of Russia since the revolution.

Mr. Werth deserves credit for having left undisturbed much of the spice and spirit of the book in writing an adequate translation of the original. It is understood that in his translation he was forced by prevailing moral restrictions to omit some of the more extremes tales, obviously the product of Ogniov and not of the schoolboy "Vladlen" Riabtsov (if such a person ever really existed), included in the diary. Those that remain, however, are sufficiently entertaining.

With the rise of youth and the dominance of the old by the new in communist Russia, the spirit of the nation becomes that of her youth. Adolescent boys and girls of high school age are faced with, and are coping with, problems undreamed of by contemporary Americans. In this connection, then, lies the real meaning of young Riabtsov's remarkable little diary.

Vladlen is a delightfully profane young scamp and in many respects he is

identical to the average high school or "prep" school boy in this country. The Russian, living in an utterly different social and political régime, is greatly occupied with issues in government and social institutions that do not exist in other lands. The ever hot question of the progress of the communist conception; the difficulties under which educators are laboring to adjust the educational system to harmonize with the new national organization; treatment, for instance, of the Lord Dalton plan of "tasks," under which the student is given definite responsibility; political and social issues peculiar to Russia all are brought out in an enlightening way and discussed pro and con through the diary medium. With this study of Russian post-revolution institutions directly touching the people there is a charming tale of the highly amusing kid Vladlen, his sweetheart Sylva-Sylphida Dubinin—part of whose own entertaining diary is included in that of young Riabtsov—and his interesting associates among the pupils and the teaching staff of the school.

The reaction of the student to Pushkin's "Eugen Oneghin," to Tolstoy's "War and Peace," and to other literary pieces; the naïvely sophisticated summaries of life and love and literature by a 16-year-old girl who feels within herself a dual personality, on the one hand pushing her toward various experiments to determine the nature of life and entirely lacking in "ideological restraint," and, on the other, a singular "restraining power" are part of the book.

The sex question and its realization in adolescence occupies its place in the development of the diary and a true light is cast upon the characteristic outlook of Russian youth—not so very different from that of the boys and girls of America, and of France and England.

*John Paul Lucas, Jr.*

### *The Boy and the Man*

*The Training of An American, The Earlier Life and Letters of Walter Hines Page*, by Burton J. Hendrick. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Co. 444 pp. \$5.00.

From *The Training of An American* there comes again to us a living picture of that vivid personality, Walter Hines Page. Here, also, is the greater part of that untouched record that Mr. Hendrick was forced by space limits to omit from the first volumes of the Page letters. The fifty-eight years prior to the ambassadorship were busy ones, even for a man of Page's restless type. Boyhood days at Cary and the "Old Place"; school and college days at Braxton Craven's Trinity College, at Randolph-Macon, and at Johns Hopkins, and the early struggles to find his place in the scheme of things, form but a prelude to the years of editorship and publishing.

As a book, *The Training of An American* has two values. For one group of readers it will stand as the last chapter in the life of a world figure, of a man



## THE ARCHIVE

whose service to the Anglo-American peoples ought never to be forgotten. To another and smaller group this volume will remain as the record of the life of a man who gave his life and his soul to the upbuilding of a post-Reconstruction South. The Negro, education for white and for black, public health, political freedom, and intellectual growth; these are the problems which Page and his associates faced, and fought, and pled for in the early years of the present century. Every thinking man and woman in the South would do well to read and ponder *The Training of An American*, for the book is a mirror of the past and a measure for the future of life in the Southern states.

Mr. Hendrick's defect, a sometimes too conscious effort to pose his hero as a crusader to his people, is easily forgiven in the face of the splendid treatment of his subject on the whole.

Thomas J. Shaw, Jr.

### *Youthful Franco-American Balzac*

*The Closed Garden*, by Julian Green. New York: Harper and Brothers. 398 pp. \$2.50.

Julian Green's new book, *The Closed Garden*, like his *Avarice House*, is a novel wherein atmosphere predominates. The plot is insignificant, the characters unimpressive, and the setting drab; but somehow—and this is indubitable proof of the young writer's artistry—he has woven with these ugly threads a fascinating sort of novel.

Every incident, every word, every detailed bit of description is skillfully employed to further the impression made by his choice of atmosphere, which is so carefully built up. Even the dialogues between characters tend toward this end. But however artistically the atmosphere may be created, the result is not pleasant. For indeed, *The Closed Garden* is no pleasant story.

The whole atmosphere is one which oppresses by its bare monotony and hopeless sense of futility. The main characters are the members of a French family: Monsieur Mesurat, the tyrannically petty father; Germaine, the elder daughter, slowly dying from a fatal disease; and Adrienne, the younger daughter, stupid, self-centered, and incoherent. And in the Villa des Charmes these three people are cooped up together—each detesting the others and yet totally dependent upon them.

In vain does Adrienne seek some outlet for herself. She slips away from the hated house and walks the roads at night, she convinces herself that she loves a man whom she has never seen, she seeks the company of Madame Legras, whose sympathetic curiosity somewhat compensates for her lack of good reputation. Nothing can save her from the monotony of Villa des Charmes. She moves blindly forward into disasters which seem inevitably set by the nature of her



environment: the murder of her father and ensuing madness for herself. And so the story ends, with Adrienne wandering aimlessly along a country road, her memory a void.

Selfishness, greed, pettiness, and callousness pervade the book, and unpleasant though they are Mr. Green makes them fascinating. There is force and power about this book that proclaims the talent of the young French-born American who is more French than Anglo-Saxon and who follows the style of Balzac. His feeling for atmosphere is suggestive of Poe and it would be difficult to name two writers who effect horrible impressions more vividly than the American Poe and young Green.

Walter S. Spearman

### *Love Is Best*

*Behold the Bridegroom*, by George Kelly. Boston: Little, Brown and Co. 172 pp. 1928. \$1.25.

In this play George Kelly has repudiated the statement which disillusioned moderns have borrowed from Shakespeare and quoted with such approval: "Men have died for love and worms have eaten them, but not for love." He has gone behind the sophisticated phrases of those who, trained in behavioristic notions, resolve all action into a coördination of glands and reflexes, and has vindicated the predominating ideal of the Victorian era: "Love is best."

Curiously enough, Mr. Kelly has done this in a way convincing even to those who, drugged with modern sophistries and observation of prevalent petting, in novels as well as in the world of sensible objects, had come to believe that love as sentiment had died.

Tony Lyle at twenty-seven years of age admitted that life had played out with her. She had been everywhere and had done everything, as she herself said. She had accepted and acted upon the notion that love was a mere biologic function, and that that biologic function was a necessity, and had lived at various times with different men. For these moments of biologic amusement she had to pay a paltry sum of one hundred thousand dollars at one time to a dissatisfied wife.

Then she met Spencer Train whose ways were not her ways or the ways of her cynical world. The result was the tragedy she summarized in her cry, "My lamp was not trimmed and burning when the cry was raised; and so I mustn't whine if I am not permitted to go in—to the marriage supper."

Mr. Kelly has done a sincere piece of character analysis and accurate reporting, but without dramatic verve. The conversation is as skillful an echo of actual talk as he managed in his comedy of the boaster from "little old West Philly" and better than that of "Craig's Wife." The characters, however, through direct and obvious analysis largely, tell the audience what they are,—as obvious analysis al-

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most as that of Eugene O'Neill characters, who talk all their inner thoughts to an audience that is too obtuse to see the secret springs, or because the dramatist could not resist obviously revealing his knowledge of psychology. Beside the one worthy character revelation which he manages in the case of Constance Peyton, the obvious analysis is inartistic.

Katherine E. Grantham

### *An Epic of the Black Belt*

*Cotton*, by Jack Bethea. New York: Houghton, Mifflin Co. 316 pp. \$2.00.

Mr. Jack Bethea, native son of Alabama, has written, in *Cotton*, an epic of the chief industry of his state. A layman is enhanced with the simple description of technical operations in the raising, ginning, bailing, and selling of the cotton which is given by the author in a masterly fashion. Interwoven with the cotton raising story is a plot which is equalled by few of the modern novels, and the reader is gripped with the tenseness of the situation in every part of the story. It is a story of love and adventure—love with a southern aristocrat, and adventure in the old fight of cotton raising, using new methods as weapons.

The story centers about Larry Maynard, the son of a tenant farmer—po' white trash—who has made a name for himself as a cotton expert. He returns to his home town in the Black Belt of Alabama to undertake an experiment—scientific cotton raising. He gains the confidence and respect of the county, and the love of a beautiful, although sensible, girl. He is detained in his love affairs by his social position, and in his business affairs by an unscrupulous money-lender who realizes that Larry can effect his ruination. The former he passes through with little difficulty, but he meets with seemingly insurmountable obstacles. After climbing these barriers which, among many others, include an attempted lynching, Larry finally comes through, little the worse for his experience.

The sordid brown cover emblazoned with huge white letters may discourage the prospective reader, but, upon completing the reading of the book, he will realize that in this vulgar display is interpreted the spirit of the story. The spirit of cotton—*King Cotton!*

Whitfield Huff Marshall

### *Robert Hillyer Versus Shaemas O'Sheel*

*The Seventh Hill*, by Robert Hillyer. New York: The Viking Press. 85 pp. \$1.50.

*Jealous of Dead Leaves*, Shaemas O'Sheel. New York: Boni and Liveright. 72 pp. \$2.00.

Robert Hillyer achieves his seventh volume of poetry. Hardly a more fitting title for the book could have been forged than, *The Seventh Hill*. The prestige that six previous books of verse have built for Mr. Hillyer, has not been lessened

¶ Page Twenty four



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## THE ARCHIVE †

by the appearance of his *septimis voluminis*, but, rather has placed one more stone on his altar to fine poetry. *The Seventh Hill* is distinctive. The poetry of this volume, divided into four books: Meditations; Sonnets; Pastorals; and Prothalamion, gives one a short review of the different forms of Robert Hillyer's poetry, and is a splendid demonstration of his versatility and poetical ability.

The extract, ". . . Let us be jealous of dead leaves in bay-wreath crown," taken from Keats, affords Mr. O'Sheel the title for his latest edition. *Jealous Of Dead Leaves* leaves one with the feeling that the author, although he worships Keats, is striving for the goal attained by Byron or Burns in their poems of love. The paramount theme in the author's most recent book of verse is love; leading one to believe that the twelve years which have intervened since his last volume have been a romantic spell that he has not been able to cast off while writing. However, when he does not allow love the reins, his poetry takes on a live interest. No one who reads "They Went Forth To Battle But They Never Returned," can fail to be arrested by the beautiful lines,

". . . And that which pierced the heart was but a word,  
Though the white breast was red-lipped where the sword  
Pressed a fierce cruel kiss and did not cease  
Till its hot thirst was surfeited."

Of the two volumes, *The Seventh Hill* is much the superior. One feels that Mr. Hillyer is striving for a real poetic goal, and his well polished darts are reaching their aim; while Mr. O'Sheel "loves" one too much, and becomes seriously interesting only occasionally.

Gerald M. Crona

### *John's John*

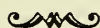
*Daisy and Daphne*, by Rose Macaulay. New York: Boni and Liveright, 1928. 334 pp. \$2.50

At last the pesky lady reporter, the society editor, the local Dorothy Dix, the Sunday feature writer (whatever she be, just so she is a newspaper woman) may not walk about aloofly with vain ideas about her intellectual superiority; for now, like Babbitt and Elmer Gantry, she has been pinned beneath the quill of a superior satirist and smeared unmercifully.

This moral duty to mankind has not been undertaken by Sinclair Lewis, but by a person much more capable of dealing with women because she herself, Miss Rose Macaulay, belongs to the woman-sex. The object of this pleasant and effective bantering is "Marjorie Wynne," a character, rather a pseudonym, in Miss Macaulay's new novel, *Daisy and Daphne*.

But this unkindly handling of the woman writer is not all that the author does in her novel. Freud and the new psychoanalysis and a thousand foibles of this

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human race are gently laughed at in a story that deals with two girls, Daisy and Daphne. Daphne, however, is only Daisy's presentment of herself as she would like to appear to others. Her adroitness in such a manipulation of a dual personality, especially in the face of a love affair that Raymond Folyot, a scientist, has with Daphne, is the kernel of interest in a racy, excellent plot. There is a climax that rivals the old mysteries in interest.

Miss Macaulay's style is particularly pleasing in its hard diamond-like brilliance. This British writer has an intelligence that is fearful in its keen penetration of human nature. With a few well chosen words there is no limit to the ravages that it may wreak.

B. B. Carstarphen

### *Miss Barry Paints an Inadequate Portrait*

*Portrait of Lady Mary Montagu*, by Iris Barry. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1928. 336 pp. \$3.00.

The title of this book, its tome-like size, and the pleasing embellishments led me to reserve for it an important place in my shelf of books, along side *The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism*, Emil Ludwig's *Napoleon*, and a few other trophies. But a careful examination of the book before consigning it to its snug and auspicious position saved me from such unforgivable inappropriateness and such embarrassment to Mr. Shaw, Herr Ludwig, M. Maurois, and the others.

My refusal to grant Miss Barry's work a place of importance is based on the defective quality of her book. Reason enough is that it fails to measure up to the high quality of some of our new biographies. Furthermore, Lady Mary is a personage in history whose magnificent personality, unequalled life, and associations with eminent artists, musicians, and literary men (not to mention her stock of letters) would afford an intelligent biographer material for a handsome, living portrait. But in Miss Barry's *Portrait* the great Lady Mary is inadequately treated and emerges merely outlined and daubed with a few colors.

Happily there are times when a clear comprehension and a sympathetic understanding accompany Miss Barry's writing, but those times are reserved to the last pages, when Lady Mary has grown old. Then Miss Barry does justice to her sitter. The portrait strangely resembles Mr. Van Vetchten's now-famous *Tattooed Countess*.

This biographer could have accomplished more had she possessed a more vigorous and less artificial style. It is painful to encounter passages that are almost identical with those notorious examples of "fine writing" presented to us in the composition books in the earlier days. Perhaps less of the cinema influence would

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## THE ARCHIVE

have aided. Nevertheless, we are to be grateful for another glimpse at the famous Lady Mary, among other more fitting things, the person to whom we are indebted for the introduction into England of inoculation against small-pox.

B. B. Carstarphen

### *Letters to a Father Confessor*

*Letters From Joseph Conrad*, edited with Introduction and Notes by Edward Garnett. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 312 pp. \$3.50.

These *Letters From Joseph Conrad* to his friend and literary advisor Edward Garnett cover nearly a thirty year period in the literary life of the author of the *Nigger* and the other tales of sea and man that we have come to regard as classics in their *genre*. It is with a sense of sympathy but astonishment that the reader of the letters passing between these two men comes to appreciate the often times blood price that Conrad paid in writing his stories. The long delayed writing and publication of the *Rescue*—extending over twenty years—is one out of many examples in the *Letters*. Even *Youth* and *The Nigger of the Narcissus* were born in heavy labor and sorrow.

Over all, however, stands the guiding hand of Edward Garnett. That is the other significant thing about this book. The constant friendship between Conrad and his literary guide is as sincere and as affectionate as it is profitable to both. Other touches show the genial kindness of Conrad in his love for those within his family circle, and the latent ruggedness of his inner spirit.

From now on it will be next to impossible for any reader of *Letters From Joseph Conrad* to regard his books as mere lightly executed sea yarns. The character that is in them is the character of Conrad, a fact that careful and discerning readers long ago accepted in fixing their criterion.

Thomas J. Shaw, Jr.

### *Miss Newman Shows Two Sides of a Triangle*

*Dead Lovers Are Faithful Lovers*, by Frances Newman. New York: Boni and Liveright. 295 pp. \$2.50.

On the surface *Dead Lovers Are Faithful Lovers* is a clever novel. Its virtues lie not in complexity of plot, but in what at first glance appears to be superficial insight. There is no action in this record of certain days, moments and emotions in the lives of Charlton Cunningham, Evelyn (his wife, who had been a *Virginia Page*) and Isabel Ramsay. And there is less plot. But there is observation, the keen edged observation that cuts like a newly whetted knife. Miss Newman is most skillful in her treatment of Mrs. Cunningham. She handles the woman with all that merciless cruel care that one female of the species is capable of showing towards another. With Isabel Miss Newman is less happily sure of herself. The

+§ Page Thirty



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reason, perhaps, is that there is more autobiography here than allows for personal comfort. Her weakest portrait is that of Charlton Cunningham. He is but a revolving hatrack for the two women. A rather good bit of drawing is in the person of Miss Joma Currier, potentate of the library.

In comparison with *The Hard-Boiled Virgin*, her first novel, Miss Newman's chronicle of dead lovers is the better of the two in broadness of scope, though the novelty of eccentric form cannot, of course, be counted again. The style of *Dead Lovers Are Faithful Lovers* is the same as that used to relate the affairs of Katharine Farraday. So, too, are the geographical centers, Atlanta, Richmond and New York, and the social circles thereof. Miss Newman's strength is in her ability to present social satire with a sense of the inner consciousness. As another example, her study of the Cunninghams is executed in the best Newman manner.

T. J. S., Jr.

### *Etchings and a "Semi-Swoon of Love"*

*Nocturnes and Autumnals*, by David Morton. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 52 pp. \$1.75.

*Sonnets to Craig*, by George Sterling. New York: Albert and Charles Boni. 120 pp. \$2.00.

The quiet beauty in Mr. Morton's book of sonnets forms a positive contrast to the sway of feeling in the late George Sterling's *Sonnets to Craig*. Save that both volumes are limited to poems in sonnet form there is little in common between them. *Nocturnes and Autumnals* bears the stamp of careful and restrained workmanship. The words are shaped into intricate patterns of sunshine and shadow, etchings in words. Only in such a sonnet as "Cry Me Your Name" does the author approach the wild abandon of feeling that is a constant factor in the Sterling sonnets.

In considering *Sonnets to Craig* one thinks of that other great sequence of love poems by Dante Gabriel Rossetti, but the contrast is unfortunate. *The House of Life* is much the better of the two—not because it is accepted as a classic—but because it has a universal quality lacking in the very personal sonnets to Mary Craig Sinclair (wife of Upton Sinclair). "The Coming Singer," "Beloved" and the first sonnet, "Repentance" are, perhaps, the three best of the hundred and two sonnets in the book. The lasting impression is that these sonnets were written from the heart, but written only for the one woman whose name they bear.

For the lover of poetic form *Nocturnes and Autumnals* is much the better book. Mr. Morton adheres to his own judgment that he

*Who shapes the carven word, the lean, true line,  
And builds with syllable and chiselled phrase,  
To rear a sheltering temple and a shrine  
To house a dream through brief and meagre days,—  
Must know that time wears words away like stone,  
And blurs the sharpness of the clean, straight thought;—*

Thomas J. Shaw, Jr.

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*Who they are, etc.*

With this, the first issue of the *Archive* for the year, we offer several new contributors to our readers. The first of these is SAMUEL SCOVILLE, JR., of Haverford, Pennsylvania, a suburb of Philadelphia. Mr. Scoville is a well known naturalist and bird-lover, having written several books and essays on these subjects, the latest of which is *Lords of the Wild* (William Morrow & Co., New York). He also writes for a long list of magazines, and is well known on the lecture platform \* \* \* ELIZABETH LYLE is a young painter in Tennessee, who has made her name well-known, and who now takes up the pen \* \* \* EDWIN BJÖRKMAN does not need our introduction, for he is well known to all our *Archive* readers, and his *Two Poems in Season* will be remembered from last year \* \* \* COUNTEE CULLEN is, perhaps, the most prominent figure in the African literary world to-day. He makes his headquarters in New York, from whence his noteworthy book, *Copper Sun*, was published \* \* \* LUCIA TRENT needs no introduction, for she is one of our most popular contributors. She is at present interested, with her husband, in publishing a symposium on poetic practice. She is also busy with her charming little magazine, *Contemporary Verse* \* \* \* DILLARD STOKES, from his desk in *The Courier-Journal*, of Louisville, Kentucky, promises us that he will again contribute later on in the year \* \* \* VIRGINIA STAIT is well-known as one of the South's most interesting and charming poetesses. She is well known to us all, and will, like Mr. Stokes, be heard from again in the near future. \* \* \* VIRGINIA McCORMICK is another Southern writer who has gained much favorable comment for her work in *Century* and *The Forum*. She has been, and will be, one of our regular contributors \* \* \* SHARLEY BELL is another of our new contributors. She brings us a touch from New England, and we welcome her with her poem, *The Mountain* \* \* \* With this issue we start an informal department by B. B. CARSTARPHEN, last year's Editor of the *Archive*. He is now doing graduate work in the Harvard department of English Literature \* \* \* The book reviews this year are under the direction of JOHN PAUL LUCAS, JR., an undergraduate of Duke \* \* \* JAY B. HUBBELL is a professor of English at Duke University, and will be remembered for his reviews in last year's *Archive* \* \* \* WALTER SPEARMAN, of the University of North Carolina, is President of the North Carolina Intercollegiate Press, and a *Charlotte News* writer \* \* \* KATHERINE GRANTHAM, of Greensboro, is a graduate of U. N. C., and is a *Charlotte News* book critic \* \* \* WHITFIELD HUFF MARSHALL and GERALD M. CRONA are students at Duke who are interested in literary work, and who have done creditable work for the *Archive* in the past \* \* \* THOMAS J. SHAW, JR., will be remembered from last year.

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# ORCHID - HUNTING

(Continued from page nine)

foot, it gave up pretending to be a dangerous snake and lazily moved off to some spot where it would not be disturbed by intruding humans.

The pyxies had carpeted the side of the mound thick with their wine-red and green moss, starred with hundreds of flat, five-petaled white blossoms. This celebrated pyxie moss is not a moss at all, but a tiny shrub. Near the summit of the mound the path was lost in a foam of the blue, lilac, and white butterfly blossoms of the lupine. Little clouds of fragrance drifted through the air, as the wind swayed rows and rows of the transparent bells of the leucothoe. Beyond the lupine stood a rank of dazzling white turkey-beards, the *Xerophyllum* of the botanists. The inmost circle of the mound was carpeted with dry gray reindeer moss, and before me in the centre of the circle, dropped on slender stems seven rose-red moccasin flowers.

"They have sought him high, they have sought him low,  
They have sought him over down and lea;  
They have found him by the milk-white thorn  
That guards the gates o' Faerie.

"'Twas bent beneath and blue above,  
Their eyes were held that they might not see  
The kine that grazed beneath the knowes;  
Oh, they were the Queens o' Faerie."

If only that day my eyes had been loosed like those of True Thomas, I too might have seen the fairy queens in all their regal beauty.

Wherever it be found, the moccasin flower will always hold me by its sheer beauty. Yet to my memory none of them can approach the loveliness of that cloistered colony which I first found in the pine wood so many years ago. Year after year I would visit them. Then came a time when for five years I was not able to travel to their home. When, at last, I made my pilgrimage to where they grew, there was no cathedral of mighty green arches roofed by a shimmering June sky; there were no aisles of softly singing trees; and there were no rows of sweet faces looking up at me and waiting for my coming; only heaps of sawdust and hideous masses of lopped branches showed where a steam saw-

(Continued on page thirty eight)

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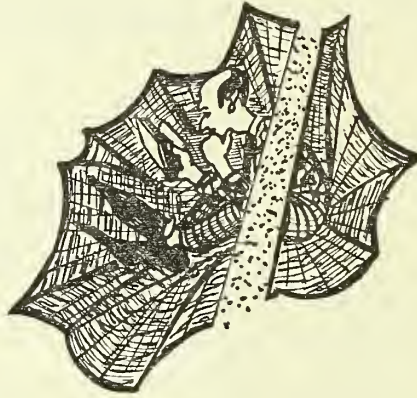


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## ORCHID-HUNTING

(Continued from page thirty-six)

mill had cut its deadly way. Underneath the fallen boughs which had once waved above the world, companioned only by sky and sun and the winds of heaven, I found one last starveling blossom left of all her lovely company. Protected no longer by the sheltering boughs, she was bleached nearly white by the sun, and her stem crept crookedly along the ground underneath the mass of brush and litter which had once been a carpet of gold. Never since that day have I visited the place where my friends wait for me no more.



# *The* ARCHIVE

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THE SCULPTOR

# In India Ink

By VIRGINIA STAIT

HE saw him through the throng that surged forward, each man eager to be the first to welcome returning relatives or guests from England. Even in that glimpse—a *solah-topee* came between—he appeared—different.

He was not looking forward with the sea of faces, but towards the water, where the ship rested like an inert monster, for the time being gorged with all the ocean of India. Two minutes later she was by his side and his hands were holding her hands. He did not kiss her—had she not again and again forbidden it when their meeting was to be public? Still, three years had passed and *she* was not thinking of the crowd.

These thoughts passed fleetingly through the mind of Mary Kavanagh while she told him about the trip, answering questions—No, she was both asking and answering questions. He had not even said what every wife loves to hear after an absence, that she was lovelier than he remembered. And she had bought rouge for the first time in her life, in preparation for the onslaught of Indian heat. She was thinking of dry seasons and desert and cactus at the time, forgetting where snow looked down into plains and trees lifted tier on tier as so many flower gardens with their shades of yew-green and lily-green—forgetting, too, lotus lakes and rose valleys.

When they reached their summer home, whither the car seemed to take them instantaneously, Kavanagh insisted that she must lie down until the evening. There had been no dear little talk. He stood before her as any host might have done, speaking of her luggage, her ayah, giving one or two curt directions to the servants—there seemed almost a parade of them. So she turned and left him, going slowly to her room to watch the clock until she was informed by Mulda that it was time to rise. This the woman did by placing a spray of white flowers, marvelously scented, near her face. They were from Lawrence, Mary thought, as she caught them up eagerly, but the look of pleasure on Mulda's face told her otherwise.

Later, in her prettiest gown, the one she had hesitated about buying for fear it would fade, Mary entered the big room that ran the length of the bungalow. Empty—as were, also, the dining room and the little study, mostly given up to guns and iced drinks, she decided, as her eyes passed over his dear belongings.

A slight shuffle behind her made her turn. An old man, incredibly old, stood in the door gravely observing her, gravely weighing her, she felt, as one weighs a new baby—and measuring her as one measures the dead. It was Aini, of course, of whom Kavanagh had written her a full description. But he had not said that a statue of him would have been equally a statue of India. A desert had wrinkled him, but the movement of the hands asked for time, as did the pose of the body, time still to wait. And afterward, said his eager eyes, there would be the things all India desired, Hindu and Mohammedan alike, freedom from aliens and the return to the past of India's day and night, mixed untranslatably as her skies and seas. He stood there, reading her as he would read a book—until some slight change in the eyes seemed to close it, as a book is closed when the last word is understood. Had he also propounded what she must read?

"It is Aini," she said, moving across the room to him, wondering as she did so if she should offer him her hand. She had studied what her husband thought best in language and custom of this new-old land, but he had written that Aini was so different—Did it mean that his caste permitted—But the man salaamed almost to the floor as she came towards him; certainly *he* was at no loss. "Has the Sahib gone out?" she inquired.

He bowed again gravely and gave her one quick glance as he left. It was as if he had said he could only tell her a little now. How emotional she was! But it was not owing to the long trip, it was owing to some—fear.

Kavanagh returned in time for dinner. An officer in the northern army of India, he lived in more state than Mary had imagined. They were in the hills now but, in two weeks, would return to Kedal where he was stationed. Lawrence Kavanagh seemed older, much older than the three years they had been separated would warrant. But it was not so much that, of which Mary thought, sitting opposite him at the dinner table, as it was the air of dictatorial authority worn by him as a



right. The easterners say gold is for the hand that can wield a sceptre, but this new imperiousness made him a stranger. If it showed in the small table conventions, he must be very absolute as an officer.

Once or twice after there had fallen silences in their speech, he seemed to recall that she was there; she was not a part of himself, restored after absence, as he was to her—But she must be wrong! She must be doing him the gravest injustice. Did she not remember he had said leaving her was bitter, unto death!

India is dark with curious mysticisms, where the interior life so often is of more import than the exterior. One proverb came to her and seemed to reply to some question that beat on her brain, "It is dark under the lamp."

She spoke to him of the comfort in which she found herself. "I was prepared for a rain of heat and a tent in spite of what you wrote," she smiled. "But really," her eyes went about the room, "it is marvelous! Cushions, divans, books, pictures, rugs—but of course I expected those."

"That one is of the Jacquard weave, sent me by Landis. He also sent Jacquard's history, who transformed the art of weaving, you know. I thought I wrote you? A magnificent gift."

"Yes, I remember. It is only because I cannot, now—"

Any man who cared, long separated from his wife, could have filled out that sentence. It was only because the reunion, after three years of preparation, was so enchantingly sudden that she could not become accustomed to it in a moment. She did not feel that a life-time of being together would ever fill that wide separation. But Kavanagh's eyes did not find hers for hungry recollection. He went on with his dinner, demanding more curry as if Aini, who stood near him and directed the service, had maliciously refused the proper supply while knowing it to a cumin seed.

Mary told of the things at home which had always interested him and which now—oh, she thought so!—seemed as if spoken to him in a language he had almost forgotten. But of course she was tired—tired.

Towards the close of a dinner of five courses Kavanagh remarked, as politely as though he spoke to a guest, as casually as though he spoke of the weather, "I am sorry that I shall have to see Wright this evening,

(Continued on page twenty-two)



# The Potter of Hiang-Chi

By WARREN C. OGDEN

He sat at the wheel, the ancient potter of Hiang-Chi; all day long he moulded vases of intricate pattern.

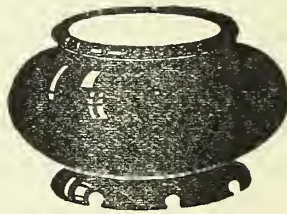
With infinite care he shaped the flower-like chalice and the slender, tapering stem.

In all the land of the Sun God no one could be found whose work was as delicate as the ancient potter's.

No hand was as skillful, no eye for beauty was so keen as were those of the old artist of Hiang-Chi.

But from the fire of the kiln none of his works had ever come unshattered.

He sits at the wheel, the ancient potter of Hiang-Chi; all day he wonders if 'twere better to mould crude pots.



# The Plight of The Poets

By LUCIA TRENT AND RALPH CHEYNEY

THE poor poet is proverbial, but never in the history of poets and poetry has the adjective hit the nail on the head more neatly. In this industrial age of canned soup and canned culture, blackened by the shadows of monster machinery and smothered in the red tape of standardization, the row of the poet is more difficult to hoe than ever. The average poet is crushed between the wheels of industry, shackled to business or teaching routine, and has but a few hours left to a tired self in which to woo the elusive Melpomene.

The well-known poet, Elias Liberman, who is one of the select fortunes that sell their work, told us that if he had been content with the self-denying life of a bachelor in a rooming-house third floor back hall bedroom, he might have succeeded in keeping body and soul together on the income he derived from verse-writing, especially if he had written chiefly advertising jingles. Even the ubiquitous and charming Mary Carolyn Davies—or, as her friends call her, “Caro”—has to write plays and stories too. A poet cannot live from his pen if he dips it only in the Parnassian spring.

(“Eddie” Guest and the jazz song writers mint money—but what have they to do with poetry? And there is only one Guest, fortunately.)

How can the poet support himself by poetry when less than one half of one per cent of space is devoted to poetry in the magazines that pay and when the average remuneration for a poem in even the more prominent journals is only five dollars?

If half of the money spent on advertising chewing gum each year in this country were used for the endowment of the present verse magazines so that they could afford to expand and to pay their contributors, the real poets of the whole country could support themselves comfortably without wasting their time and energy on less important activities.

*But who cares?*

You, good reader and lover of poetry, yes! But you are a drop in a very big bucket. And yet you can help by giving whole-hearted support to our poetry journals so that they can become not only self-sup-

*Page Seven* ¶

## THE ARCHIVE ¶

porting, which none of them now are, but also able to pay our poets, which only two of the two dozen can at present.

You can also help by refusing to ask poets to speak or read free of charge. Too many are now expected to be Tommy Tuckers.

You can help likewise by attempting to counteract the prejudice fostered in most schools and colleges by individuals who justify Max Eastman's accusation that they believe "a poet in history is divine, but a poet in the next room a joke." Anyone who gives an unprejudiced hearing to contemporary poets will probably grant some of them a place beside the idols of the past.

Consider for a moment the contribution poetry can make as a humanizing and awakening medium. Consider the value of the technique of the present—the mould into which the modern poet concentrates his thoughts and emotions. By virtue of the emotional intensity of utterance he possesses a poet can convey a message more forcefully and more eloquently than any other artist who builds with words. He can say in eight lines what it would take an article writer several hundred words or a fiction writer several hundred pages to express.

A poem on the life of a stunted factory child will do more against child labor than any graph or chart indicating the percentage of child laborers in our factories.

Poetry can be a tremendous factor in our social, emotional and intellectual lives. We, who believe with Robert Graves that poetry is an act of faith, have girded our loins against fearful odds, confident that the essence of poetry is sympathy and that sympathy is the quality most needed in our new evaluation of human life.

Buffeted between the Scylla of materialism and the Charybdis of standardization, our passion is unabated and our courage unfaltering for we know that our impoverished crew man the flag-ship of the fleet of all mankind.



# He Remembers

By MAY FOLWELL HOISINGTON

Although she put on flesh, her feet were slender,  
(Delicate frame inside) her hands were small;  
Still beautiful, though work-marred; deft at all  
The jobs a housewife has to do . . . and tender  
On aching brows. Slim ankles on the fender,  
Curved wrist, a thimble finger, darning-ball. . . .  
Then falls a leaden grief in sombre pall  
Upon his heart that also lost a mender.

Feet that trod softly through his house of life  
On constant errands (daily done again);  
Hands always busy unless stilled by sleep. . . .  
Has like remorse forever startled men?  
Her harvest due, but she will never reap. . . .  
He growls, "No other shall . . . no second wife."



# Chopin and the Cat

## A Franco Setting for the Negroid

Having observed for no short while the vicissitudes and none too steady uniformity of much that passes for negro art, or self-expression, and the white man's exploitation of that art, I greeted with a pale sort of enthusiasm the prospect of witnessing a new dramatic piece dealing with the negro theme. Certainly not the spontaneous and cordial spirit in which one is supposed to greet anything from a play to a hitherto successfully evaded bore. In fact, I had given first places to *Strange Interlude*, *Volpone*, *The Front Page*, and even the *Vanities*. But after all, what new situations, what new spirit, what new problems could a playwright or producer or actor give to the well-worn negro theme in art, music, dancing, or drama? Paul Green, DuBose and Dorothy Heyward, Carl Van Vechten, Claud McKaye, and a host of others have investigated quite carefully and successfully this thing some choose to call negroid culture. Certainly a play that could call down a favorable review from Percy Hammond must have some odd twist to an old theme. So it was with a feeling of mild curiosity that I approached the Hudson Theatre in which Brock Pemberton was producing nightly a new drama called *Goin' Home*.

I live to tell the tale that it was in an entirely different kind of spirit that I left the theatre some two hours later. I had a sense of having been pleasantly entertained, and what is more important, of having had a new social problem presented in a neat and somewhat artistic manner. The race problem, but in a new situation and setting. And I wasn't at all sorry that I had departed with the price of the ticket or that I had forsaken the pleasure of—well, say *Gentlemen of the Press*.

*Goin' Home* won a prize once, only under a different title, *Deep River*. It has been revised considerably since its first step to distinction. The author is one Ransom Rideout, and the award came in a contest conducted by Longmans, Green and Company, in which Nathaniel Reid, Walter Pritchard Eaton, and Brock Pemberton were the judges.

The play builds its structure upon the emotions of loyalty and devotion between childhood friends (but it isn't sentimental), racial pride and ambition, and justice. Instead of the Southern setting as in *Porgy* and *In Abraham's Bosom*, the negro is placed in alien soil, that of France after the signing of the Versailles

Treaty. Israel Du Bois, a young New Orleans negro, has established himself permanently in a French town and has married a French white girl. She is the owner of a café frequented by the military police and soldiers. Quite innocently Israel has lied to his new wife about his riches back in America, and she, like the ignorant woman that she is, believes the story, and has married in the expectation of going back to America to her husband's rich family and friends.

Complications arise when there appears on the scene (a coincidence that is quite impossible and improbable) Major Edward Powell, of the A. E. F., who is the son of the family to whom Israel's parents were slaves. Israel is genuinely pleased to see his old friend. But Southern white blood begins to boil when the Major learns of Israel's marriage to the French girl, and love for the negro, who has served four years in the French Colonial Army and obtained a Croix de Guerre, turns into a sort of contempt that is too strongly prompted by old traditions and social attitude toward the negro. The French girl discovers her husband's deception and, perceiving her only salvation in the Major, seduces him. Right here the play is weak since there is some doubt in the minds of the audience as to who does the seducing—the Major, out of revulsion at Israel, or Lise, Israel's wife.

While the Major and Lise are in the upstairs room of the café, a crowd of Israel's negro friends of the army enter the little restaurant, and there is an interlude of well-executed negro jamboree, which naturally succeeds well with a New York audience . . . justly, for the negro actors are extremely capable and spontaneous.

In the height of the merriment the Major and Lise emerge, and Israel learns of what has transpired between his wife and the Southern white man, now quite drunk. A brawl ensues in which Samba Saar, a Senegalese savage, not understanding the bond of friendship between the Major and his negro friend, attacks the Major. To save his white friend Israel fires at the Senegalese and kills him. Again the audience is called upon to swallow a bit of doubtful psychology.

Nevertheless, so goes the play. Through the assistance of the Major, Israel is released from penalty for murder, and with a reconciliation and promise to return home, the curtain falls upon a happy ending that missed a good opportunity of being tragic and no doubt more realistic. But *Goin' Home* is moving and finely sensitive at times. It is well acted by a cast of both whites and blacks, and is effective throughout.

B. B. CARSTARPHEN

# Gravity

By MAY BESS REDFORD

A comet's brilliant life.  
Visitant of Earth, Mars, Venus, many stars.  
Firefly in many dusks . . . Moth near many suns.  
Infinite unrest! Glorious career!

Swishing of bright tail at moons and suns and stars,  
Sweep me from this cloud on which I float.  
Swing me through space and let me fly  
A meteor flash that dies and yet has lived.  
Brief glory!



# Wonder

By CAROLYN FULLER

On a golden afternoon,  
When fancies float like leaves,  
I know why youth forgets  
I wonder why age grieves.

When a winter's moon is high,  
And crystal stars shed tears,  
I think of youth exalted,  
And wonder what age fears.

# Book Reviews

## *October Bookselection is Vivid Bible Story*

*Giant Killer*, by Elmer Davis. New York: The John Day Company. 375 pp. \$2.50.

By ELBERT RUSSELL

Elmer Davis springs a suprise on the Biblical scholar who has grown accustomed to dramas, movies and novels which twist, mangle, and modernize Biblical themes and characters. Here is a novel about David which represents an effort to be true to the historical realities of that royal genius. To be sure, the author has not been subjected to the usual temptation to add romance and high tragedy to the story since in this case there is plenty of both in the Biblical plot. He has contented himself with inventing for the secondary characters a happy romance for Abishai and Tirzah, and a couple of thwarted passions and an extra role for Joab, the near-hero of the plot.

The writer confesses to a few anachronisms such as making Abiathar high-priest and showing King Achish eating oranges. He might have added Tanutamon's book-shop in Jerusalem and the Song of Songs. In the main the book sticks to historic probabilities according to the best historical scholarship. There are a few modern touches, nearly in Erskine's manner, but without his levity or smears of sensuality. Mr. Davis modernizes the politics of Philistia and Israel and the disguise is very thin when Abiathar, the prosperous priest, and Nathan, the fanatical prophet, lock horns over what shall go into the Ten Commandments which make up the constitution of the country. Abiathar objects to putting the prohibition of adultery in the constitution because the public sentiment may change and it would be next to impossible to change it; and "because adultery would flourish in defiance of the constitutional prohibition. That would be a scandal." Ariadne, daughter of the king of Ashkelon, was painted with a modern flapper for a model rather than Poppaea or Cleopatra.

The writer has humanized the plots and characters whose bare outlines only are boldly sketched in the Biblical books of Samuel and Kings.

The title is taken not merely from the story of David and Goliath. Taking his cue from brief hints in the concluding chapters of Second Kings, the writer presents the view that David got the credit and reaped the reward for the exploits of his "mighty men." "Your father," Bathsheba tells Solomon, when Joab is dis-



## THE ARCHIVE

posed of according to David's dying request, "your father was a gifted man. He could always get someone else to kill his giants for him." It was really Elhanan and Abishai who killed the giant Philistines. Joab got rid of Abner, Amasa, and Uriah for him. And he left Solomon to dispose of Joab.

David is the poet, the indispensable artist, the dashing hero, the magnetic leader. He furnishes the spiritual element that turns the tide of popular feeling at critical moments. The efficient, remorseless Joab does the rest in spite of the king's slumps into weakness, sensuality and despair. The illusion of David works even when the real David has failed. David even holds Joab's loyalty to an ideal, after David has lost it.

In general the author seems to lack full appreciation of the highest spiritual powers. The politics are too demagogic and hypocritical and religious faith at its best seems to elude and puzzle him with its inspirations.

### *Dramatic Echoes from Andalusia*

*Four Plays*, by Serafin and Joaquin Alvarez Quintero. In English version by Helen and Harley Granville-Barker. Boston: Little, Brown and Company, 1928. 260 pp. \$2.50.

By FRANK K. MITCHELL

There is in these plays by the Quintero brothers all the charm and sparkle that one associates with Seville and Andalusia. It is hard to be serious about plays that are only charming. To a really serious person, they are probably not plays at all; but if one enjoys the gaiety and life of a troupe of characters that are wholly likeable and graceful, there is no reason for worry about lack of plot, purpose, and problem.

"To Serafin and Joaquin Alvarez Quintero, Glorious Dramatic Authors" runs the inscription on the faience of a lovely fountain in the park of Seville, and enshrined in the hearts of Andalusia are these gay playwrights who have captured the charm of that truly delightful country. Not that they are dead. On the contrary they are hardly elderly, though true to the Spanish tradition they have already more than a hundred plays to their credit.

Of the four plays in this volume "The Women Have Their Way" is undoubtedly the most entertaining from all points of view. It is the story of a young man from Madrid who coming to a small town in Andalusia is edged into a betrothal by the gossip of the place. What liveliness and what gaiety radiate from these people! Their laughter and their voices sound from every line.

"The Lady from Alfaceque" is a very gentle satire on provincial clannishness. It is the story of a lady who coming to Madrid to live becomes there the Lady Bountiful of all people from her home town. The authors paint the simple

story with their own sly humor and in the end leave us in doubt as to whether the lady has been such a dupe in her kindness as circumstances make her appear.

The translators have entered into their task with considerable enthusiasm as well as ability; they have succeeded in reproducing the fire which I assume to be the character of the original.

### *Kentucky Mountain Legends Dramatized*

*Kentucky Mountain Fantasies*, by Percy MacKaye. New York: Longmans, Green and Co. 173 pp. \$2.50.

By ALLAN H GILBERT

The reader of this volume will, I hope, begin with the plays themselves rather than with the preface. Though in it the language of the "stark" school is handled with some effect, the evidence of effort in turning out prose meant to be distinguished is too plain for comfort. In the author's purpose the practical endeavors to accompany the aesthetic; he wishes to preserve something of the language and habit of thought of the Kentucky mountaineer as a historical record for the future, when the inhabitants of the Appalachians become indistinguishable from other Americans. "To create for their rich illiteracy and lore a nucleus of literature, wrought of their native speech, was a task which enticed me." In order to gather material the author set out to learn something of the region of which he wished to write, somewhat as a collector of ballads might do. My own very slight experience with the sort of life presented has been with the more southern mountaineer whom the author apparently deems inferior to the people from whom his subjects are taken, yet I recognize some of the forms of speech current in Tennessee. While I have no right to assert that the picture is inaccurate, I suspect that it is quite as much a transcription from Synge as a representation of America. But an artist's explanation of his work may be defensive rather than expository, giving what he would do instead of what he does, and a reader may refuse to bother himself about accuracy in fact and ask how the plays affect him.

The first is a study in the artistic temperament rather perhaps as it is commonly conceived than as it is. The hero is of almost incredible simplicity, but achieves in his devotion to his art and his secondary devotion to his mountain home something of sublimity that centres the pieces.

The second play outdoes even Elizabethan obviousness in its representation of the "hant." In other respects the piece is farcical but deliberately so; it is carried through at that level and amusing. The minister is a modernized Stiggins, even in his love for liquor. The theme of the outwitted hypocritical preacher suggests comparison with Mr. Paul Green's *Unto Such Glory*—a play superior to this one in simplicity and firmness of texture as well as in comic quality.

The third drama, *Timber*, in two parts, is a more dignified study of the supernatural, with touches of pathos and poetry. The hero, last of a line whose lives have been lost in the logging business, has been charmed against a similar death: "I sended for the charm-doctor the day he was borned. He tuck the sprig of a witchhazel what he cut him in the dark o' the moon, and he jist tetched the babe with thet thar sprig three times—skelp, loins and heel—and he christened him *Timber* thar in the Three Highest Names."

Though escaping apparently inevitable death from his load of logs, Timber—after imbibing mountain liquor apparently of marvelous potency, for any of the characters in *The Sun Also Rises* would consider the quantity trivial—perishes in the wreck of a Ford car. The owner of the machine is apparently not wholly of this earth, and certainly his flivver, able to climb a mountain trail during the spring thaws, must be provided with no earthly tire chains. Even if the reader is willing to accept to the utmost the critical canons of the school to which the author belongs, he will, I think, still find the play lacking in definition. Something of limit is secured by the association of the hero's name and occupation. Part one at least is an interesting poetizing of the war between love of the forest and the feeling of our present civilization.

## *Another Tale of Mountain Folk*

*The Happy Mountain*, by Maristan Chapman. New York: Viking Press. 308 pp. \$2.50.

By BERNARD H. JONES

*The Happy Mountain* introduces one to characters who are fire-new. Due to her intimate knowledge of the folk of whom she writes, Maristan Chapman has been able to give us a true interpretation of the southern highlander. Born in the East Tennessee mountains, on the edge of the Cumberlands, and forever coming back to them in the intervals of her miscellaneous life, the author has a background that other novelists might envy.

She has been able to get soundness and sureness into the simple stories of the mountain people as they are. The people and the places in *The Happy Mountain* are real. The idiom is perfect. Its skill lies particularly in its language. It is written naturally, beautifully, in a vocabulary new to literature—and what a glorious vocabulary!

In this colorful story one sees a class of people, too long looked upon only as a class, to be live and knowing individuals; it is through the eyes of the highlander that one sees their world, and thus seeing, experiences an understanding kinship with them, and at the same time feels a sense of adventure in seeing an unexplored corner of life.

*Odyssey Translated to Fiction*

*Phoenix*, by Alan Sims. Boston: Little Brown & Co. 343 pp. \$2.50.

By HAROLD C. WEINGARTEN

The recounting of the siege of Troy, with its succession of god-dominated events, is the climax of an excellent narrative by Mr. Sims.

Replete with details of the early happenings of the Greeks, *Phoenix* is an accurate portrayal of the era, and rarely does it attempt to modernize the classical theme. The book soars to imaginative heights, occasionally surpassing all bounds of credulity.

Phoenix, it will be remembered, with the aged centaur Kheiron, taught Achilles the art of war and eloquence, and it is through his eyes that the battle of the centaurs, the death of Heracles, the story of the golden apple, and the slaying of Hector is retold.

The book is a high endeavor. Imaginative in concept and consistent in action, it will undoubtedly be well received.

*Andrew Jackson*

*The Cavalier of Tennessee*, by Meredith Nicholson. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co. 402 pp. \$2.50.

By J. SPENCER BELL

Mr. Nicholson's novel is an excellent novel for those who have become weary of the eternal cry of the industrialists who measure the progress of a country by the number of its spindles and the mileage of its paved roads. Here is a romance as vigorous and inspiring as any old-world story of knight errantry, and yet shorn of all the absurdities that graced those ancient classics. It is true that the author speaks softly when he must enumerate his hero's vices, but he makes no attempt to apologize for them or explain them away and so we can excuse him if Jackson's cursing is made musical and his fits of passion those of a man who would avenge an innocent woman who is slandered by malicious tongues.

Mr. Nicholson has made the love of Jackson for Rachel Donelson (Mrs. Robards) the theme of his story, and rightly so for it was the most poignant influence in the life of the Cavalier of the Cumberland. The book is a perfect romance, for we have not only an arch villain in the person of Mrs. Jackson's first husband, but also a beautiful and mysterious prophetess in the person of Lady Melderode, who foresaw Jackson's success at New Orleans several years before that event took place.

Mr. Nicholson's reputation as a delightful storyteller has lost nothing by this novel, and his easy, flowing style is perfectly suited to the task which he set for



## THE ARCHIVE

himself. The famous characters whom we meet so casually throughout the story lose their musty historical dignity and assume the proportions of normal human beings.

The novelist does not forget himself nor his purpose in the presence of such men as Burr and Livingston nor does he even give himself the pleasure of seeing his hero in the whitehouse, but fittingly closes the romance with the death of Rachel and thereby avoids the great danger of an anticlimax by sacrificing the story of the man Andy Jackson to the life of the statesman and public character.

### *Magnolia, Crepe Myrtle, Cape Jasmine Bloom* *Again in Book Form*

*White Oak Farm*, by Elliott Crayton McCants. New York: Longmans, Green and Company.  
340 pp. \$2.00.

By JENNINGS G. KING

In this modern day of the sex novel, the slangy short story, and the vulgar play, it is indeed refreshing to happen upon such a novel as *White Oak Farm*. Its simplicity, its leisurely, meditative style, its assumption of the triumph of the beautiful and pure, its delicate, indefinable charm are breaths of fresh air which blow the cobwebs from a brain wearied and confused by exaggerated realism in present-day literature.

Pembroke Gautier, five years old at the close of the Civil War, son of a country doctor, an aristocrat of the aristocrats, grows into manhood during the troubled days of reconstruction in South Carolina, and yet leads a life that is concerned but little by the great events that are shaping the destiny of his state. Upon the death of his father he manfully shoulders the burden of responsibility, and becomes acquainted with poverty, humiliation, and hardship. Later come the days in the University at Columbia and then his return to White Oak Farm to rebuild the shattered fortunes of his family. Love, too, comes into his life in the person of Marian Mallory, a girl of the old South, daughter of the wealthiest man in the village of Cambridge.

This is expressive of the general spirit of the book:

“‘Do you not dream,’ questioned Eugene, as he held out his hands to the blaze, ‘when you sit here alone? Do not fair ladies come, rustling their silks through the shadowy twilight? Do not tall gentlemen in stocks, sipping their Madeira, loom mistily above yonder mahogany when the hour grows late and the burning logs begin to fall apart?—What? You do not see any such?— Then, sir, in spite of your descent, you are a materially minded intruder and no fit person to appear in such gallant company.’”

In referring to the industrial revolution of the South, we find: “There were

new factory buildings in evidence, too, through whose many windows one was able to see great wheels, flying shuttles, and whirling spindles, with sallow-faced men, women, and children, tending them. The world of my father was passing; the world that my grandfathers had known had already become a faded memory." And again: "I foresaw a loss of leisure, or reflection, of mental digestion and assimilation. I anticipated that conception of life which finds expression in a mad race for sensational effects—huge buildings, spectacular businesses, hectic recreations, and convulsive literature."

*White Oak Farm* is not a tale which impresses one with the tremendous force of a masterpiece, but it does preserve for us a picture of that South which is gone—the South of unhurried activity, the South of great plantations and strumming banjos in the negro quarters, the South of magnolia and cape jasamine. And it is pleasant and profitable that we should occasionally slip away from our hurry, and bustle and activity, and think of that South.

### *Hoffenstein's Badinage*

*Poems in Praise of Practically Nothing*, by Samuel Hoffenstein. New York: Boni and Liveright. 217 pp. \$2.00.

By PAUL LUCAS, JR.

Practically nothing I have ever read in a similar vein affected me so delightfully as the brilliant, laughing, slangy verse in which Samuel Hoffenstein has revealed for us the funny side of life in a psychology-mad, scientific, jazzy age of romance and radio, Einstein and Epsom Salts.

The volume *Poems in Praise of Practically Nothing*, neatly jacketed, is divided into parts appropriately titled and dealing in an irrepressible spirit of good humor with an astonishing range of the little things that constitute our national life. Mr. Hoffenstein has exhibited throughout his little book a keen insight into and a truly philosophical outlook upon contemporary life.

Selecting some of the topics at random—they are so exceptionally clever throughout that there is little choice between them—we have his utterly effervescent poems under the heading: "Poems Intended to Incite Utmost Depression."

"Cervantes, Dostoievsky, Poe,  
Drained the dregs and lees of woe."

Thus one poem of the group begins. And then we weep as

"Martyr, hermit, saint and priest  
Linger long at Sorrow's feast."  
"And Fate despises her own elect—  
What the deuce do *you* expect?"

he concludes encouragingly!

*Page Nineteen* 183-

## THE ARCHIVE ¶

"A Garden of Verses for the Little Ones, Including Orphans and Stepchildren, and their Parents and Guardians Also" is indeed fertile. "Songs About Life and Brighter Things Yet; A Survey of the Entire Earthly Panorama, Animal, Vegetable and Mineral, with Appropriate Comment by the Author, of Philosophic, Whimsical, Humorous or Poetic Nature—A Truly Remarkable Undertaking," contains characteristic verse upon institutions in general and throughout there prevails a sort of rippling foolery that leads one on and on through the pages, smiling wisely here, stopping a moment to think there, and occasionally bursting into a hearty laugh.

"Songs of Fairly Utter Dispair," "The Mimic Muse," "Love Songs, at Once Tender and Informative—," "Poems in Praise of Practically Nothing," and "Poems of Passion Carefully Restrained So as to Offend Nobody" all suggest the gentle irony that colors every line.

We have pictured the futility of life and the lamentable end of everybody; we contemplate the careers of modern children, the big butter and egg men and chorus girls of the future; we have new light thrown upon literary figures, scientific figures, women's figures; our conception of love and even of religion is broadened.

Beginning the book, perhaps in a surly mood, inevitably our eyes begin to twinkle and we begin to reflect the charming, ridiculous spirit of the pages before us. There have been three editions within the year. Even the redoubtable Mr. Mencken says "incomparable"; but this doesn't necessarily prevent our liking Mr. Hoffenstein. It's a great little book!

### *Suppressed Passions*

*Cock's Feathers*, by Katharine Newlin Burt. Boston and New York: Houghton and Mifflin Co. 327 pp. \$2.50.

By LENA BROOKS

Mrs. Burt combines realism and idealism in this powerful dramatic story of the conflicting emotions of the human mind. She cleverly shows that romance and adventure are present even in the most prosaic environment.

David Cray, the idealist at heart, the adventure-loving relic of a mentally created romantic childhood, grows up into a dependable, burden-bearing man, whose whole life and personality are threatened by the forces of sameness and mediocrity. Even the stirring call of war—bloody, brilliant, appealing to his thirsty soul must be ignored because of his responsibilities.

Sophia Copley, the red-headed woman of the story, is a typical modern product—a woman who has seen life stripped bare, but who, in her heart, looks to that very life for a realization of her ideals. She is unafraid, undaunted, until the

advent of Roger Brent, the super-man, who threatens to tear away the sacred fibers of her woman's heart and expose her inner passions. For safety she marries David, and goes to live in his narrow niche in existence. Her very sanity is threatened by the sane quiet of her domestic life, and, after three years, her seeking, longing desires break their bonds and she goes away to find her real self, the self that she feels exists, but that no man has awakened and conquered.

The story hurries on to a powerful climax. Sophia finds that Roger has made possible her new life in a blasé sophisticated circle where she seems strangely to be at her best. There she learns anew the struggling wonder of life; there, more than ever, she finds the inevitable "why" of things dominating her every thought. Finally, because he has bought a right to her, she offers herself to Roger. Her splendid surrender makes her no less the honorable woman, for Roger she can only give body without soul. That, she realizes, belongs to David, of whom she is no longer worthy.

In the end Roger refuses to make her his mistress. She is too intact, too far removed to another clime for his burning, thirsty love to be satisfied, and he sends her back to David.

So, at last, David finds his dream, his ideal. Long years of patient waiting, calm forbearance, and splendid will have shown him that life is not mediocre, and that he has lived the things that make a man of God and a God of man.

### *Books Received*

*Destiny Bay*, by Donn Byrne. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. \$2.50.

*The Woman Who Invented Love*, by Guido da Verona, translated from the Italian by May M. Sweet. New York: E. P. Dutton. 336 pp. \$2.50.

*King Akhnaton*, by Simeon Strunsky. New York: Longmans, Green. \$2.50.

*Friendship and Other Poems*, by Annie June Johnson. Four Seas. 43 pp. \$2.50.

### *Who's Who*

This issue introduces to the readers of the *Archive* a new artist in the person of MR. NELSON ROSENBERG, a student of Duke University. Mr. Rosenberg's work will appear in the *Archive* in future issues. \* \* \* The feature story of this month is by VIRGINIA STAIT, whose work has frequently appeared in the past. She writes that she is an ardent *Archive* enthusiast. \* \* \* WARREN C. OGDEN is a graduate student at Duke University. He comes to us from Davidson, where he did his undergraduate work, and was a contributor to their various publications. \* \* \* LUCIA TRENT and RALPH CHEYNEY, who are editing "Contemporary Verse" from their seashore offices at Atlantic City, New Jersey, have collaborated in writing an appeal for the poets. \* \* \* MAY FOLWELL HOISINGTON, who will be remembered from last year, writes that she is busy getting out the Anthology



## THE ARCHIVE

for the *Oracle* magazine. \* \* Chopin and the Cat, by B. B. CARSTARPHEN, is again presented. Mr. Carstarphen writes that his labors at Harvard are interfering with his time to read the latest book offerings. \* \* \* MAY BESS REDFORD, a student at Duke University, has contributed several times in the past, and will be remembered for her charming bits of verse. \* \* \* CAROLYN FULLER makes her debut as an *Archive* contributor in this issue. She is a student at the Randolph Macon Institute at Danville, Virginia. \* \* \* The book reviews are headed by DR. ELBERT RUSSELL, dean of the School of Religion. \* \* \* PROFESSOR FRANK K. MITCHELL, and DR. ALLAN H GILBERT, both of the English department, are again presented to our readers. \* \* \* BERNARD JONES, HAROLD C. WEINGARTEN, JENNINGS G. KING, and JOHN PAUL LUCAS, JR., are students with literary interests. \* \* \* J. SPENCER BELL will be remembered by his reviews of last year. He is attending the law school at Harvard. \* \* \* MISS LENA BROOKS is a co-ed with literary interests.

## IN INDIA INK

(Continued from page five)

it may be late before I return. You had better go straight to your room and sleep until morning."

"Is it—?" she hesitated.

"What?"

She was about to intimate that Aini was still in the room, but at that moment Aini, with a slight bend of his body went out, closing the door gently as if shutting in all secrets and excluding himself from them forever.

"He seems to understand my thoughts." She looked puzzled.

"I believe all of these people do, certainly after they have been with one for a time. Aini is from Rajputana and they have a reputation for sticking as have their rulers. Rajputana has only changed rulers twice in a hundred years, a remarkable record. Aini tells me he will live and die with me, which may mean either a curse or a blessing. But I like to have him about—why did you send him out?"

"Is it perfectly *safe* for me to remain here alone?" Mary asked. "It is not that I am easily frightened, yet if India is the place of dreams it must be of nightmares too, sometimes?" A flashing picture of some of her dreams passed across her mind; white laurels, the pattern of their leaves in moonlight, the storm of stars beating through palm leaves, the



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shrines calling her heart to its own, the things we exalt here, that we would carry with us into the beyond—these the frame, the picture Lawrence.

“Safe? Nothing could be safer. I told the servants the Memsahib was coming and every cyce is ready to lay down his life for you. And they always are,” he added reflectively, “even if we don’t do them the justice to say so—ready until a fanatical tide sweeps them off their feet like a cyclone.

“Still,” she said, “still—Oh, must you leave me?” She had not meant to voice it. In the past he had complained that she was too “moody”—that was the way he put it—for a soldier’s wife, and she had determined that in coming to India she would be most brave. On this first evening, however, with the fresh hunger for him, with the terrible feeling of being near what she most desired and farther away than when she was in England—

“I thought,” he spoke slowly, as if to incise each word, “that you came to India to assist me.”

The tears were beaten back by her will power and one hand pinched the other till she thought blood would spurt. “*Cela va sans dire*,” she answered lightly. “Tell me about—Wright.”

She would never forget that evening. Her ayah came in and Mary tried to talk to her, to tear one of the many veils from this land that was to be her land. But soon Mary dismissed her. Then she wandered about, taking up first one trifle and then another from the tables, at last going out on the long veranda and gazing into the vivid night, as untranslatable as a jewel. Not thinking, she stepped from the veranda to the ground, but no sooner had her feet touched it than Aini spoke, as if in answer to some question.

“It is not safe for the Memsahib. Snakes are always as near as one’s toes. Tomorrow in the sunshine, with my eyes for your eyes—”

She was on the veranda now, looking down into the most marvelous eyes she had ever beheld. Not green and not gray but a color that partook of both, not of Buddha’s calm so much as of the dead, returned to view life from two vantage grounds. Inscrutable, they seemed to select things from her past and hold them up before her, magician-wise. . . .

She was at a fortune teller’s in London and heard again the words with which the recital of her own fortune was finished, “You will never see the pencil marks on pitch.” . . . She was telling Lawrence goodbye



# What Shakespeare says about Coca-Cola



Antony and Cleopatra  
Act II, Scene 2

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a day*

**“Age cannot wither  
her, nor custom  
stale her infinite  
variety” ~**

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HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS



and something he said made her catch her breath and wonder if he never saw her again how long he would care? How long even remember? . . . And a third scene quivered before her—Once when he was very angry with her she asked the endless feminine question, “Why did you marry me?” And he replied, “Because you would have it so, I suppose.” Such perjury of thought! *Now* . . . out of life and love that had been—holy.

She stared back at Aini and then turned away. And this was the first day and other days gathered themselves about it as a ball is wound of the same string, the same color. The distance between Kavanagh and herself was the distance he did not wish to transverse—neither by feet nor hands nor heart. In certain observances he was scrupulous, for instance that the servants should do for her this and that, that her ponies should be always ready for a drive, that her ayah should be in constant attendance and Aini in constant readiness in case anything unforeseen occurred. Kavanagh was away much; it was remarkable here in the hills that his absences were so frequent. What would the days be when he returned to his ordered life, the disciplined hours of the army?

Since she came to him their lives had really touched at no place of remembrance or futurity. He was absent in every possible way except the one of vision—and a photograph would have held more of her inalienable rights. She had heard of such things—that India was a mould into which one was poured to come out, as the natives say, either a spear or a salutation. And through it all Aini watched her—was he watching his opportunity?

They returned to the cantonment but not until Mary had endeavored to tear down the wall between herself and her husband and then determined that if faith and endurance and love could accomplish anything, these he should have in utmost measure. She came of a soldier race, reckoning back to the before-dawn time when the Picts were defeated by the British. Yet she must know what it was she had to fight against. She would not hasten matters. “Life is no longer one’s own,” say they of Allah’s faith, “when the heart is given to another.”

No, life would never be her own again. Some eastern philosophy seared her and some calmed, and by some was she taunted as by things just beyond her eyes and ears. “It is dark under the lamp.”

Sometimes, too, she forgot. There were things in India that made



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you forget. Storms, when the world was torn asunder and you stood on the verge of the next; when rain beat at you as so many strings of hammer blows, when lightning cut decisions to cobwebs, when thunder murdered one to all but the desire for mere existence. Still, there were wonderful compensations, moments when one stood face to face with such beauty of line and curve, of movement and stillness, of color and shadow as would almost explain idolatry. Time, the destroyer and maker of things, passed on and she was no nearer—knowledge.

What had occurred in those years to build up fortalice and bulwark? Only Aini knew! She was certain now: no one else had any suspicion. Once Aini had said, she thought purposely, that all the servants had been changed before the Memsahib arrived. Mary Kavanagh felt herself almost of the orient at times. She would continue to tear at this separating thing, even pull down a mosque for a brick to learn—what Aini knew. It was horrible to suffer in this way, like slow cremation. Dawn kindled the fire for torture and sunset roared with it. She hated to question Aini. It would be treason of the highest, beyond mere dishonor. "It is dark under the lamp."

Aini seemed to give her every opportunity, so she fancied, but the real opportunity came when certain officers were requested to attend an important conference at Government House. They would be absent a week. Kavanagh said nothing to Mary about accompanying him, although many of the officers were taking their wives as a change from their usual rather dull routine. Not that there were to be festivities, it was An Important Conference; but the mere fact of leaving one's bungalow was a festivity. No word, however, was said to Mary. She did not even assist her husband in his preparations. Kavanagh's bearer did that and so perfectly that the exact number of handkerchiefs his master would need for the week's stay, were together, separated from half that number by a different colored band in case of his detention.

As Mary returned to her home after seeing Kavanagh depart, she thought he was as one in whose life something was finished, eternally sealed.

The punkah ceased swinging at the motion of her hand and she said to the boy, "Send Aini to me."

He was with her almost as soon as the order was given. A graven image, still, all but his eyes that were aglitter like those of a snake before it strikes, a snake that has selected the spot and had the venom ready.

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HIS MONEY SOON  
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"You came to the Sahib soon after he arrived?" she asked.

"When the first moon was fully ripe after he reached here," he answered.

There was no more beating about the bush. "He liked some one very much?" she questioned, moving so that her back was towards the light. He knew that she suffered, suffered as only one can do who has been put aside; but if there was anything she *could* conceal—

"It is so, Memsahib."

"Tell me about her."

"Her flesh was as a shadow on evening, as a bud might be that had not decided between cream and velvet-dim. Her mouth was a red more beautiful than any pomegranate, the color of a crimson rose. Her hair was night with every star lost. Her hands were made only for holding a leaf or flower and were a wondrous vase. And her eyes, Ivar's eyes were like jewels under water—"

"That will do—Tell me—"

"It was two years ago. The Sahib had been here one year and was lonely and tired. Tired of that!" He swept out his hand with a gesture which indicated his world, where the sun was leaning low as if printing on the earth some of the very heavens, turning gahora and amsia trees into pure gold, against the topaz yellow that spilled everywhere, as though the air were blooming. "Then he saw her one day between lowlight and moon rise. It was not sudden—no. He did not lose himself at once."

The old man straightened, with so much the air of a judge for the moment that Mary marvelled. What justice swayed him for the time and what passion, cruelty, lay behind it all?

"It might not have been but that Allah so willed it, yet the living flesh must bear the stripes of sin." This last was for her, she knew, the victim. He had finished the justice of the case and returned to his own particular witness stand. "A fakir came one evening from Tuprani. His learning had preceded him; there was a mighty crowd. One by one they had their futures foretold. Ivar was there and the Sahib just behind her. The fakir's eyes passed across them both. He spoke low but I was with the Sahib. I heard. He said that one would learn from the other love and hate, that for a short time their lives would be together and then part as widely as two streams that have met to flow into the same ocean. When it was over silver passed from the Sahib's

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hand to the fakir's; but the blood was in Ivar's face until I thought it would break through the hold of the lips. They gazed at each other; it was not hate that passed."

Mary was holding the arms of her chair, the hands clutching them till the fingers showed white. The revelation was worse than her utmost fear.

"After that it was not long. He carried her to Drhea, but though lovers are blind others are not. Each coolie knew and was changed after—the end at Drhea."

"The end?" Mary heard herself murmur. But there would never be an end to this.

"It had lasted the full round of the year. Then came—cholera. In the few hours left they weighed love. They promised, each to each, that all they were to lose here they would gain in some other world, if they had to—"

"Stop—just tell me the story."

"It reached one of its ends there, as the Ganges reaches one of its many mouths. He never left her and she died in his arms."

There was silence, so long that the sunset began to quiver in its riotous death, sending out blasts of color that actually seemed to struggle for articulation.

"The Sahib was ill afterward. It is that—"

She lifted her hand. "That will do. Aini, is this the truth?"

The old man drew himself up proudly. "Ask the Sahib. The barking of a dog does not stop the light," he added slowly.

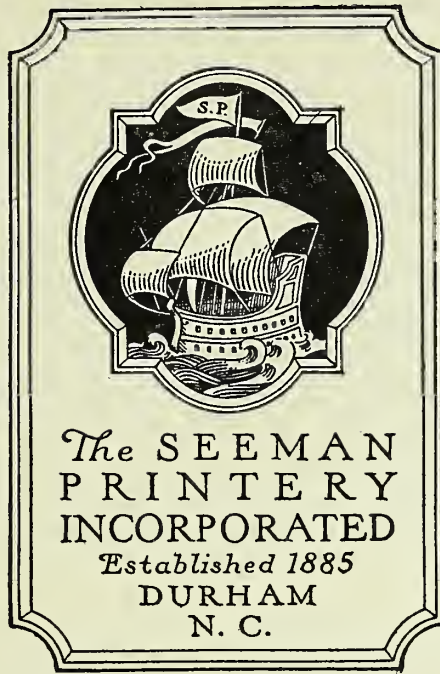
Ask the Sahib! But that was what he had made impossible for her; so often she had tried until—the last time. Then she had seen on his face an expression of positive hostility.

"Aini, why have you wished to tell me this—to kill the heart in my body? What is the reason you?"—Mary was past caring now—"hate the Sahib?"

"I do not hate the Sahib." Then he seemed to measure her capacity for pain. "Ivar," he said deliberately, "was the wife of my son."

At that moment Mary felt herself to be a human receptacle for torture, which this Indian was pouring in, slowly, skillfully, measuring her capacity to endure, to die—alive.

"There is still more, Memsahib. Ivar left a child, a girl. The



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woman who has it will only keep it a short time, then it will know death."

Mary turned upon him like a creature at bay, for the time being she was distraught. "Is that all?" Her voice was an agonized cry. "*Is that all?*"

"That is all, Memsahib," and his eyes became as if he had placed a screen before them.

Mary scarcely slept until Kavanagh returned. She had decided, and almost immediately, what she would do—must do. She would take this child of Ivar's—and Lawrence's and as far as possible make it her own. So would she strive to expiate his sin. . . . Not once did she think of leaving him. . . . One line from Sarojini Naidu repeated itself in brain and heart, "Must the flesh live on when the soul is gone?" . . . "It is dark under the lamp."

When Kavanagh returned she told what she had learned and told him of her intention. She brought no accusation. She did not even expect any refutation. It was the truth Aini had told. She was as willing to make oath to it as he by his Allah.

Kavanagh did not deny it, did not even ask the source of her information and made not the smallest objection to the adoption of the child. Mary thought it was a relief to him, as if he had passed whirlpools and might now expect some calm.

And the child was brought, so beautifully moulded and tinted that Mary knew Aini had not exaggerated about Ivar. Mary would search the little face to see if there was the smallest resemblance to Kavanagh and knew not if she was glad or sorry that it was not found. Would she have cared for the child if it had resembled her husband? She did not know.

Months later when Elizabeth—Mary gave her a good English name, though it was like calling an orchid, iron-weed—had been with her nearly a year, a whisper reached Mary through the child's ayah. And by and by it was repeated. And again Mary searched the child's face—for a likeness to Aini! Was it possible it was his grandchild?

And once again she questioned Aini, promising him much money for the child and himself if he told the truth. But Aini looked at her blankly—across the centuries that have separated the one race from the other—and denied that he knew more—to his high Allah.

"It is dark under the lamp."

# *The* ARCHIVE

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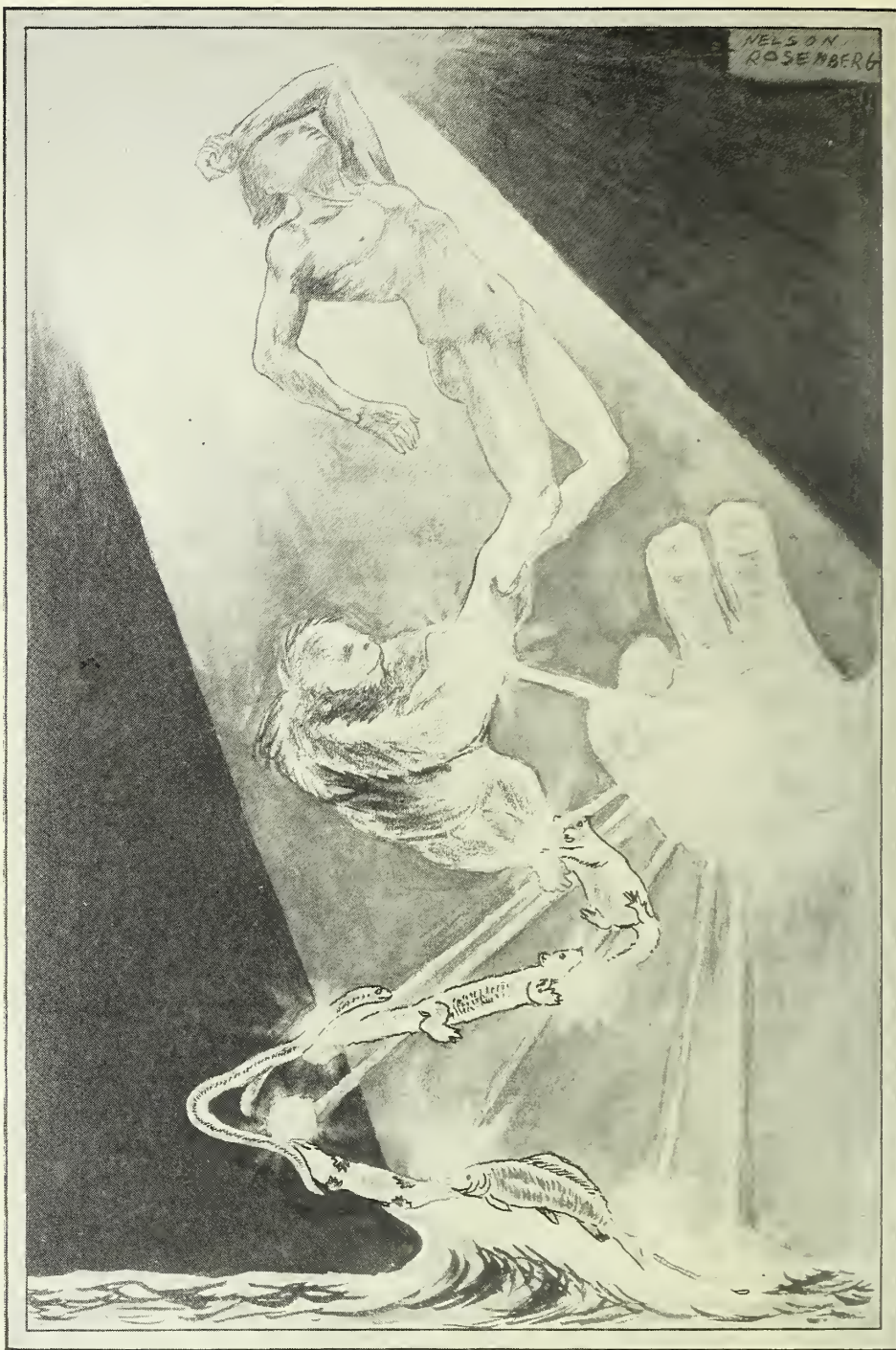
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EVOLUTION



# Wishes and Horses

By JOHN CHAPMAN

"Whereupon the clock having now beat its stroke sonorously, Lecithin came forth from the cave wherein he had fasted for an adequate time, and announced to the waiting world:

'Wenn Wünschen wären Pferde  
Die Bettler möchten schreiben.' "

From *Die Wassercheu des Lecithins*.

I BELIEVE in the chemical irreversibility and the final damnation of all Babbitts; my favorite emotions are magenta and cerise. America started the recent war, and eugenics is an excellent thing for the ignorant. In addition I have no doubt that the devil is polymorphic, and assumed the shape of Queen Victoria and her court in years now happily distant, and fortunately forgot. Finally I write, as often as I may, as I swear—outlandishly.

Far from being a bid for biographers, the foregoing paragraph is a vibration of apology—a confession of intellectual rectitude, and, less personally, a token of enlistment in a recent lockstep initiated by our father who is occasionally in Baltimore. But unfortunately there are moments when I have a strong compulsion to trip the rhythmic heels ahead of me; and never more than when our reverend leader pronounces on the subject of a provincial literature immediately after having apostrophised his naturalized countrymen for chauvinism.

To come roundly to the subject, it's all about this idea of indigenous or autochthonous or maybe self-fertilized art. A great deal is heard from this side and almost all others about the geas laid upon all writers to reflect present, local, and generally shabby life; aesthetic is not art but a mirror of the time and place—quite a lot of that sort of thing. Among the primordial lock-steppers were many who believed in the gospel of democracy and were fantastically consistent enough to vote politically what they preached for art. In our superior civilization, however, we daily cry for the descendants of Zarathustra to come into their own, while sandwiching this social aristocracy with a halloo for plebeian art.



## THE ARCHIVE

To return to our predecessors, however, Émile Zola was one of the most vociferous of the lot. On as many occasions as possible, in arguing for the greater sale of his novels, he spoke in this wise. Naturalism (a variable for which any current dogma may be substituted) is a product of the times and a reflection of true life. It is born of science, as is the age; and if the age refuses Naturalism, then goodbye age. (Science, likewise, is a variant for which Freudianism, chauvinism, or bellicosity in general may be inserted.) Finally his work was, as he said, a mirror of the life of the people, therefore great literature; therefore worthy of sale, he might have added.

On this side of culture, Mr. Hamlin Garland, the more fully to demonstrate our national debt to France, borrowed a few of these ideas and phrases, though it would be highly unjust to suppose that he failed to add a certain American rhythm to them—the rhythm that turns out Fords by the thousands or millions. The whole idea of past literature was antiquated, for with the rise of republics there had been no change toward a newer, more expansive, and inclusive literature. It must be a literature in the idiom of and intended for the village smith and other symbols of enlightenment. If the United States so far had followed the patterns of England, it didn't matter: that was the time to break away, to form a national literature not greater than any other, but unlike all others. To hasten things a bit, Mr. Garland then proposed that since the nation was so frightfully big, it would be entirely impossible for a single genius capable of expressing the entire civilization (sic) to arise. And therefore he had decided that all the little fellows should most painstakingly write local color, till the whole jig-saw puzzle was neat enough for any Christmas. Whereupon, after a few hundred years, the great scholars would assemble, remark on the wonder of it, pile it all up in a big book; and announce the consummation of the greatest literary art of any nation.

With very slight modification, thanks to the new creed of Watson, this idea has persisted. One's behavior and in fact one himself, together with all his neighbors, are shaped by environment. So local color is vastly important and should be seized upon and spread out over a canvas in order that future generations may know how to interpret us. But the environment, the place, the moment, these alone can produce the artist; and we must sit about and wait for him to turn up, in the

meantime giving all our spare change to any long-haired effete, lest a possible genius should find his milieu unsympathetic. The idea is quite simple and deucedly plausible, but a good many dollars have fallen into barren smocks and the greatness is still to seek. (And as for this vast, composite canvas, a cynic rather expects it to be astonishingly of the same dun color throughout, at least since the radio and the *Saturday Post*.)

Along with all this other tumult, there's been a deal of shouting about some intangible thing called the "Great American Epic" in capitals; and several, among them one for this year, have been heralded and hailed by this or that particular publisher. I haven't read the current one and I don't intend to. Somehow the history of the Civil War in verse carries a suggestion of something I saw not long ago—a history of the evolution of the world, called, I think, *From Nebula to Man*, in heroic couplets with appropriate sauric and amphibian decorations, illustrations of brontodontus, and things.

After all, what is the embryonic idea behind the whole effort? Quite clearly, I believe, all these excellent debaters and very charming people—the same ones who grow angry if you happen not to know what's going on in the Montmartre—are indulging in a very obstreperous chauvinism. And it is complicated with a proper megalomania: the United States must produce something bigger and better and more freakish in art than has turned up so far. It must be something new, characteristic of this nation alone, reflective of common life and adapted to every class of citizen.

Passing rapidly over the fact that automobile and cigarette advertisements seem to answer all the requirements, I find a good many irritating ideas in the grand concept. In the first there's already enough excellent and great literature in existence to keep one man busy in reading it all through just once. It seems, further, that there's some ignorance of biography to be found in statements that the greatest literature has always been intended for the common herd. Chaucer couldn't have written for his customs stevedores, or whatever customs houses had then, because those gentlemen were unable to read. Shakespeare's financial success depended as much on patronage, direct or indirect, as on his own ability to save money. Almost all of the French classics were under the badge of one house or another; and the Medici

were hardly of the common soil. Thus it happened for a very long time that it was the wealthy and aristocratic classes who supported the writers. Naturally dividends were in direct ratio to the satisfaction of the patron; and certainly there were as always plenty of capable fellows just below the top who were waiting for a change of prevailing favours. In short, this literature which we now call great could have been written only for a very restricted class, whatever it may have been about. And to suppose that the wonderful thing called education has made these masters available to the general becomes ever so slightly obstinate when one considers say, the success of a few well-known western-story writers. Moreover, if you suspect that Shakespeare's humanness has endeared him to the world, try quoting a few obvious passages in the course of conversation with twenty medical students, about half of whom have academic degrees. For that matter, choose students of law or divinity, members of the "higher, professional classes"; and see how many of them realize it's poetry in the first place, and after that whose poetry it is.

To progress, however, what about the reflection of common life? Toby Belch and all the others cited with him are certainly hardly glasses of fashion, and I am forced to concede the essentially human to the Epicists—it would be difficult to write about anything without making it, and interpreting it as a human. This concession, however, by no means includes local color. If Mr. Garland's suggestion were followed, wouldn't the scholars of A.D. 2500 find that all this vast pile of literature was about the same place? The variations in names of places and people would be interpretable as the licence of genius, or something of that sort: the scholars wouldn't realize that there are forty-eight states represented unless it was specifically stated. The trouble with the idea has already been suggested. If all the people listen to the same voices over radio; and see and hear the same stars on the screen for fifteen years or so; if they all choose their cars from magazines, their soap from billboards, and their clothes from the movies, what chance is there for a local color, or any other color?

The "epic" part of the idea was not bad fifty years ago. But since no one believes in Florence Nightingale any longer, and since all the literary offspring of Mr. Lytton Strachey have been preaching the "critical and truthful attitude in biography," I fail to see where there's



much chance left for an epic. People have to believe that Achilles was really something of a fighter; Beowulf was able to swim so far with a certain number of suits of armor in one hand; George Washington couldn't tell a lie; Byron was really a sinister, lovely, slender gentleman—and all that. All this demands a credulity which has been rapidly dwindling since the time of Darwin and Huxley.

In the "American" part of the great idea, I am able to see something much more promising, something really different, an experiment most interesting. It must reflect the present-age, and at the same time—to be more or less scientifically aesthetic—it ought to reveal at a glance all our national Mandelian characters. It is possible then to imagine a slight atavism just at the beginning in order to establish our linguistic, and, at present, accursed ancestry. The first lines, for example, might be something like this:

"Hell! . . . we the wise-Yanks, in days of yore—

The People of Prohibition—were damn' good pedestrians."

That, I think, has most of the qualities demanded of the epic. It reflects our origin, gives our life at a glance, and is in the vernacular. Of course as the story, which might be of the remarkable agility of Francois Addington Corellani in avoiding automobile accidents, progresses, triolets and rondeaux should be interspersed to give a hint of Le Vieux Carré; a murder or revolution in "La Paloma" rhythm would suffice to suggest the Mexican immigrants of the southwest; and in case the writer should be inefficient, Lindsay's "Congo" might be used as a refrain here and there—an element which would be satisfactorily different in epic material.

Finally, although biographical data on this point is rare, there is so far no conclusive evidence to show that Shakespeare, and Chaucer, and Rabelais rose to their places through the sympathetic encouragement of ladies' study clubs. It is entirely possible, of course, to moan for the mute inglorious Miltons; and doubtless it does take a very long time to get the proper chance arrangement of chromosomes to produce a very great writer. This factor is rendered even more formidable by the element of chance which may assume the form of infantile paralysis, and carry off the four-year-old who possesses the proper karyoplasmic composition. It is saddening to think of, but in five hundred years his maturity and production would mean only another seat of English and a number of Variorums.

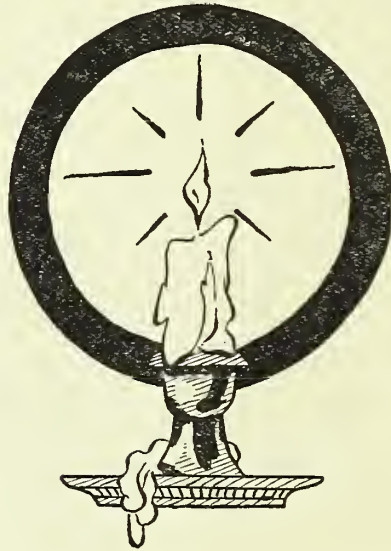


# Walt Whitman: The Candle-Stick Maker

By MERRILL MOORE

And where I fall my hoary words spring up  
Quick as young runners. I am Titan's child  
And out of my deep breast where flows a mild  
Wild current of sorrowful messengers that leap,  
Dash into morning, out of day and strip  
The defenceless sky of glory and then wear  
It pridefully away without a care  
Drinking the while from Una's burnished cup.

My words are candle-sticks in which men burn  
As taper candles, they who follow me  
Fired as tinder from the words they see;  
Men lean out of my pages as they turn  
And with the lovers mournfully that yearn  
They go and be what I would have them be!



# Rhapsody

By LUCY GAY COOKE

The leaves are leaping, whirling,  
In a bacchanalian dance—  
Saffron, gold, and scarlet leaves—  
Tossed by the mad October breeze;  
The clear, cold, air is wine to my blood  
And the winding road lures on!

For the winding road  
Is a magic road,  
That wanders up and down,  
And rambles away  
Through forests gay,  
To a mystic, shadowy town.

The straight road  
Is a safe road.  
Follow it all who will!  
But the winding road  
Is a magic road—  
Who knows what's beyond the hill?

# The Cardinal

By GIRARD B. RUDDICK

## CHARACTERS IN THE ORDER OF THEIR APPEARANCE

MADemoisELLE LOUISE DE LAFAYETTE, favorite of Louis XIII.

COSETTE, her chamber maid.

FATHER CAUSSIN, a priest.

MONSIEUR AND MADAME DE LAFAYETTE, accompanied by two young daughters.

LOUIS XIII, king of France.

CARDINAL RICHELIEU, his minister

## THE SCENE

The reception room of Mademoiselle de Lafayette.

## THE TIME

The late afternoon of May 19, 1637, on which day the Cardinal Richelieu is coming to take Mademoiselle de Lafayette to the Convent of the Visitation, she having taken her preliminary vows.

*The curtain rises on a small reception room which is so arranged as to give the impression that the occupant is about to move. The only furniture consists of a few high backed chairs and a small table. At the left back against the wall is a large black trunk-like chest packed with beautiful clothes. The cover is beside it, leaning against the wall. In the center is a crucifix, which will be illuminated by a candelabra on a shelf beneath, the only artificial light. There are three doors, one on the right side at the back, another at the back to the left of the chest. The third is semi-concealed, at the right of the crucifix.*

*Kneeling by the trunk and praying before the crucifix is a young woman, Louise, in the white robes of a nun but with her long curly black hair still uncovered and unshorn. A long black cape with a hood attached is thrown over a chair, and a small well-worn Bible is with it. The stage is almost dark.*

*Louise is praying in a voice just loud enough to be heard. It is a sweet voice, and her tone is one of sorrow.*

LOUISE: Oh Blessed Saviour, it is not that I do not wish to serve Thee, that me soul rebels. I could most willingly give up my life and love for Thy sake, since it is not for Thee I seem to give it, but for that man who calls himself Thy servant, the Cardinal of Richelieu. His purpose is not a holy one. He wants me where my love for Louis can no longer shield him from the power of his ignoble minister. Oh Saviour, I could come joyfully, did I but feel that it was his will and not Thine which led me to the Convent. Bless me as I come to Thee this afternoon. Take from me this rebellious spirit, and make of me what Thou desirest, an humble, kind and willing servant. Amen.

*[She rises after crossing herself, then takes from the shelf a note which she reads, Cosette meanwhile tiptoeing in and lighting the tapers.]*

“Mademoiselle: I wish to express my affliction at hearing from the mouths of persons of quality the false reports that calumny spreads of you: that the thought of retreat has been only a feint to possess the affections of His Majesty more strongly, and to induce him to give you a great sum of money. . . . But I hope your virtue and courage will soon prevail. Today you must take a step worthy of your piety, birth and constancy. God, angels, and men will esteem you more than when possible changes in the favor you possess will take away the merit and honor of the calling, which you can now adopt with so great glory.”

LOUISE: He signs it Father Caussin—it might well have been the Cardinal. It is his iron will that separates me from my beloved Louis. Oh Saviour, how canst Thou allow such wickedness to rule, when France has such a king as Louis, gentle, loving, kind?

Cosette!

COSETTE *[entering again from the left]*: Did you call, Mmselle?

LOUISE: Yes, Cosette. Are all my pretty clothes well packed?

COSETTE: Yes, Mmselle; though why you take such care of them is more than I can guess. You cannot wear them in a convent!

LOUISE: Why do I care for them? Because in them I see the tender memories of the life I must leave forever. *[Sobs]* Oh, why must I do it? Has he no mercy? If only Louis were not king—or had not such a minister! A traitor, not a minister!

COSETTE *[bending over the chest to arrange the dresses]*: Who is the traitor, Mmselle?

LOUISE: The Cardinal, who with his heartless wickedness is bringing Louis' France to her destruction.

COSETTE: But—Mmselle. I have heard it said that he will not rule our gracious king much longer. Even now there is a plot on foot. The exiled queen. . . .

LOUISE: It is in vain. She has tried before, and failed. Those stronger than she have failed before his power.

COSETTE: Some say it is for the good of France that he is kept in



## THE ARCHIVE ¶

power. As if a murderer could bring about the good of France!

LOUISE [*speaking, not to Cosette, but to herself, and showing her first real sign of passion*]: The good of France! What nonsense! Since the day he came to power France has suffered under a tyrant's hand. Who has been happy? The people? Look at them! The nobles? Half of them are dead, the other half a lot of weak-kneed fools, wasting their lives at court! The King? Dear Louis has not had a moment's peace since he took the throne. He told me that. . . . Ah, poor misguided Louis. Think of your mother and this monster's treatment of her! Rid yourself of him before you lose your all. Already you have lost your kingship, and today you lose your love!

Cosette! Help close this chest. The Father Caussin will soon be here. Bring me the cape and Bible, that he may see my grateful resignation to the suggestion of his thoughtful note. [*She throws the cape over the top of the chest, now closed, and puts the Bible on top of it, beneath the crucifix.*]

[*A knock is heard on the door at the right, and the maid lets in Father Caussin, then retiring through the door herself.*]

FATHER CAUSSIN: Peace be with you Mademoiselle. I see that you have taken the preliminary vows as I suggested. It is well. The Cardinal will come to take you to the convent very soon.

LOUISE: Yes, Father, I have come to see the wisdom of your words.

FATHER CAUSSIN: Your faith is beautiful to see. I am sure that you will find rest and comfort in the Church.

LOUISE [*almost too sweetly*]: Your note, kind Father, told me that.

FATHER CAUSSIN: It is such devotion as you show that makes our holy Church a power.

LOUISE: Its power comes from weaklings such as I, Father?

FATHER CAUSSIN: Yes, Mademoiselle. The Church you wed yourself to is built upon just such foundation stones. It is the monument to their sacrifice and devotion.

LOUISE: Oh Father! This is great indeed! To think that even I can add to such a power, simply by giving it my life. It is I alone of all the Court the Church has chosen to make use of!

[*This time the Father Caussin looks at her, but in the dim light her face is still composed and gentle.*]

FATHER CAUSSIN: It is a privilege which falls to few, Mademoiselle.

LOUISE: Am I not fortunate indeed to have that privilege allowed me! But for our Church's mercy I might have died without contributing a single service to the world.

FATHER CAUSSIN: It is indeed a blessing you are given. [*Pointing to the cape and Bible*] There lie the symbols of the consummation of a

life which otherwise might never have borne fruit.

LOUISE: Yes Father, it is true. Beneath the folds of that Holy garment lie the symbols of life both dear and pure, a life which none may hold up to reproach.

FATHER CAUSSIN [*preparing to go*]: Your devotion well befits your coming Holy state, dear child. May the Church continue to elevate your like into its blessed service. Adieu. [*Backs out, crossing himself, and as the door closes Louise throws herself down on the chest.*]

LOUISE [*in a sobbing voice*]: Oh God, what sin hast Thou against me that my life must give atonement? Why must my life be added to that long list of victims to the Cardinal's cruelty? Why must I, a King's beloved, pay for his devotion at so high a price? We have not sinned. No purer love has ever been. . . .

Cosette! [*she puts the cape and Bible on a chair to the right of the concealed doorway.*]

COSETTE: Yes, Mmselle. [*She enters at the left*]

LOUISE: Come help me open up this chest for one long look at all my pretty clothes before his Majesty, King Louis, comes—to see me for the last time as a woman. [*Musingly*] He will comfort me, and tell me that his minister has no hand in our separation, or that it was for the good of France. [*She lifts out a dainty gown and holds it up before her. Cosette*

*admires it, then tiptoes to the door at the right, where she stands listening.*]

It was this I wore the day he first began to notice me. How I thrilled to his look, a clean straight glance amid so many soiling crooked ones. He loved me then and will until the day he dies, despite the Cardinal and the fact that he is married to that hateful Austrian, the Queen. I could have been a comfort to him. . . .

COSETTE [*looking around quickly*]: Mmselle! Some people come!

LOUISE: Quick Cosette! [*They hasten to replace the gown and fix the chest as it was when the Father Caus-sin left.*] It must be my father and the family. I should have known they'd come today.

[*Cosette answers the knock on the door, and a stern man of the middle class enters, followed by his wife who looks much older and quite subdued. With them are two girls in their teens, both dark but neither of them pretty or attractive. Louise is still sobbing as they enter.*]

M. DE LAFAYETTE: Our daughter looks too sad for such a joyful day.

LOUISE: Sad? No father, these are tears of joy that I may do your bidding—or the bidding of one higher still than you. Dear mother, have you come to comfort me? It is comfort that I need, though precious little has there seemed to fall my lot.

MME. DE LAFAYETTE [*wishing perhaps to offer comfort, but not daring*

(Continued on page thirty-two)

# Via Santa Fé

By HELEN POTEAT STALLINGS

I have read Shelley, and have looked  
Long across the desert,  
To that dim edge where gnarled cypress  
Bend, and the sun goes down.

Today my eyes have followed miles of sky;  
Old craters crumbling into pastels,  
Snow under the pines,  
Rivers of lead.

Miles of horizon, miles of windy waste,  
Shelley as the sun sets—and still  
My thoughts fly farther, and my dreams  
Go half around the world.

Half around the world, to a small room  
Which holds you in its arms.  
You will be reading; your dim hand will  
Turn the page, and you will think,  
“How far away she is tonight”—who is  
So near, so near.

# Riverscapes

By R. P. BASLER

The Mississippi spreads its smooth expanse of lazy, oily brown as far  
as eyes can see;  
Mist clumps fleck the desert waters, clinging damply down;  
The rising sun makes diamond ripples softly blown with sparks like  
leap from molten steel and glance in clusters up;  
In the willow brake a cardinal sings a pendulous, throbbing joy. . . .

Again a dawn;  
Slate grey skies hang close like the roof of a sodden tent;  
Twisting gusts are whipping boiling mud that sucks the leveé side with  
angry mouth and writhes its wrinkled hide about the straining  
trees with sullen might;  
A lonely gull slants his flight and cries a lonely startled tone.





# Chopin and the Cat

## “Sing, Sing! Darkies, Sing”

The disparagement of the exploitation of the negro theme in literature, drama, and art which I expressed in the last installment of this department received its first jolt in the instance of Ransom Rideout's play, *Goin' Home*, of which I also wrote last month. Now there has been another jolt, equally as disconcerting to my original feelings, but several times more convincing and pleasing (if a jolt can be pleasing; certainly it can be convincing). This last occasion has been the reading of a large, green-backed volume of impressive weight in ounces, bearing the distinguished seal of the Harvard University Press. Its title is *American Negro Folk-Songs*,\* and its author is Professor Newman I. White.

Of Professor White little need be said, since to students of negro verse and folk-songs he is well known as the co-editor of the very representative *Anthology of Verse by American Negroes*, which appeared a few years ago, and which, among other things, may claim the distinction of having first presented Countée Cullen to discriminate readers. Professor White has also written numerous articles for scholarly periodicals in which he has dealt with various aspects of negro song with a rare sense of appreciation; and the present volume comes as a sort of culmination of his interests.

This new study of American Negro Folk-Song is essentially scholarly: the preface, numerous annotations, appendices, bibliography, and index say as much. Even a hasty examination of the volume is sufficient to reveal that into it has gone a vast amount of research. Over eight hundred songs are included, and these have been conveniently and properly classified. Their collection, inscribing, and annotating evidently have entailed considerable industry, in many cases not so pleasant, and the resulting product bespeaks scholarly insight and skill.

There is no reason that the annotations and such necessary scholastic paraphernalia should scare away the casual or general reader, for the introductory chapter on “The Negro Song in General,” as well as the various other divisions, contains valuable information that is interesting, often entertaining, and always written with a leisurely sort of grace that does not detract from the seriousness

\* *American Negro Folk-Songs*, by Newman I. White. London: Humphrey Milford. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1928. 501 pp. \$5.00.

of the book, but rather enhances it in a most becoming manner. For instance Professor White may be as informal as he likes when he relates in his "Preface" the manner in which he has made his collection of songs through the assistance of a college janitor, interested citizens throughout the South (especially in North Carolina and about Durham, the author's home), old books of spirituals and camp meeting songs, construction gangs singing at work, and other sources. Characteristic of the geniality of the author and of his pleasant writing is this delectable portion:

"Among my colored friends I am most indebted to Ed Lloyd, janitor of the apartment house in which I live. With Ed I have swapped songs (the only infallible method of collection) during many a golden afternoon when Ed was supposed to be washing windows or cleaning floors for my wife, and I was supposed to be attending to grave professorial duties."

The initial chapter on "The Negro Song in General" might well stand alone as an independent essay, so complete and comprehensive is it in its treatment. Proceeding from the statement that "the negro has always been a great singer," Professor White relates the history of the negro song from its beginnings in America up until its present popularity. Especially does he take into account that particular phase, so often overlooked, of the influence of the white man's song upon the colored man's song, and, of course, vice versa. Of the present status of the latter, Professor White says that the negro has finally learned to be proud of his songs and to use them as propaganda of racial self-respect. "Once the white man's instrument, they are now the Negro's, having swung a full circle from Negro scorn to Negro pride." And the white man's interest is no longer patronizing and sentimental, but "predominantly objective and scientific." The chapter closes with a characterization of the negro as Professor White has found him—"naïve, thoughtless, careless, fond of boasting, predominantly cheerful"—a characterization which seems somewhat inadequate and smacking too much of the conventional Southern attitude. I should think that hereupon Paul Green, Julia Peterkin, and some of the negroes themselves would disagree with Professor White.

The songs themselves are grouped under various headings, such as religious songs, work songs, songs about women, and other divisions, many of which necessarily overlap. Some divisions have sub-classifications. A headnote provides the history of each song: where and from whom it was procured, where and when it was sung, and under what conditions.

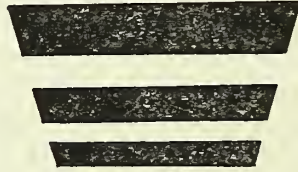
It may be safely said that *American Negro Folk-Songs* is the largest and most fully annotated anthology yet published. It has been done with consummate skill and reveals Professor White as a most sincere interpreter and student of negro songs.

B. B. Carstarphen

# It Is Not In Vain

By WADE H. COLEMAN, JR.

The pale dim aura of a sun gone down  
Transfigures casements newly shattered through,  
And glory lingers, though a darkening frown  
Besmudge with sombre chromes the radiant blue.  
It is not vain that dim hopes prove untrue,  
That slowly fall an ikon in the train  
Of unremembered figures lost to view,  
A scrap of captive beauty will remain,  
Exiled by memory, yet bound by memory's chain.



# Two Cinquains

By VIRGINIA McCORMICK

## *UNCLEAN*

Shriven  
of my sins I walked smugly ;  
suddenly a shower of magnolia petals  
covered me : I saw myself  
unclean.



## *PAGAN*

Pan  
was my friend, the woods my home,  
until you looked into my eyes ;  
now I have a soul  
but no joy.



# Book Reviews

## *Poet, or Magician?*

*Mr. Pope and Other Poems*, by Allen Tate. New York: Minton, Balch & Co. 1928. \$2.00.

By HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

The advance guard of southern poetry, the "Fugitive" group in Tennessee, suspending publication of their magazine, recently issued an anthology, "Fugitives," intended as typical of their work. Comes now Allen Tate, poet and biographer of Stonewall Jackson, with "Mr. Pope and Other Poems" to put in evidence of the fact that southern poetry is as advanced as poetry anywhere else.

Mr. Tate is of course a modernist—that is to say, he approaches poetry through the intellect, and not (in Wordsworth's meaning of the term) through the imagination. For his method he has reverted frankly to the seventeenth century—to the strange phrases of Webster and Donne, and the queer tricks with normal rhythms which make singular the poetry of the Jacobean. He writes:

The gray lean spiders come; they come and go,  
though spiders are not necessarily gray or lean—only metaphysical spiders are  
thus to be characterized. He continues:

In a tangle of willows without light  
The singular screech-owl's tight  
Invisible lyric seeds the mind  
With the furious murmur of their (the Confederates') chivalry.

There are spots in this volume much more unintelligible than this, but it is relatively a fair specimen of Mr. Tate's lyricity. Let us look at it more closely: it exemplifies his strength and his weakness as a poet.

To the first two lines no one curious of poetic beauty can entertain the slightest objection. Willows are sometimes tangled and sometimes without light, and screech-owls are most happily characterized as singular birds, and by combining these touches the poet leads us at once into a queer, rich landscape out of space and out of time. But the last two lines will give even intelligent readers pause. The cry of the screech-owl may perhaps be a tight, invisible lyric—certainly it is invisible, and possibly it is tight, and certainly it may seed the mind with thoughts of old, unhappy things and battles long ago. But why "the furious murmur of their chivalry?" The more one meditates, the odder it becomes. Why a "furious

murmur" and why "chivalry?" One suspects, not that Mr. Tate has no meaning to convey, but that in his effort to convey his meaning, which is apparently a subtle one, he has over-stressed it, so that it results in no particular meaning at all. For it is not that, recalling the battlefields of the Confederacy, the poet is without warrant in hearing (like L'Aiglon at Wagram) a faint, furious murmur, but it is that the poet has left out the steps by which the reader is to proceed from the tangle of willows and the tight lyric of the singular screech-owl to the ghostly evocation of the Confederate armies.

Such is, I take it, the difficulty of the intellectualist method in verse. When it comes off, it comes off with that strangeness which adds to beauty. When it runs off the track, the result is not bad poetry, it is not poetry at all, it is, as Chesterton said of Maeterlinck, sheer, clotted nonsense. And Mr. Tate is not very careful to see that his reader, balancing on the fine edge of a subtle and audacious image, is not plunged without warning into a mass of clotted nonsense.

I admire and esteem the combined poetic and intellectual brilliance of such a poem as "Mr. Pope" with which the volume opens. The subtleties of "Reflections in an Old House" draw my unqualified applause. But, confronting such a performance as "Retroduction to American History," I must appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober. Poetry is not at its best, merely an intricate verbal riddle, and Mr. Tate is not at his best when, like a conjuror, he conceals the solution of the puzzle from a sympathetic and (I hope) relatively intelligent reader while he does magical tricks with a hat and two boiled eggs.

### *Characteristic Beauty Pervades Donn Byrne's Final Work*

*Destiny Bay*, by Donn Byrne. Boston: Little, Brown and Co. \$2.50.

By LEWIS PATTON

This work is not strictly a novel but a more or less continuous, episodic account of the inhabitants of Destiny Bay. The place itself is said to be on the northwest coast of Ireland; the Atlantic stretches to the north and west, and on the landward side rise the high mountains of Donegal, clad in purple heather. A quiet, sunny spot far removed from the world and inhabited by big, kindly Ulstermen, together with an occasional tribe of gypsies. Among these simpler folk, and ruling over them with firmness but gentleness, were the MacFarlanes, horse-lovers, fighters and aristocrats. There was Sir Valentine, a huge, red-bearded man who looked like a king; Jenepher his beautiful but blind sister, and Kerry, the nephew, heir of Destiny Bay, and hero, perhaps, of the story. They were clannish folk and proud of their race.

"For our own family (Kerry relates) my uncle Valentine placed it far above the Plantagenets and Capets, 'for we are descended from Parthelon,' he said, 'who

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was the first invader of Ireland, and who came from Egypt. . . . This Parthelon . . . was a younger son of the king of Egypt of his time, as is shown by documentary evidence in the British Museum. And this king was descended from Nimrod, son of Cash, son of Ham, son of Noah. It was from Nimrod . . . that we got our fine set in the saddle and our taste for the fox.'

"The genealogy of Noah you can look up in your Bible, and you'll find him directly descended from Adam and Eve, so that you might say that we Mac-Farlanes of Destiny Bay are personally created by God!"

"But, Uncle Valentine,' I suggested, 'every one is personally created by God. John the Gander down in the village, and . . .'

"I will have no atheism talked in this house,' thundered my uncle Valentine."

All these folk are cast in the typical Byrne mould; they are drunk with a spiritual intoxication and their tongues are loosed with the talk of beauty—the beauty of the Irish countryside, Irish women and horses, of Irish heroes of the prize-ring, the turf, of adventure into far countries. There is something infectious and heart-warming in the man's style; consequently, it is an exhilarating experience, no less, to read Donn Byrne at his best. He is at his best in several of the stories of this book. Particularly pleasing and sincere were the *Tale of My Cousin Jenepher* and the *Tale of James Carabine*.

Brian Oswald Donn Byrne was born in this country, but returned to the land of his fathers, Ireland, where he was educated. At the University of Dublin he went in for literature and boxing. After some experience on the Continent, at Paris and Leipzig, he came back to America to make his fortune. Less than fifteen years ago his first book appeared, and since that time, he has enriched the world with such notable books as "Messer Marco Polo," "Blind Raftery," "Hangman's House" and "Crusade." I need not remind the reader that Mr. Byrne, in the past summer, met his death in an automobile accident, and that we shall have no more of his beautiful stories, almost unrivaled today for their mellow humor and gracious sentiment.

### *A Half-Portrait of Barrie*

*Barrie*, by Thomas Moulton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 228 pp. \$2.00.

By THOMAS J. SHAW, JR.

Mr. Moulton, better known as an editor of modern verse anthologies of a high order, in his study of Sir James Barrie, has produced neither literary criticism nor biography, but rather, a bibliography with comments. For those who have followed the pages of *Peter Pan*, *Margaret Ogilvy*, *Dear Brutus*, and even the *Little Minister*, there is little Mr. Moulton has to offer that is new. His analysis of "J. M." Barrie's character is slight. His literary criticism is a bit more sound, but



it in no way covers the field. The kindest thing to say is, that the book is a tribute of one living friend to another.

The one accomplishment of this tribute is that it brings together in one volume a fair outline of Barrie's literary output up to the present time. Such a service is by no means unimportant and it will be of use to future biographers and critics. *Barrie* may, in addition, lead certain members of the new generation into the land of Peter and Wendy.

### *A Cleopatra of the Plantation*

*Scarlet Sister Mary*, by Julia Peterkin. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. 345 pp. \$2.50.

By DAVID H. THORPE

Again Julia Peterkin gives her readers a story of the primitive negro. On the cover of the book, the publishers advertise that the story is by the "Author of *Black April*." This was unnecessary, for we feel sure that her readers did not have to be reminded of this fact. Then, too, this new book is quite able to stand alone. It is forceful, well-written, and clever. Miss Peterkin knows the life and customs of her "Blue Brook Plantation" negroes, and she tells their story in a fascinating way. She does not hesitate to do it as it really is. As *Black April* was acclaimed, so *Scarlet Sister Mary* deserves the plaudits of the reading public.

*Scarlet Sister Mary* is the life story of a Cleopatra of the plantation. Ignorant and trusting, at the age of fifteen, Mary is a slender, darting, high-spirited beauty of the "Quarters." She marries July, the wildest young negro on the plantation. Sin has already entered into her life, for she and July have loved before they were joined in matrimony. The deeply religious element cast her from the church, and she is marked as a scarlet woman. As was the warning of her friends, July leaves her. For twenty years she is left to follow her own inclinations. Her love for July turns into a forced hatred, and she becomes the mistress of several. As her excuse, she centers her love in the children of her sins. Her beauty seems never to fail. At last her husband returns, only to be spurned. Misfortune follows closely. Her only legitimate son dies. At last the superstitions of her race over-rule her passions, and she comes back into the church.

The power with which Miss Peterkin describes this overthrow is unequalled in any book that we have read recently. This story is far-reaching, for it goes beyond the polite and artificial screen of civilization to life's naked truth. It is full of the richest color of nature and realism.



*Realism At Its Worst*

*The Woman Who Invented Love*, by Guido da Verona. Translated from the Italian by May M. Sweet. New York: E. P. Dutton. 336 pp. \$2.50.

By PAUL LUCAS, JR.

Horrible! This word repeats itself in one's mind as the last few pages of this modern Italian prose tragedy are turned. The tale of the love of beautiful Antonella for her gay young husband, Count Gilli, whose mistress she was before she became his wife, carries one on and on. When she confessed her sins, committed in order to advance her husband and to secure herself in his love, we were prepared for a natural ending to a remarkable romance. But we reckoned without Don Massimo, a villain who could out-Aaron Aaron in wickedness and out-wit Iago in intrigue. The classic idea of tragedy is carried out in the shocking deaths of lovely Antonella and the cultured, sardonic Don.

In characterization the book is singularly suggestive of Balzac. Gobseck lives again in the person of the money-lender, Passadonato, father to Antonella. In spite of the very good translation, we suppose, there is a distinctly foreign atmosphere to the story. It is replete with those striking figures of speech that, singular in the English, are probably commonplace in Italian and French. It is irregular in development; but not sufficiently so to detract from one's enjoyment of the several threads of action. The objective is well hidden until the proper moment and our surprise upon its revelation is equalled by our appreciation of the technical skill of the author. The plot is not a new one. It is not even developed along especially original lines, but excellence of treatment compensates and our interest in the episodes along the way is uniform.

Sensualism is carried to an extreme; perhaps this is characteristically Italian. Sensuality is treated upon in such degree as to make the book revolting in places. It represents the realistic idea at its worst because it is that form which affects realism as is the puritanic treatment which it avoids. It sets out to achieve an atmosphere of passion and succeeds in creating a perverted conception of love in its many phases.

It is an interesting book to read. It is probably not a good one to read, in spite of Milton's "to see, to know and yet abstain" philosophy.

Morally it is impossible; philosophically it is of small value; psychologically it is extremely entertaining.

"... the reverend parish priest, was a little drunk, and his episcopal face shone like an electric light. From time to time, without seeming to do so, he too considered the rotund curves of Baroness Valery with benevolent eyes."

"... skeptical man of many words—Don Massimo—jovial and sarcastic, crafty and rhetorical, pessimistic and pleasure-loving—the aged heart of a man still almost young, had been attacked unaware by a stormy jealousy. . . ."

*School of Conflict*

*War Among Ladies*, by Eleanor Scott. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 303 pp. \$2.50.

By MARY ARDEN HAUS

The rather prevalent opinion that members of the teaching profession lead a life of peace and leisure, and receive compensation beyond their worth is replied to, and with a vengeance, in Miss Scott's novel—*War Among Ladies*.

The scene is laid at Besley, a high school for girls, which, in the eyes of both faculty and pupils, is the hub of the universe. Despite its quiet and tranquil appearance, it is, however, a veritable bedlam of scheming and jealousy. The very existence of the school becomes endangered through the obvious incompetence of Miss Cullen, the teacher of French; and the other members of the staff, realizing the situation, band together to have her dismissed. The atmosphere is literally charged with suspicion, intrigue, prejudices, and misunderstandings. It is like the playing of an elaborate game in which the tactics used are almost carefully planned as if the wrathful ladies were conducting a military campaign.

The story is one of situation, however, and not of action, and we find a very unusual circumstance in that the reader's sympathy is not wholly with the person whom the author designates as her heroine. We pity Miss Cullen, so unattractive as she in appearance, so apologetic in attitude, so absolutely incapable of coping with the conditions around her. But we can see her opponents' points of view as well.

Miss Cullen is an almost perfect personification of that conception which has come recently into vogue—the inferiority complex; but we have a feeling none the less that she could improve herself, and that she would, if the author would only permit her to do so.

The book is, consequently, not entirely convincing. It is a tragedy of circumstances, varied only by the love story of another character. Parts of it are quite realistic—almost ultra-realistic, in fact. We prefer that some things be left to the imagination.

Nevertheless, the story has many excellent qualities. If Miss Scott exaggerates, she exaggerates to prove a truth, and if she fails to impress, it is because she presents so well both sides of her issues that she divides the sympathy of the reader.

*John Masefield In His Element*

*A Sailor's Garland*, by John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Company. 372 pp. \$2.50.

By GERALD M. CRONA

The sea has figured in the affairs of man since creation's dawn. Few poets there are who have not witnessed this great strife, and recorded its splendor in

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poems. The sea has always charmed man with its beauty and solitude, and will ever remain a source of inspiration to his poetical inclinations.

Masefield's *A Sailor's Garland*, begins with sea ballads and poems that date back to the earliest ages of English literature, and continues down to the present day. There has been, without doubt, no recent anthology published which covers the subject of sea verse so completely, and that gives modern poets justice equal to that heaped on their elders.

John Masefield, who is England's greatest contemporary poet, is unquestionably the one living man who is qualified to attempt the task of making an adequate collection of sea poems. Having lived a great part of his life on the sea, experienced its impetuosity, and gloried in reverent admiration of it, he has gained a knowledge of the sea that surpasses that of most any other man.

One is constantly aware of the author's hand in *A Sailor's Garland*, by the discerning care with which the poems have been selected. The anthology is an excellent achievement, prepared with much care and appreciation, and is deserving of the highest praise.

### *Political Satire in New Dress*

*King Akhnaton. A Chronicle of Ancient Egypt*, by Simeon Strunsky. New York: Longman's, Green & Co. \$2.50.

By ELIZABETH CHENEY BLACKBURN

When a newspaper man conceives an idea as clever and original as a comparison between King Akhnaton of Egypt and Woodrow Wilson of the United States of America, he apparently feels ready to sit down at his typewriter and rattle off a novel. The result is a brilliant thought buried in a mass of dull trash.

Instead of building his story around the life of the mystic young king, who lived and died for his ideals and left behind religious poems as beautiful as the Hebrew psalms, our author has written a fictitious autobiography of an excessively commonplace young man in Pharoah's court; page after page is devoted to records of this dull young person's conversations with his dull friends and duller sweetheart. It is as if some unskilled and yet-more-cynical John Erskine re-wrote *The Private Life of Helen of Troy*, scratching out the smart remarks and substituting bromides.

Half way through the book, when the central figure, King Akhnaton, is still in the background of the story, the political comparisons begin. Here is better, less slipshod writing. Akhnaton's League of Aton and its failure is good satire on Wilson's League of Nations. The idea is too good to spoil, even by poor novel construction. It cannot fail to interest the modern mind. Egypt's relations with the other nations resembled America's after the war. And Akhnaton, the ideal-



istic ruler, attacked the problem in the same spirit, and with the same solution in mind as President Wilson. That both failed was due to the practicality and lack of idealism of the rest of the world. In so far as these political comparisons are worked out, the book is successful.

In only one aspect is the book entertaining—yet, at the same time, irritating: Pharoah and his royal family are shown as bourgeoisie—living in middle class splendor and making middle class observations. Thackeray himself could not make a Princess more like a flapper, or a Queen more like a *hausfrau*. Thackeray laughed at British royalty in *The Rose and the Ring*; and so Strunsky seems to aim barbed shafts of mirth at the home life of our United States Presidents.

At satire the book does well enough. As history I think it gives an incomplete description of the first great monotheist, Akhnaton of Egypt. Nowadays his League of Aton is forgotten while his poems—unmentioned in this book—live after him forever.

### *From Contented Cows*

*Friendship and Other Poems*, by Annie June Johnson. Four Seas. 43 pp. \$1.50.

By WARREN C. OGDEN

Have you ever drunk the world-famous evaporated milk “from contented cows”? If not, it will be difficult to judge whether you will care for the small volume, aptly entitled, *Friendship and Other Poems*. But if you have indulged in the beverage, it will not be hard to decide whether or not you will enjoy Miss Johnson’s book.

All the good qualities of Carnation Milk are to be found in these verses. And the limitations of the same product are also noticeable in this work. The milk is exactly like that which our forefathers drank except for a flat taste. Its nutrition is great in spite of the unpalatable flavor.

All this may be said with equal truthfulness about the volume of verse. Each poem is a revision of stock lines from a great English bard. The only alteration is an insertion of a few awkward feet.

But after critics have said all they can say, Miss Johnson needs but two things to be a great poet—an original imagination and a good style.

### *Memorial to Another of “The Sisters”*

*Selected Poems of Amy Lowell*, edited by John Livingston Lowes. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Company. 244 pp. \$3.00.

By T. J. SHAW, JR.

There is an atmosphere of solid worth about these *Selected Poems of Amy Lowell*. Professor Lowes, by his judicious skill in electing and rejecting the



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poems in Miss Lowell's eleven volumes, has produced a book that is as fair in representation as it is sound in critical analysis. The earlier and much reprinted *Patterns* has its place, just as the later *Congressional Library*, or the lines *On Looking at a Copy of Alice Meynell's Poems*. As a result, evenness of tone is gained for the book without the sacrifice of selective quality.

As a memorial to one of the leaders in the American poetic revival of fifteen years ago this volume of Miss Lowell's poetry recalls far more than the strange tales which were told about her. The portrait of the huge half-masculine woman, really as fragile in temperament as a young maiden, is the picture that comes and goes through the pages here. Before her death the old fashioned critics were not kind to her. And now that she is gone from us even those who were counted among her living friends have not unwisely discovered faults of a different kind. Like many modern novelists and poets Miss Lowell wrote much that will not withstand the chiseling test of time, but certain of her poems will be remembered long after her free verse theories are forgotten. All who care to have between the covers of one book the heart of Amy Lowell will be more than interested in her *Selected Poems*.

### *Mr. Peterson Uses Some Notes and Books of Havelock Ellis*

*Havelock Ellis, Philosopher of Love*, by Houston Peterson. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Company. \$4.50.

By THOMAS J. SHAW, JR.

Mr. Peterson's *Havelock Ellis*, is the second long biographical study of Mr. Ellis to appear during his life-time. We are told that much of the material for the biography was furnished by the "Philosopher of Love," himself, but that does not mitigate the disappointment. As a serious contribution towards the understanding of Ellis, this book is almost without value. The facts of his birth, his early boyhood, including the experiences in Australia, his study of medicine, and his ever growing interest in the problems and psychology of sex, are all set down for the reader to find if he wishes to locate them, but the whole has about it the manner of a hastily written report gathered from Ellis' own notes made in adolescence, plus padding with quotations from his books.

The brief chapter on Olive Schriener and Ellis is an interesting interlude, and there are possibilities in the scant impressions we obtain of Edith Lees, who became, by a sort of companionate marriage, Mrs. Havelock Ellis. Over all the other potions of the book a settled calm, such as Mr. Peterson outlines as the dominant note in Ellis' philosophy, pervades the air. It is as deadening as it is unfortunate that a man of scholarly ability should waste his time writing such a book, and it is the more unfortunate that the author of the *Dance of Life* and the

*New Spirit* should permit its publication. Those who know Mr. Ellis through his own volumes would do well, for the present, to continue their study of him there.

“*Sheer Sensitiveness and Beauty*”

*The Collected Poems of Josephine Preston Peabody.* Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Company.  
535 pp. \$3.00.

*The Collected Plays of Josephine Preston Peabody.* Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Company.  
790 pp. \$3.00.

By T. J. SHAW, JR.

In these two comprehensive volumes we have a final gathering of the poems and plays of one whose love for life and its reflection in literature was, above all else, kept within the bounds of classic perfection in form. Yet, Mrs. Marks never allowed this devotion to restrained beauty to rob her of the warm glow that is a part of the life spirit. A re-reading of the poems in her *Singing Leaves* and the later *Harvest Moon* confirms this judgment. The same influence of Shakespearian classicism is in her play, *Marlowe*, and, perhaps, in *The Piper* and in the *Wolf of Gubbio*. The better part of Mrs. Mark's work was done during the twenty years before the late world conflict, and as a consequence it is in the older traditions of the Anglo-American style. Such a dating of her writings is not as unfortunate as it might appear to be, for the very circumstances which are a limit are at the same time a safeguard. People who demand finish as well as thought in literature will always reserve a place for these *Collected Poems* and *Plays*.

The first volume has a sympathetic introduction by Katherine Lee Bates. Sympathetic, but critical besides, is Professor George Baker's foreword to the *Collected Plays*.



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### *Who They Are, etc.*

With this issue of the *Archive*, we offer a new contributor in MERRILL MOORE. He is a well-known member of the Fugitive Group \* \* \* Another new name to add to our list is that of R. P. BASLER, a student in the Graduate School of Duke University \* \* \* JOHN CHAPMAN writes to us from Galveston, Texas, telling us of his ardent labors in medical school. We are very glad that he found the time to write for the *Archive* again \* \* \* WADE H. COLEMAN, JR., will be remembered from last year. He brings to us a taste of the Middle West \* \* \* GIRARD B. RUDDICK, a transfer from Swarthmore College, near Philadelphia, contributes a play for this month's issue \* \* \* From VIRGINIA McCORMICK, we have "Two Cinquains" that are typical of her excellent work. *Century*, and *The Forum* have both carried her contributions, and she has been highly praised by the critics \* \* \* HELEN POTEAT STALLINGS appears for the first time this year in this issue. She and her husband have been travelling in the eastern part of the country this past summer \* \* \* B. B. CARSTARPHEN continues his monthly department in this issue, and will be with us for the remainder of the year \* \* \* Another new name for us to add to our list of *Archive* contributors is that of LUCY GAY COOKE, who is connected with the Duke University Library \* \* \* The book reviews include quite a variety of people this month, perhaps the best-known of whom is HOWARD MUMFORD JONES, the well-known critic from Chapel Hill and editor of the column which he titles *The Literary Lantern*. LEWIS PATTON is of the English Department of Duke. JOHN PAUL LUCAS, JR., is the editor of the *Archive's* book review department. ELIZABETH CHEYNEY BLACKBURN is the wife of Mr. William Blackburn, of the Duke University faculty. MARY ARDEN HAUS is a student at Duke. WARREN C. OGDON will be remembered from his "Potter of Hiang Chi" that appeared in the November issue. THOMAS J. SHAW, JR., will be remembered from last year \* \* \* The Art department this month is represented by NELSON ROSENBERG, who draws for us his conception of *Evolution*. Mr. Rosenberg is a student at Duke University \* \* \* WILLIAM FARTHING is also a contributor this month with two tailpieces.





# Absent-minded ... but not embarrassed

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## THE CARDINAL

(Continued from page thirteen)

*to do so*]: Dear daughter, who are we to look askance upon the will of God? [*She crosses herself.*]

LOUISE [*in desperation*]: The will of God indeed! You think then God has come to live again in our great Cardinal? What sort of God is he, who exiles mothers, tramples down the nobles, sacrifices France before his power? No one is so weak as to incite his pity. Have you no sympathy for me, his latest victim?

M. DE LAFAYETTE: Sympathy I fear would be bad taste, to offer one about to enter the bosom of the Church to serve our Saviour.

LOUISE: I tell you it is not the Saviour who desired my service. This Saviour is a lion, not a lamb. A devil lurks beneath the corners of his Cardinal's hat, though the world be blind and do not know it.

MME. DE LAFAYETTE: You must not say such things, dear child, someone might hear you!

LOUISE: I wish the world could hear these words, the last, perhaps, in which I speak my own true heart. After today I am the servant of a God gone wrong, provided he be God as you have said.

M. DE LAFAYETTE: We said no such outrageous words as those, my wayward daughter. Before you came to Court you had no such thoughts, but since you made yourself a mistress. . .

LOUISE: Mistress! You called me mistress, father?

M. DE LAFAYETTE: Yes, Mistress was the word. Come wife, and daughters. We must go back to the simple life we are familiar with before our own minds fail us. May the convent serve to hide from us your sins. [*They go out, M. de Lafayette first, then the two daughters, whose only evidence of interest throughout has been a hidden sympathy for Louise. Mme. de Lafayette turns back furtively at the door.*]

MME. DE LAFAYETTE: I begged him not to let them take you.

LOUISE: He could not help me if he would, dear Mother. It is the Cardinal's will.

[*They embrace, both sobbing.*]

MME. DE LAFAYETTE: The Convent is no punishment compared to what he might have done, thank God. Good-bye. [*She exits slowly and tearfully.*]

[*Enter Louis from the concealed door. Louise is standing left center, well forward, and does not see him until he speaks.*]

LOUIS: I passed some people at the door. Why! What's the matter, dear?

[*Louise turns, runs to him and curtsies low before him. He helps her rise.*]

LOUISE: My family, Louis dear; and they have cast me off without a word of sympathy or help, except my mother. My father called me mistress.

LOUIS: To think that I have brought this on you! I, whose love has been

# What Shakespeare says about Coca-Cola



Macbeth  
III, Scene 4

“Fill full. I drink to  
the general joy o’  
the whole table” ~

Macbeth was a king. He could make his hearers listen as long as he liked. We doubt if Shakespeare reported his speech in full. An after-dinner speaker will usually talk as long as he can make his audience listen. So it was that Macbeth elaborated on the terse, modern invitation to raise a glass of Coca-Cola to your lips, namely —

*8 million  
a day*

*Refresh yourself!*

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

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as pure as love of God. They know it is not true. Our love has always been above reproach.

LOUISE: No love was ever quite so pure as ours, dear Louis. [*She kisses him as would a child.*] But you know too well the reason for this ugly rumor. You know yourself it is the will of your own minister, the Cardinal. He knows I hate his harshness, and would influence you against him, if I could. I must be put aside. The convent is the safest place, that's all.

LOUIS: It is the safest place, dear heart. Our love lives on, and since there is the queen, we are better kept apart. And yet, I cannot bear to see you go.

LOUISE: Why don't you rid yourself of him? You are king, and you alone could do it.

LOUIS [*mediating, and pacing across stage as Louise follows pleading*]: Perhaps if I had your strength of will, this Cardinal might go the way he's sent so many who have dared oppose him. Perhaps your courage might be great enough. . . . But what of France? It is he alone who saves her by his very harshness.

LOUISE [*hopefully*]: France? France would be liberated from a tyrant's grip. France would blossom like a bud placed in the sun. Ruled by your kind heart instead of his harsh will our country would be Heaven! The people would be freed, the nobles. . . .

LOUIS [*shrinking at the thought*]: Ah! The nobles! The nobles would return to power, and France would be

a battle ground for family feuds. Much as I hate my minister I know too well his value to my country.

LOUISE: Value! What sort of value is it, Louis dear, that has its root in murders, exiles, executions? You know how hard he is. He knows no mercy, no limit to his cruel acts. And now you, the king, must bow before him.

LOUIS [*still pacing up and down the room*]: I am tempted as I've never been tempted before. My brother has a plot on foot. . . .

LOUISE: It is your chance, dear Louis. Even yet you can save me, and France. Don't think about it! Act!

LOUIS: My reign has always been one round of sacrifice. It took my mother—now it takes you. I hate the scoundrel who has caused it all. Why not end it with this one bold stroke?

LOUISE: Why not? You've but to make up your mind. That's all!

LOUIS: If that were all, it would have been done long ago. But every time I do decide, my heart fails me, for my better judgment tells me he is right, and that my country needs him.

LOUISE: You call him right, to persecute your mother, and to enslave me to what he calls the Church, though in his hands it is an instrument of state, a thing unclean?

LOUIS: Don't make me think of such things. When I do, I feel a hate surge through me, and a desire for revenge. [*He sits down on the chest*



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## THE ARCHIVE

*dejectedly.*] But then, there is that awful "Day of Dupes." I almost lost my mind that time, and he his life. And France almost became a mess of warring dukedoms, not a nation.

LOUISE [*desperately running to him and throwing herself beside him on the chest*]: Forget that. War will last only awhile, and then peace. Peace for France, and peace for us, dear heart. [*She sinks to her knees as he looks before him as at a vision.*] Just dream of it. [*He rises as though in a dream, standing firmly and still looking before him.*] You a king! A real king, and I your Queen in all but name alone. Why sacrifice still more? Why can't we have our happiness?

LOUIS: By God! We can, and will! [*The Cardinal Richelieu enters at the right unannounced and unnoticed.*] No Cardinal can rule this king! [*Turning to Louise*] I'll send a messenger tonight. . . .

THE CARDINAL: My Lord, no messenger is needed. [*The two look around at the sound of his voice, which is a voice of quiet power. Louise, realizing that the Cardinal is there to take her to the convent tries to keep his courage up by her defiance.*]

LOUISE: Why must you interfere in this, the king's own private life? [*She looks to Louis, but gets no support, his eyes dropping before her gaze. She hesitates, then* [*Louis stands watching hopelessly*]. Oh Father Cardinal, must you rob us of this one small bit of happiness? Your word is law, but this is no affair of

state. Let me unpack my pretty clothes and go on living quietly where I can comfort Louis in his misery.

THE CARDINAL: It cannot be, and I will tell you the reason. But first, is all in readiness for your departure? [*The coldness in his tone upsets Louise, and when she speaks again her voice has regained all its former bitterness.*]

LOUISE: Indeed, Father Cardinal, there is little which needs preparation for such a journey save the soul and spirit.

THE CARDINAL: And are they ready?

LOUISE: They are ready to go with you, but only because the body to which they are attached is being forced to do so.

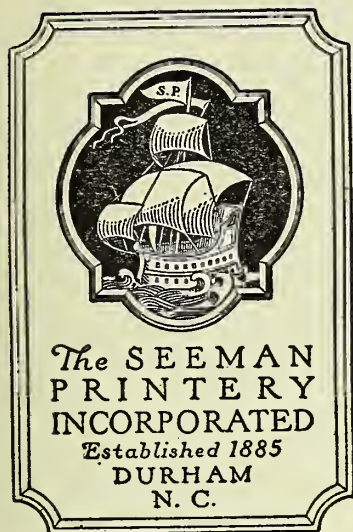
THE CARDINAL: I see you seem both discontent and bitter. Do you not love your king? [*Louis looks up.*]

LOUISE: It is my love for him which makes me fear to leave him in your power. My prayers will be uplifted, but mere prayers cannot avail against a Cardinal's will.

LOUIS [*stepping forward*]: Dear one! Do not talk so. He will lose patience, and you will suffer worse.

THE CARDINAL [*as Louise starts to speak but does not do so*]: You need not feel her tongue will work her any harm, my Lord. It is the blindness of her love. [*Here the first touch of warmth and even tenderness is apparent in his voice.*]

LOUISE [*incredulously*]: What blindness?



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## THE ARCHIVE ¶

THE CARDINAL: It is the blindness, Mademoiselle, which keeps your eyes from seeing that your presence here at Court is but a menace to your king, and to your country. [*Louis has seated himself in a chair at the left, where he remains, head bowed in his hands.*] The love you hold so highly is the weakness in his armor. His life has been a sacrifice—it must continue so. And in his mind he knows this. [*Louis nods slowly as in a dream.*] Through you his will is weakened, and temptation enters in. You cannot bear to see him suffer. You hate me and the harsh rule which I have been forced to use. So does your king, but he, at least, can see the need for my hard ways, and has the courage when he's alone to bear with them. You do not understand. Therefore you must go. It is for France.

LOUISE [*subdued and still incredulous*]: You tell me this before the king himself? You dare admit that you oppose him?

THE CARDINAL: I do, because I hope your love for him will make you see the wisdom of your present course, as well as its necessity.

LOUISE [*entirely pacified by the magic of his personality*]: You say that ruling France as you have done will make a better nation of her? [*She has obviously become interested.*]

THE CARDINAL: There is no other way. France is sick internally. She needs strong medicine, and I, God will, must be the brave physician. It is no easy work.

LOUISE: You *had* to kill and exile

nobles, or make fools of them?

THE CARDINAL: There was no choice.

LOUISE: The king's poor mother. She too was in the way of France's safety?

THE CARDINAL: God knows it to be true.

LOUISE: And now I too. . . .

THE CARDINAL: Yes, Mademoiselle, and now you too.

LOUISE: There is no other way?

THE CARDINAL [*with head bowed*]: None that is not even worse than this.

LOUISE: I . . . understand. Then that is why we cannot have our happiness? For France.

THE CARDINAL: For France.

[*Louise slowly puts on the cape, then kneels, head bowed, before King Louis who has risen.*]

LOUISE: Then what you said about your sacrifice was true, dear Louis. And it must go on.

[*Louis starts to raise her to her feet and embrace her, but restrains himself with great effort.*]

LOUIS [*turning away from her*]: My thoughts of you . . . will help me, dear. Good-bye.

[*Louise rises and goes to the Cardinal whose arm she takes. King Louis faces them, his arms folded and his face set.*]

LOUISE: Come. Take me while my mind still rules my will. We three must work for France—but we must work alone.

[*Louis' head falls slowly, Louise and the Cardinal turning to go out, as the curtain falls.*]



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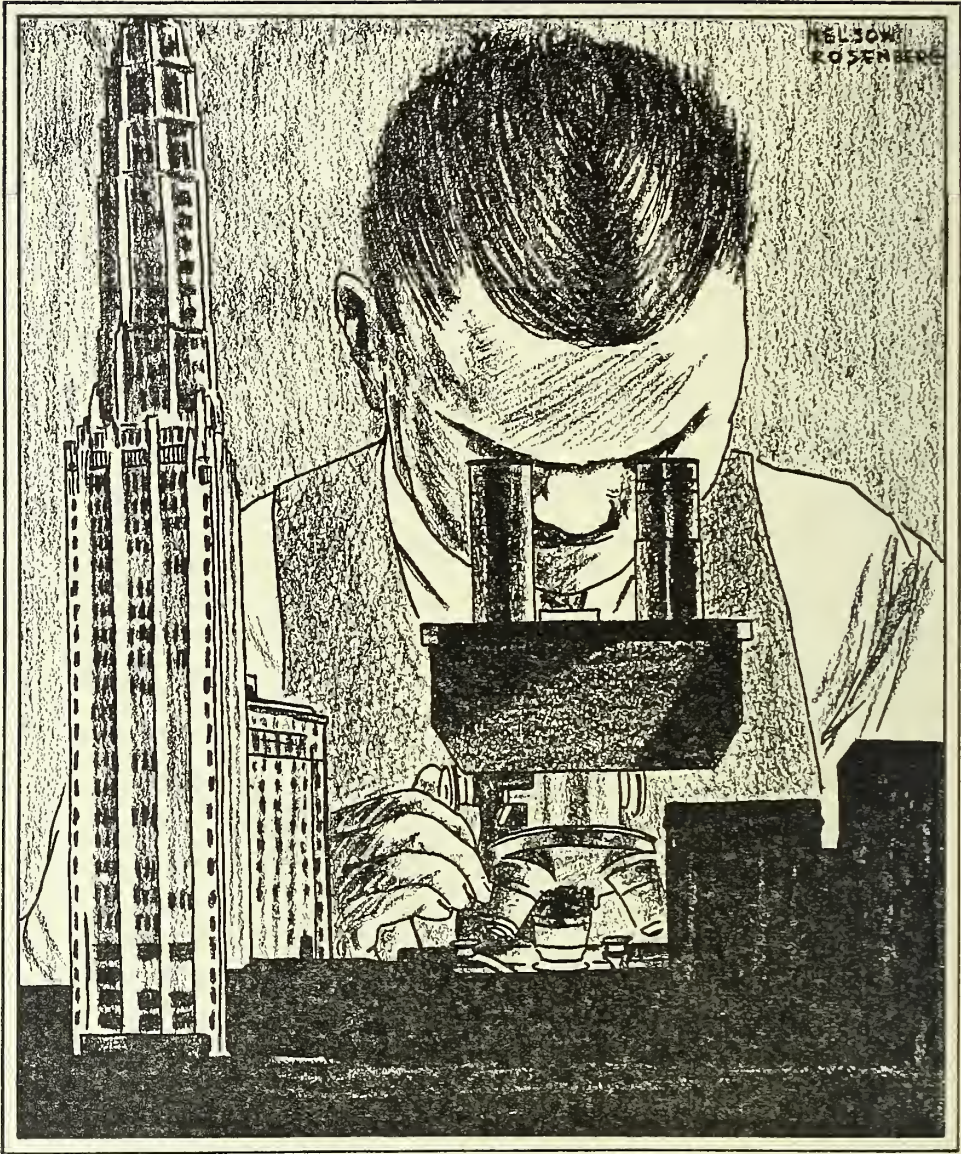
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### *Correction*

The Archive wishes to apologize to Roy P. Basler whose name was  
misprinted as Robert P. Basler in the December issue.





AMERICAN GLIMPSES AND VIEWPOINTS

1. ADVANCE

# Armageddon

By YANDELL ELLIOTT

Not with our quick and hurried feet  
Move the eternal stars;  
For their unfluttered pulses beat  
Slow drums for God's last wars.

Faint suns go out and leave the scene  
Bare of their planets' life:  
When the ice curtain closes down  
The stars are still at strife.

Slow is their march and regular,  
Measured by sound nor breath.  
For they should have a tread like God's,  
Who war always with Death.

Their spheres' song is a battle hymn:  
Number, they sing, and Law.  
The fallen flame and then go dim;  
God's eye must see no flaw.

The ranks close up, how endlessly  
Serried through empty space.  
They fight the grimmest war of Time  
With Death—who shows no face.

# The Mask

By VIRGINIA McCORMICK

Place: a luxurious boudoir, in disarray: new books, magazines with the pages uncut, daily papers, are scattered about. A widow's bonnet with long crepe veil, very modish, is on the table; gloves and furs upon a chair where they have been carelessly dropped.

Crouched before the half-burnt fire is a woman in black robes.

A child's cry is heard.

The woman listens and begins to talk in a high but musical voice: "Ah, little sorrow bearer, your cry goes to my heart: is not my unhappiness enough, that I must share yours too? You are a man-child, an echo of that being whose going has left my life empty." The cry changes to a happy crow; the gurgle of a satisfied baby: "Cease, cease; this is worse than your sorrow, which is at least in accord with my own feelings: I cannot bear the thoughts that you awaken . . . the very winds vibrate with laughter which I would forget . . . all earth should be in mourning to suit my mood . . . the elements should weep and obscure the sun . . . sorrow has put out my light of happiness . . . I hate the brilliancy of the sun set in a cloudless heaven. . . Heaven, did I say? I wonder if there is such a place!

"Little son, you too will leave me some day . . . another woman will take you and I shall hate her . . . I believe that I do that already. . . . You will break her heart, even as mine is broken, and I shall not weep for her."

The voice grows tremulous; all violence dies out of it. She continues with a dull despair: "I am young; I *was* beautiful until sorrow came. . . . Weeping has dulled my eyes, nights of wakefulness have blanched my cheeks: my body has become inert flesh, the reflection of my soul anaesthetized by suffering: colour has gone from my life, and I am as these hateful black robes . . . these trappings of death."

Her gaze bores into the falling embers; she shudders: then after a season of quiescence she straightens herself, gets up and hurriedly crosses the floor disappearing through the door into the adjoining room. In a few moments she returns with an ivory mirror, a candle in a green



candlestick and a long jade box. She floods the room with the electric lamps; holds a taper to the dying blaze until it catches fire then, lighting the candle, sits down at the table close beside it. She picks up the mirror and studies her face long and silently. "It is true, I am no longer beautiful . . . it is as he always said, I bloomed only for him; he plucked the flower of my youth and now I am only a withered blossom, too stale for any one. . . . I wonder . . . is it sorrow that has ravaged me, or only self-pity? I have felt so sorry for my solitude, for my loneliness . . . my little son has not really comforted me . . . he is a doll for me to play with . . . tomorrow he will be a man, and only a young and beautiful woman will afford him pleasure." Her voice loses its dullness and there is a ring of triumph in it as she goes on: "I am young, young, young! I will not carry the endless burden of my days like a black veil, dragging me back even as I try to hurry it along. I will not tell my nights as a monk shut off from the world his beads, with only sorrow and fasting. . . . I am a woman. . . . I will be beautiful again! Man has destroyed my life, man shall re-build it." She opens the jade box and takes from it little tubes and small wrought pots of pomades and salves. "What nature has taken away from me art shall give me again. . . . I *will* be beautiful. My eyes shall shine as stars in a dark sky; my cheeks shall blush as the rose at dawn: my lips shall be as a bow . . . the bow of the wicked little god who tempts men to their own destruction. My skin shall be as velvet to touch and as the new milk of kine to look upon: my hair, released from the ugliness of tight braids shall glow as a golden nimbus about my face and all men shall desire me for my beauty, knowing never that my heart is dead, that I carry a stone under the softness of my bosom and that my soul sleeps."

For a long time she is silent . . . busy with rouge, pomades, and powder, until, as she has said, art gives her back what nature had taken away. She smiles, a smile in which satire is mingled with satisfaction: "Now I will throw off these black robes, emblems of woe: the burnt out fires of my love lie in ashes upon the inner hearth of my life; they are black; dead passion smoulders there; only the Phoenix of desire can arise from it . . . desire to be beautiful, to be a woman again . . . loved, but never loving.

"This thing stirring within me is a call to man, not as a mate, oh no, as a game: I am Diana, the huntress; I shall run my quarry to its death



## THE ARCHIVE ¶

and leave it with never a pang, at the end of the day's sport. My weapon will be my beauty; it is more deadly than poisoned arrows. . . Henceforth I shall wear green . . . ah, God, it is the colour he chose for me . . . for him it was the symbol of freshness, of purity: he bathed me in its reflections: this jade box he said was alive with the light of my soul seen through my eyes. . . He was wrong . . . green is the colour of sophistication!"

She goes into the next room . . . as dawn shows coldly through the window glass she returns in a soft dress of jade green that clings and trails: on her white neck is a long chain of clear jade beads: in her ears and on her hands are gleaming emeralds, and a fan of jade-coloured ostrich feathers hangs at her side. Her eyes burn with a queer green flame, as if a light from a hidden altar had pierced the darkness . . . her face is a mask . . . art has superceded nature. She crosses over to the window and opens the blinds; standing in the cold clear-green light of early day she is the figure of sophistication.



# Answer

By JAMES MARSHALL FRANK

Plucked from a pristine garden,  
Flushed with irradiant bloom,  
Brought to the meadow of mortals—  
A shimmering beam in the gloom—  
That was a day before yesterday.

Glissando the glide from the cherubs,  
Hallowed and haloed she came,  
Trembling a tenanted moment  
We were translumed by her flame—  
Guileless she gladdened a yesterday.

Zealous, the gods became jealous,  
They wanted the flower again,  
Back to their garden they drew her,—  
Where now the balm-bane of pain?  
That was the nadir of sorrow.

Blooming elusive above us,  
Tremulous soul in a sun,  
Waiting a coming to claim her  
When our strange journey is done.  
That will be on the morrow.  
Aye, that will be a tomorrow.



# Tie Your Camel

By DAVID H. THORPE

The sun was sinking. The long streamers of light reached out and out into the heavens, gilding the rolling sands of the desert and the walls and roofs of the little town. The tall tower of the mosque pointed like a golden finger at the fast-darkening sky.

The muezzin paused a moment at the top of the stairs of his tower and gazed at the glory of the dying sun. Then he stepped to the side of the little minaret and sent his long-drawn call wailing over the flat roofs and gilded domes of Parilla, the city of the desert.

"Allah Akbar! La ilaha-illa Allaha, wa Mohammed er-rasool".

\* \* \* \* \*

The last sound of the evening prayer had died away. The sun gave one last burst of light, and sunk into the molten fire of its after-glow. The night crept stealthily on, full of muffled sighs, and sounds, and smells, mysterious, oriental, inscrutable.

Ali ben Hadir, rich merchant, and favored of Allah, rose slowly from his knees. To the goodness of Allah he was indebted for many things: wealth beyond the dreams of common men, strong sons and fair daughters, a ripe old age, the conviction that he had done his duty to God and man. What more could mortal ask of his Creator. Indeed, Allah was good.

With stately stride, he crossed the room and seated himself cross-legged on a rich prayer rug. Dignity suited Ali well. He bore himself like a king, and looked like a patriarch. A long white beard surrounded his proud face, and from beneath his billowy turban his piercing grey eyes blinked thoughtfully. Ali was old in years, but young in body and mind.

A clap of his hands and a servant appeared, salaaming. A few curt directions, and before him were writing materials, and his account books. With tender fingers, he turned to the accounts of the day. Item by item, he went over them, checking and rechecking, until he had the total profit of a busy day. Then more reckoning and addition was done, until the crabbed Arabic script registered the total fortune

of Ali ben Hadir of Parilla. And no old-fashioned miser was Ali, for his fortune was in no chest of gold buried in the earth; it was in the multi-colored bank books of the French banks of Algiers and Paris. If it was written that the infidel pay him interest, it was written. He closed the books softly, and a far-away expression crept into his eyes as he thought of all the comforts and joys that his wealth had brought him in his old age. Then his thoughts drifted to the cause of his wealth.

He awoke with a start from his golden reverie. Francs and centimes vanished from his mind, when the form of his servant hurtled through the door and fell inert on the marble floor. Startled as Ali was, his first act was to make his bank books and accounts disappear. Then, with a vigor that belied his seventy-odd years, he sprang to his feet, and faced the door through which his unfortunate menial had come so recently. Through this door were coming some half-dozen men, dressed in the garb of the desert Arab, hooded to the eyes, swift and catlike in movement.

Their evident purpose was to secure him before he could raise an alarm. Ali was an old man, weaponless, and they armed, and many. He bowed his head and submitted weakly while they bound and gaged him with rope and cloth. Their tall leader gave sibilant orders. Four camel-smelling Arabs wrapped Ali in a rug that had been on the floor, and quickly lifted him to their shoulders. Out of the door they went, and through the passageway to the rear of the house. The last door closed, and they were on the street, narrow, evil-smelling, and flanked by buildings that cut off the feeble light of the crescent moon. The night air blew damp in their faces. The few night noises of the little town were around them.

The waiting camels rose, seeming to protest against Heaven, and earth, and work. Urged on by their masters, they were soon giving their best speed southward into the sand hills of El Erg. The few lights of the town vanished as they spurned the sand in the long stride of the Bishareen. The sand swished and the leather creaked as the miles flew behind them. The crescent reached the zenith and began to decline. Still they went on, the hills rising and falling around them like the waves of a great silver sea. All swayed with weariness. Good rider as he was, he had not the stamina of youth, and every mile told heavily on him. He prayed for a rest.



It soon came. A racing camel shot out from behind a sand hill, and drew up beside the leader. A low-voiced conversation ensued, and they were off again into the blue-grey vastness of the desert.

Then came the oasis and the camp, nestled and almost smothered amidst the sand. The black tents were as ink spots on a gigantic grey blotter, transcendental mystery seemed to envelop and enshroud the dim figures that moved in and out of curtained entrances.

Again there were a few whispered orders, and Ali was rudely carried to the nearest tent, and dumped unceremoniously upon the floor. With a few quick slashes of long knives, his cords were cut, and the rug unwrapped from around him. Not a word was said as his guards moved swiftly out of the tent. Ali was glad. He was too tired even to be curious. Allah was good, and what was written, was written. Why should he be impatient? He would await the dawn by soundly sleeping and refreshing his wits. If these be brigands, and they were undoubtedly of that class, then they would demand a ransom, and set him free. Had not Allah made him rich enough to meet the demands of such as these? Had not Allah made him shrewd enough to bargain with them, and perhaps make them capitulate on the sum?

Through the slit in the tent Ali could see the figure of the guard outlined against the star-pierced sky. He lay on a rug, pulled another over him, and fell asleep with a short prayer to Allah.

The morning prayer was over. The dawn came, making the camp grey and ghostly. Then the sun was up. The myriad noises of the camp arose; men shouted, camels grunted, children cried. A horse neighed somewhere. The smoke arose in the still air from which the night wind had passed.

Ali had risen before dawn, performed his ablutions with sand instead of water, and prayed. He arranged the rugs comfortably, and patiently waited for that which Allah might bring. It was not long before the black-bearded sentry raised his spear in salute, and stepped from the entrance. Two men entered.

"May Allah be with you, O my father," said each in turn.

"Wa alik issalaam, O my children," replied Ali as he sat stroking his beard.

"May Allah increase thy wealth, thy sons, and thy reward in the garden of Paradise," said the shorter of the two desert Arabs.

"May Allah give to thee as thou art deserving, and take from thee as thou art unfaithful," cryptically replied Ali.

The men seated themselves facing Ali. The taller of the two was evidently the leader of the night before. His piercing eyes, hooked nose, firm mouth and chin, with the green turban of the Hadji, proclaimed his noble birth and authority. The other man was both younger and shorter in stature. His face revealed Turkish blood, and his quick certain movements denoted the steel-muscled desert dweller. He treated his companion with a deference, but this attitude concealed a subtle resistance to his authority, a veiled sneer at his actions.

After the first greetings, no one spoke for a long time. It is not the Eastern custom to come to the point immediately. When the silence was finally broken, it was only for the exchange of more compliments. The tall Haji was the first to broach the subject. "Thou knowest for what purpose thou wert brought here?" he inquired at length.

"Allah has given me much wisdom in my old age," replied Ali complacently.

"And much wealth also, is it not true, O my father?" asked the Sheikh.

"He has seen fit to deprive me of much wealth in the last days," mournfully sighed Ali.

"But thy fortune is still great," broke in the short man eagerly, "Do not try to—"

"Quiet, Mustafa," ordered the tall one, angrily, "I am thy Sheikh."

"Thy will is law, O most excellent Hadji-Achmet. To hear is to obey," replied Mustafa, bowing his head to conceal the sneering in his eyes.

"It is well. O Ali, my tribe is poor. Their camels are dying. It is necessary that we purchase new ones, for we must soon move southwards. Thou wilt not, O Ali, begrudge a little of thy money to keep a tribe of the Faithful alive?"

There was a sudden interruption. The sentry at the door snarled a curse at a newcomer, a squat Turk. But the Turk brushed by him, and came into the tent. He addressed himself to Mustafa, speaking quickly.

"My horse is broken loose," exclaimed the latter, "With Allah, I may catch him if I hurry."

(Continued on page twenty-six)

# Clouds in March

By GERALD M. CRONA

The day is drab and gray.  
The sky is cluttered  
With somber clouds  
That push and shove  
And work their way  
Bruskly shouldering one another—  
As impatient people  
In a restless crowd.

Moving and shifting, they  
Leave occasional holes,  
Which like monstrous nostrils  
Pulse and dilate,  
And inhale great puffs  
Of roving vapors.  
They are gorged, replete;  
And rub each other's swollen belly.

# Tapestries

By KATHARINE WASHBURN HARDING

There are too many people. . . .  
Their thoughts make tapestries upon the silences;  
Patterns of many wings  
That etch a rhythm of muted cadences,  
Tangles of snarling red  
That twist in tortured zigzags below the tattered hem,  
Great clots of crusted gold,  
And dull, black jewels like a requiem.

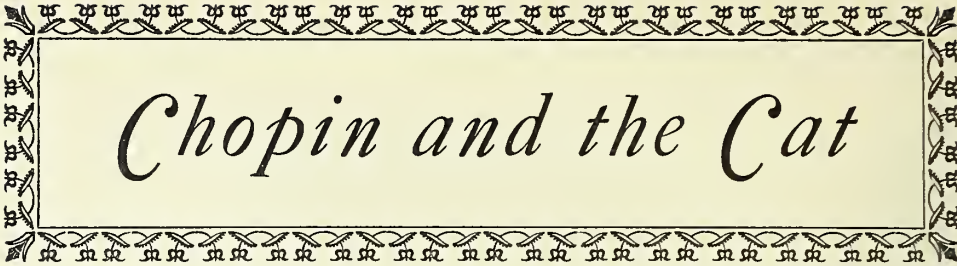
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# Mondsüchtig

By PAUL GRAHAM TRUEBLOOD

I walked upon the moon last night—  
It's slippery, I found;  
And every time I took a step  
It made a crunchy sound.  
And now mayhap I'll tell you  
Lest you doubt that this is so—  
The moon was broken all in bits  
And scattered on the snow!





# Chopin and the Cat

## Among Other Things, Poets and Frances Newman

Ascending Parnassus by the route of magazines is not uncommon. Publishers are not waiting hungrily for manuscript books of verse; often their appetites are much too discriminating for the comfort and happiness of many young poets. But fortunately for the poets and lovers of poetry there are the magazines, poetry reviews, and editors, often as discriminating as the publishers, but often more approachable. Then there is the pleasant possibility of having one's poem included in an anthology of magazine verse, of which there are several very reputable ones, among them William Stanley Braithwaite's annual collection. His selection for 1928 has been available now for two or three months, and an examination of its pages is interesting. There are many poets whom you will know, such as Joseph Auslander, William Rose Benét, Gamaliel Bradford, Countée Cullen, Robert Frost, Alfred Kreymborg, and others. But for *Archive* readers there are names perhaps even more familiar in Braithwaite's *Anthology for 1928*, for he has included in his volume the verse of several poets who have contributed to this magazine during the past four years. Eleven poets, to be exact. They are Witter Bynner, Ralph Cheyney, Countée Cullen, Virginia McCormick, John Richard Moreland, Anne Blackwell Payne, Margaret Tod Ritter, Challis Silvay, Virginia Stait, Lucia Trent, and Harold Vinal. Three of these are Virginians, and one a North Carolinian. "Virginia Stait, with the elusive imaginative flame of Emily Dickinson," says Mr. Braithwaite. . . .

Although it is late to comment upon the death of Frances Newman, the novelist, it is not inappropriate. The circumstances of her death in New York, October 21, from an overdose of veronal are well known, as well as the efforts of certain enterprising journalists to connect the occasion with a parody review of her last novel, *Dead Lovers Are Faithful Lovers*. Since then the parody review has been included, with other similar criticisms, in a volume called *Meaning No Offense*, by John Riddell, the pen name of a well known humorist, we are informed. Nothing need further be said about the connection of Miss Newman's death with the parody since William Rose Benét has very convincingly cleared the whole matter in the *Saturday Review*. Miss Newman's death is certainly to be regretted, for in the recent revival of letters in the South she figured

prominently, and occupied a place alongside DuBose Heyward, Julia Peterkin, Howard W. Odum, Paul Green, Elizabeth Madox Roberts, and others. Her writing was characterized by a genuine brilliance and a striking style. Often she uncomfortably irritated those accustomed to the older traditions in Southern literature, but no one can deny that she was effective, and time has brought to a healthful flourishing many of her methods and purposes. Hers was the honor of pioneering. She subjected the sprig muslin heroine to a sort of dissection, and more recent novelists have followed in her wake. Two novels of the Southern scene and a critical study of the short story were her contributions besides numerous reviews, all in her vigorous manner. . . .

Venerable is a nice word. It has pleasant sounds . . . venerable. Perhaps it has been used a great deal; most good words have. Their particular effectiveness causes them to be useful, provided the speaker has effective thoughts for which to use them. Most of our modernists don't use the word *venerable* because to them there are very few things that are venerable. Perhaps it is an old-fashioned word. But nothing suits the poet Edwin Markham better than the word *venerable*. He is just that. His patriarchal Longfellow face is nice to look at. There is a sort of rare serenity about it. It is pleasant to sit and listen to him speak glowing words about Edgar Allen Poe, read from his poem *Our Israfel*, and modestly apologize for it's having won a prize in a contest. Edwin Markham is a venerable American poet. . . .

Another thing I like is a gracefully executed church spire seen in the softening half-light of late afternoon. It is a poem in itself, a sort of esthetic pleasure that any one may have simply for the looking. But unfortunately churches aren't built that way any more, certainly very few. I should like to know why, and also I should like to read a poem about a church spire in the half-light of late afternoon. . . .

And a friend has reminded me of another kind of light. Not the gray light about the church steeple, but rather the sunshine that comes about half-past three or four in winter, maybe a little later . . . "winter sunshine in the late afternoon when you're going to have tea with squid lemon". . . .

Advertisements are interesting things to read when you have nothing better to do. For instance, you will smile broadly (or perhaps have already smiled broadly) at the elaborate efforts of the *American Mercury* to retain its fast-vanishing prestige. In the Christmas advertisements we were told, "Free with each order ½ lb. can of Old Dr. Mencken's Hell Salts! Give the *American Mercury*!" . . .

B. B. Carstarphen

# A Riddle

By JACK ABELEW

Upon a bed of humble clay,  
In all her postures loose,  
A prostitute \* my mother lay  
To every comer's use.

Till one Gallant \*\* in heat of Love,  
His own peculiar made her,  
And to a Region far above,  
To softer beds conveyed her.

But in his absence, to his place,  
His rougher Rival \*\*\* came,  
And with a close, passionate embrace,  
He took away his dame.

Then I was begot to Public View,  
A creature wond'rous bright \*\*\*\*,  
But very perishable, too,  
Slippery, nice, and light.

On feathers \*\*\*\*\* not together fast,  
I loosely flew about,  
And from my Father's country past,  
To find my Mother's out.

Till her Gallant of her beguil'd,  
Of Me \*\*\*\*\* enamoured grew,  
And I who was my father's child,  
Brought forth my mother \*\*\*\*\* too,



*Key*

\* Water gliding smoothly along a river course.  
\*\* The sun exhales the dew.  
\*\*\* The North Wind, froze the water.  
\*\*\*\* Ice.  
\*\*\*\*\* Snow.  
\*\*\*\*\* The Frost.  
\*\*\*\*\* The ice thawed, returning to water.



# Book Reviews

## *To Stimulate Thinking*

*Whither Mankind: A Panorama of Modern Civilisation*, edited by Charles A. Beard. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. 408 pp. \$3.00.

By JAY B. HUBBELL

This is the day of popularization—of short-cuts to culture, learning, manners, money-making, and success. It is the day also of the symposium. *Whither Mankind* is better, I think, than *These United States* and *Civilization in the United States*, both written by those whom we used to call “young intellectuals.” *Whither Mankind* will stimulate some thinking on the part of the general reader and of the undergraduate who reads it; but let no one who has read it imagine that he wholly understands the world in which we live. The general editor, quite naturally, stamps his interpretation on the whole book. He has selected the sixteen contributors, and in an introduction and a conclusion he has given his view of the meaning of the entire book. Some of the contributors are prejudiced; all of them labor under the difficulty of condensing the significance of a vast field of knowledge into some twenty-five pages.

The central idea of the book is a good one: How have science and machinery affected our life and thought? Beyond question, these two influences are tremendous. Says Mr. Beard: “Old rules of politics and law, religion and sex, art and letters—the whole domain of culture—must yield or break before the inexorable pressure of science and the machine.” Mr. Beard’s sixteen contributors, however, are more optimistic than he is. Even art and literature, if we may believe Lewis Mumford and Carl Van Doren, have not been permanently injured by science and machinery. In fact, some of the contributors lead us to believe that there are other active factors—tradition, for instance—which are quite as important as science and machinery. Man has always had machines and science of a sort, and he has perhaps bent them to his own ends more than they have determined his life and thought.

The three most interesting chapters are by the least prominent contributors: “Business,” by Julius Klein; “Play,” by Stuart Chase; and “Health,” by C. E. A. Winslow. Business, as Mr. Klein points out, is not the *bête noire* which the intelligentsia imagine it to be. Business supplies the economic foundation neces-

sary before the arts can flourish; and our business ethics are neither better nor worse than our morality as a nation.

Two of the most brilliantly written chapters seem to me unsound. James Harvey Robinson discusses "Religion" with the brilliant facility of a writer who does not believe in the necessity of religion and perhaps does not quite know what it is all about. Hu Shih, a Chinese intellectual, advances the startling paradox that the civilization of the East is more materialistic than that of America and Western Europe. Other chapters—I have found them all interesting—are: "Ancient and Mediaeval Civilization," by Hendrik van Loon; "Science," by Bertrand Russell; "Labor," by Sidney and Beatrice Webb; "Law and Government," by Howard Lee McBain; "War and Peace," by Emil Ludwig; "The Family," by Havelock Ellis; "Race and Civilization," by George A. Dorsey; "The Arts," by Lewis Mumford; "Education," by Everett Dean Martin; and "Literature," by Carl Van Doren.

### *A Prize-Winner*

*The Father*, by Katharine Holland Brown. New York: John Day Company. 368 pp. \$2.00.

By ALICE CHARLES CRAFT

When announcement is made that a novel has won a prize of \$25,000 and is considered best among 1,393 entrants by such judges as Dorothy Canfield, James Branch Cabel, Gertrude B. Lane and Richard J. Walsh, one is led to expect something out of the ordinary. In "*The Father*" one is not disappointed and readily concludes that it was not merely a streak of good luck that brought the award made by the Womans' Home Companion and the John Day Co. to Katherine Holland Brown.

"*The Father*" is a story of pre-Civil War days but is quite different from the average Civil War novel, particularly those current in the South. The story tells of the struggles of a New England editor, John Stafford, who becomes such an enthusiast for the abolition of slavery that he removes his family from their comfortable home in Massachusetts and subjects them to the hardships of pioneer life in Illinois, in order that he may have free reign with his abolitionist newspaper. In the west, as in New England he is met with insurmountable opposition, his life and that of his motherless children often being endangered. In the end, discouraged and facing absolute failure, his hope revives when he realizes that through his efforts he has influenced one man who may really become the savior of the nation, that man being none other than Abraham Lincoln.

"*The Father*" is not strictly speaking an historical novel for although the incidents of the book are ostensibly historic and through its pages walk familiarly

## THE ARCHIVE

such eminent folk as the Emersons, the Alcotts, the Mames it is obvious that the events are largely products of the author's imagination and were intended to serve merely as a background for the stories of a father's devotion to his children and of a young girl's romance.

In style Miss Brown harks back to Louisa Alcott. Her delineations of the quaint old Puritans and the customs of the early fifties are rather charming, especially to readers who like the author herself are not far removed in years from the stirring times of which she writes.

### *Life*

*Headlines*, by Mildred Gilman. New York: Horace Liveright. 309 pp. \$2.00.

By J. W. BRASWELL

Last year when the newspapers were full of the Hickman Murder Case, a farmer told one of my friends, "I don't believe nothin' like that's goin' on out in California; that ain't nothin' but lots of newspaper talk." Very few people, it is needless to say, are that skeptical concerning the veracity of newspapers, but a great many are apparently as unaffected when reading of others' misfortunes. Not so, though, with Mary Pollock, the central figure in Mrs. Gilman's novel. Mary is a serious and sympathetic young woman who religiously reads the daily news and unfailingly is touched by those "far-off people" who do such "unaccountable things". Yet, at the same time the tabloids so deeply move her, she is blind to the sensational occurrences in her own neighborhood.

It is the depiction of this neighborhood, composed of half-Americanized immigrants—Finns, Italians, Germans, Irish—to which the author applies herself. Stories of the loves, hates, superstitions, poverty, and ignorance of these plebeian people she relates in a very striking fashion. Timely insertions of realistic description about their homes imbue the whole book with an unforgettable atmosphere. For instance, Mrs. Gilman never allows one to forget the babies crawling on dirty floors, the diapers drying by kitchen stoves, and the offensive odor of garlic; she also is continually recording animated harangues between neighbors. In one place her remarks about Mrs. Murphy make a civilized person doubt whether he is reading about real human beings: "Pain didn't bother Mrs. Murphy. She had her children easily. None of them had bothered her after the fifth, she told Mary Pollock. It was like a day's work to her, having a baby." It is significant to note, however, that Mrs. Gilman, no matter how depressing her subjects may seem, never loses her sense of humor. Little Tony wonders, just after witnessing a domestic quarrel, "if the father of a family picked out the mother or if it was another of those things God arranged for you."

Especially adapted to the material treated is the author's style of writing.



There is nothing affected about it: no metaphorical outbursts, no euphuistic phrases, and but seldom long sentences. Occasionally it even borders on journalism—hurried, to the point, telling essential facts only. It is extremely simple.

But if Mrs. Gilman's manner of writing does not wholly meet the requirements of meticulous critics, surely her ability in characterization makes up for the deficiency. In this lies her greatest power as a novelist. From little Tony up to Pearl Conolley, the policeman's wife, and Ludwig, the bootlegger, she exhibits remarkable capacity. No person she creates can easily be forgotten, which means that *Headlines* will not soon be forgotten.

### *Arthur Stringer Exhibits Skill*

*A Woman at Dusk and Other Poems*, by Arthur Stringer. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 156 pp.

By JOHN GUICE

Arthur Stringer, author of *Open Water*, *Irish Poems*, *Hephæstus and Other Poems*, and *The Woman in the Rain*, is a Canadian by birth. His writing started at a very early age and he has been contributing constantly since some of his verse was published first in a Canadian magazine. His life has been wide and varied. He was educated at the University of Toronto and at Oxford; he has been a Newspaper man in New York, a fruit farmer in Ontario, and a wheat rancher in Alberta. He has seen life in many walks and has lived it in the rough and in the polished. Because of his varied experience his writing has a flavor rarely found in our modern poets. He has a deep insight into the realities of nature and couches this understanding in the most beautiful expressions.

In the little collection termed *A Woman at Dusk* there are poems of nature, poems of courage and action, and numerous treatments of the deeper philosophies of life. The poem, *Mother and Son* (After Echegaray), was the only thing in the collection of any value, would alone justify the publication of the work. Stringer in this verse treats a subject that has been a favorite theme for poets of all ages, the subject of Mother love for a son. Kipling has done the same thing in his *Mother O' Mine* and countless other poets as well, but this version of the story seems to be most gripping of all. It is almost gruesome, but with this quality it shows rare beauty and ability.

The volume contains many other good poems. One called *Promptings* is especially good. *Hephæstus*, which has been published separately, appears in this collection. Its popularity gained from former appearances, speaks enough for it. The poem *New Years Eve in New York* deserves mention. It is a very vivid description of Times Square in all of its illuminated glory at night and especially at the New Year season. Stringer shows a very practical ability yet his poems breathe an air of wistful beauty rarely found in our work-a-day world of science and machinery.



*Good Humor*

*Innocent Bystanding*, by Frank Sullivan. New York: Horace Liveright, 1928. 260 pp.

By JAMES MCCAIN

The reading public of this country is already well acquainted with Mr. Sullivan. His latest book, *Innocent Bystanding*, consists of a number of reprints from the New York *World* and other publications to which he is a contributor. These selections consist mostly of mild, harmless satire, reminding one at times of Addison's *Spectator* papers but, without their moral purpose. Few apt subjects are left untouched in the volume. A random selection from the index reads: *Alarm Clocks, Fashions, Prohibition, College, Nobility, Policemen, Fashions, Tonsillitis, Musical Instruments, Dentists, Lillian Gish.*

Mr. Sullivan's book succeeds in producing laughter. It is especially entertaining when read aloud in a group of people. Constantly bordering on the absurd and the ridiculous, *Innocent Bystanding* may be read without the least worry about thinking or searching between the lines. To analyse the comedy produced by the selections would be very difficult. Two selections may give an idea, however. From "*The Temptation of Anthony*" we have the following bit of conversation:

"'You wouldn't put a dog out on a night like this', I protested.

'Oh, wouldn't I?' said Roxy, and seizing a dog he put him out on a night like that."

A bit of the biography of Pilate Noogle, "*The Iron Man of Wall Street*", follows:

"From his earliest years young Noogle had a passion for reading and was wont to lie hour after hour before the simple log fire in the Noogle cabin reading by the light of a candle. This went on until the elder Noogle finally got sore and, addressing young Noogle, said: 'If you'd put that candle out and turn on the electric light, you'd save yourself a lot of future eye trouble. I never see such a damn fool of a boy'."

*Innocent Bystanding* deserves a high place among the large number of similar books recently published. Although at times it is nothing short of silly, it makes up for these lapses when it is genuinely humorous. Anyone, unless possessing a very dormant sense of humor, would appreciate the wit of Mr. Sullivan.

*Twentieth Century Odyssey*

*Penelope's Man*, by John Erskine. Indianapolis: Bobbs Merrill Company. 275 pp. \$2.50.

By PAUL LUCAS, JR.

Departing considerably from the Homeric legend and in most respects other than chronological plot widely differing from the Bryant translation, the Tenny-

son conception, the prose version of Butcher and Lang, and other treatments, the *Odyssey* according to Dr. Erskine furnishes a revelation of one phase of the Twentieth Century literary attitude. Dr. Alan H Gilbert, of the department of English at Duke University, has aptly termed the author of *Penelope's Man*, *Galahad*, *Helen of Troy* and the others, "the 'panderous' Mr. Erskine". "He panders good literature." And a jolly panderer he is. *Penelope's Man* reveals him at his best.

The gagging husband who returns home after an absence which might be ambiguously interpreted by the wife; the poor fellow who, once safely away from home determines to make the best of every opportunity for enticing adventure, come what may; the noble tale-teller that most men—especially married men—can be upon occasion all are brought out in the full-length portrait of this *Odysseus*. In *Circe* we find a decidedly different figure to say the least. The new *Calypso* is thoroughly a woman in her love and life. However good or bad the characters may be the chief virtue in the book is the excellence of dialog and conversation. The constant level of rippling, bubbling wit suggests that the author may have had a couple of good mirth-inciting drinks before he began.

As a scholastic presentation of the immortal Greek tale *Penelope's Man* has a rather low batting average but it nails out hot liners with best of them when it comes to being a thoroughly diverting, chuckle-provoking story.

Agamemnon at Troy addresses the council: "As I see it, we've been here ten years and we're getting nowhere. Five years ago the prospect was bright. The Trojans came out and Achilles would cut them down every day. Mortality exceeded birth-rate and time was a factor on our side—"

"Indeed most of *Odysseus'* exploits involve women. Some of them are called goddesses, but it amounts to the same thing—. When you look at it you don't know whether to call the hero 'much wandering, much tossed about', or 'much mothered'. If these women hadn't taken him in, furnished him with a bed and board and passed him along he never would have got home."

## THE ARCHIVE

### *Who they are, etc.*

With this, the first issue of the *Archive* for the new year, NELSON ROSENBERG, of Durham, North Carolina, gives us an interpretation of American Glimpses and Viewpoints—1. Advance \* \* \* YANDELL ELLIOTT is a professor at Harvard University, and is associated with the Fugitive Group. This is the first time that Mr. Elliott has contributed to the *Archive*, and we feel sure that our readers hope with us that it will not be the last \* \* \* Again we have a piece from the well-known pen of Virginia McCormick, and look forward to more work from her in the future \* \* \* We also introduce JAMES MARSHALL FRANK for the first time to the readers of the *Archive*. He is living in Nashville, Tennessee, and is a member of the Fugitives, having gained recognition as a very accomplished writer of verse \* \* \* KATHARINE WASHBURN HARDING needs no introduction to the readers of the *Archive*, for she will be remembered from her popular contributions of the past \* \* \* GERALD M. CRONA is a student at Duke with quite a bit of talent. He will be remembered by his former contributions of both verse and book-reviews \* \* \* PAUL GRAHAM TRUEBLOOD is a graduate student at Duke, and has contributed to other magazines and newspapers \* \* \* The Editor, we hope, does not need to be introduced, nor does MR. CARSTARPHEN, for both have a word or two to say in each issue \* \* \* JACK ABELEW is a Junior at Duke, being a former student at the University of Pennsylvania, where he was connected with the *Penn Punch Bowl* \* \* \* The Book Reviews are headed by that of DR. JAY B. HUBBELL, of Duke, the well-known authority on American Literature. The other book reviews are by students of Duke with literary interests.



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## TIE YOUR CAMEL

(Continued from page eleven)

The two set off at a run for the other side of the camp. The Hadji Achmet turned to Ali and began to speak in a hurried whisper, earnestness in every word. "O Ali, know my name, and trust me. I am the Sheikh Hadji Achmet ben Vashti Mahatmet. I have not, as my father had, an army to lead. Nevertheless my word is as good as my father's. Thou knewest his word. Algeria follows not my leadership. In truth, even this poor bedouin tribe is rebellious against me. It is my duty to follow in the footsteps of my father, but I have no following, no influence. I have only money, which can gain both, as thou knowest. I have collected all of the booty and ransoms, and the precious stones that have been taken. I have rubies, emeralds, and diamonds; enough to raise the green standard and sweep the French into the sea; to destroy the tyrant; to free my people. Ahhahu Akbar!"

"But," continued the Sheikh, more calmly, "I need a jewel, a jewel more precious than all my other jewels. I need a diamond worth all the other diamonds in the world. I need the Luck of the House of Hadir. That for thy life."

The Luck of the House of Hadir! Truly the Sheikh was right when he said that the diamond was worth more than all the other diamonds in the world. A roughly cut diamond of some ten carats, with a large, peculiar flaw in the center was, according to the diamond merchants of Europe, worth something less than fifty thousand francs. But the large flaw, which lowered the value of the stone in the eyes of the Infidel, raised it in the eyes of the Faithful, for the lines of the flaw traced in the center, in clear, black, characters, the sacred name of Allah, the Compassionate and Merciful.

The diamond had a curious history. It had been in the possession of Ali's family for over a thousand years. It had been a gift, so the story went, from none other than the Lord Mohammed himself, for a great service that remote ancestor had rendered to the Prophet. As it had passed down through the centuries, it had always brought fame and fortune to its owners. Twice it had been out of the possession of Ali's family, but each time it had been brought back through violence and death to its rightful owner. Achmet had made it his business to know

all things in Algiers, as had his father before him, and he knew that the stone was in the custody of Omar ben Hadir, brother to Ali. He also knew that between the brothers was a bond of great affection that could not be broken. Omar would have gladly died rather than to disclose its hiding place, but to save his brother, Achmet knew that Omar would be as putty in his crafty hands. Achmet trusted only in Allah to protect him from the immediate and strenuous efforts of the house of Hadir to regain possession of the talisman.

Such is the history of the Luck of the House of Hadir and such was the situation that confronted Ali as he sat immovable in the Bedouin tent, gazing with unfathomable eyes at the sunlight on the sand.

The Sheikh was speaking in a steely voice: "Thou shalt write a letter to thy brother. It shall say that thou art a prisoner, and that thy life is in the balance for the Luck. There is no time to lose. Mustafa may come back. The foul Turkish dog is no true Algerian. Quick, choose thou, write, or this," and a dagger appeared in his sinewy hand.

Ali looked at the steel. A shudder seemed to shake his snowy beard. He spoke: "Taib, O Sheikh, I write."

Instantly Achmet produced ink, writing utensils, and paper, and, placing them on a stool, he shoved them in front of Ali. The old man paused a moment, as if in silent prayer, and began to write. He finished, and reread what he had written. The paper rustled as he passed it over to the Sheikh. The latter's brows contracted in a scowl as he tried to detect some trap in the missive. But he could see none, for it was a simple statement of the facts, signed by Ali.

They both looked quickly up as the form of Mustafa darkened the entrance. A smile was on the young Turk's face.

"Thanks to Allah, I caught the horse before he was far away.— And is all the business settled?"

"Yes," answered the Sheikh, calmly stowing the paper away, "All concerned are blest with good sense. We have agreed to the amount of the ransom, which is to be fifty thousand francs. It will purchase many camels in the sôk."

Mustafa's eyes bulged as the Sheikh mentioned the sum. His expression grew crafty with the thought of possessing soon that money for himself. He salaamed impartially to his chief and to Ali.

"Allah makes things easy," was his pious remark.

The Sheikh rose. "I go even now," he said "to collect the ransom. Thou, Mustafa, shalt stay and guard the camp and the prisoner. I will return when the sun has passed its zenith.

Mustafa agreed without a murmur. With himself in charge of the camp, he could gain more converts in an hour than he had gained in a week.

Ali watched the Sheikh mount a long-legged camel, and speed away northwards. Then, as the dust of Achmet's going grew dim in the distance, he closed his eyes and slept.

\* \* \* \* \*

Omar Ben Hadir drowsed in the back of his little shop, in the midst of silks and satins, Persian rugs, and Turkish armor. The heat of the noonday sun was felt everywhere, and the best relief from it was sleep.

Omar was an old man, older than his brother. They were remarkably alike in appearance and maners. They both had white beards and kind, shrewd faces. Their eyes were the same color, grey. Above all, they were friends, so closely known to each other that one could hardly have a thought without the other having a similar one.

"Greetings to thee, O my father," spoke a tall, hooded Arab in the doorway.

"Greetings", replied Omar, rather indignant at being awakened.

The newcomer entered, and sat down. Omar did not offer coffee, for the stranger did not look like a customer. The usual long silence ensued. Finally conversation began. After commonplace matters had been talked of, the tall Arab mentioned the fact that his tribe held Ali ben Hadir a prisoner, and that if ransom were not paid, by sunset he would be killed.

Omar stiffened, and fear crept into his eyes, but he did not change expression, or utter an exclamation. He bowed his head and said, "It is written, O Sheikh, what is the ransom?"

The Sheikh drew from his robes the letter, and handed it to Omar. The latter read it through once, and then again, as if he did not understand it. Then he slowly raised his eyes to the Sheikh's face. His right hand was slowly crumpling the paper into a compact ball. For sixty seconds his grey eyes, undimmed by age, bored into the grey eyes of the Sheikh. Then the desert-rover's eyes dropped, and he clutched ner-

vously at the knife under his cloak. Omar began to speak in a curiously low and vibrant voice: "O son of the desert, thou knowest the history of the Luck?"

The Sheikh nodded.

"Then thou knowest that this jewel was given to my ancestor by the Lord Mohammed himself.—And thou knowest that in more than a thousand years it has left the ben Hadir but twice.—And thou knowest that each time it was returned to its rightful owners with a dead man for the price of its journey. Thou knowest all this, and still thou wantest this jewel for thy own?"

"I desire it," replied the Sheikh boldly.

"So be it," said Omar, rising, "and may Allah reward you as he sees fit."

He crossed to the back of the shop, and lifting a pair of Damascus swords, disclosed a modern wall-safe. With a few twirls of his practised fingers, the door flew open. He reached in and brought out a small sandalwood box. With reverent fingers he opened it. The diamond was within.

Even in that dark corner of the shop, the jewel glittered as a living thing. The curious flaw seemed to undulate as if it, too, were alive. It was indeed a gift worthy of a Prophet.

The Sheikh leaned towards Omar in rapt attention. His eyes never left the diamond until they had taken in its every detail. He was convinced that this was The Luck. There could be no two such jewels.

He looked up and spoke: "O Omar, this is what I wish. If thou givest it me now, thy brother will arrive before sunset."

"Taib," said Omar simply, "I know that thy word is good. I shall expect my brother at that time.

He reached behind him, and procured a sheet of soft paper. With deft fingers he placed the diamond in the center of the paper and started to wrap its brilliance in the folds. For a second his hand closed over the packet, then he placed it in the box, fitted the cover on tightly, and handed the package to the Sheikh. They saluted each other, and long after the Sheikh had gone, Omar sat immovable, gazing out into the busy street. Was there a twinkle in his eye? Did the breath of a chuckle stir his snowy beard? Allah alone is all-knowing.

\* \* \* \* \*

The sun was near the western horizon. The city basked in the coolness of the air, after the heat of the day.



## THE ARCHIVE ¶

Ali Ben Hadir was reckoning his accounts for the day. During his absence business had not been good. Ali sighed as he noticed that two gold cups had been sold for ten francs less than he had expected. Then, for no apparent reason, he chuckled. In his own writing he entered a small note at the bottom of the page. "Paid, to Omar ben Hadir, merchant of Prilla: four francs, for one box of best sandalwood."

\* \* \* \* \*

The rays of the same sun that gilded Parilla, lit up the palms and grasses of a small oasis across the Moroccan border. A tall, grey-eyed Arab sat in a tent of the tribe who inhabited the oasis. He had come, late in the afternoon, on a spent camel. The Moroccan bedouins shrewdly suspected that he was pursued. Nevertheless they sheltered him, for hospitality is a command of the Koran.

The Arab was alone in the tent. Carefully glancing around him, he drew from his skarrah a small sandalwood box and unwrapped a sheet of soft paper from about a round, hard object.

Suddenly he began to curse. Fervently, from his heart he cursed, in the spitting, snarling Arabic that is the language made for cursing. His voice rose to a wild crescendo as he hurled something from him and stalked out of the tent.

In a corner of the tent lay that which he had thrown away. A common pebble rested a few feet from the paper. The paper, crumpled hastily, was slowly unfolding itself. There was writing on it. It was a common proverb especially well known to the desert rovers.

*"Trust in God, but tie your camel."*

# *The* ARCHIVE

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AMERICAN GLIMPSES AND VIEWPOINTS  
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# The New Education

An Outline Of Swarthmore College "Honors Courses" From A Subjective Point Of View

By GIRARD B. RUDDICK

NOT LONG ago, as time in steps of progress must be measured, Harvard University, epitome of conservatism in this country of unheeding progressiveness, astonished the educational world with the innovation of what is today the commonplace "elective system" for college curricula. The spell of inertia having thus been broken, we find the spirit of the pioneer injecting itself into the blood of our most dependably conservative class, the intellectual aristocracy of college faculty membership. Today we find the fond traditions of a stagnant past fast fading, and a tendency to grope toward "better things" among our higher educators. This groping leads in devious paths, perhaps the most wholesome feature of which, and certainly the only feature common to all, is the amount of good fresh air encountered. This alone should do much to refresh the traditionally close intellectual atmosphere of the college cloister.

Duke University is young. Her intellectual tradition as a university has not yet passed the germinal stage. Yet we find it developing rapidly, and in the direction of the "new in education." Perhaps the very infancy of her intellectual tradition will tend to make it the more plastic, and a better medium from which to mold the tradition of a new endeavor; namely, the education of the man, supplanting what has been the education of the group. The revolutionary tendency of the day no longer seeks the "Rights of Man"; it champions the rights of men as individuals, not as members of a body, be it politic or be it educational.

Experiments along such lines abound, and many have already reached a stage sufficiently mature to furnish criteria for judgment and for imitation. It is only the first few experiments in a movement which can add to knowledge simply through the radicalism of the changes instituted. The later contributions must be added bit by bit in evolution, once the line of progress has been outlined. It is well to beware of seeking to be different as an object in itself, letting this pass as an



## THE ARCHIVE ¶

effort toward constructive contribution. Sufficient experimental progress has been made to merit years of careful application and study of already existing theories. The particular blast for the present vein of discovery has been set off. The dust is swiftly settling. The work of picking up the pieces and deciding what can best be made of them will occupy much time, consume great quantities of energy.

Let this not be so construed, however, as to pass for a smug statement that the millenium of higher educational systems has arrived, awaiting only our acceptance and approval. To the contrary, let it signalize the fact that more ground has now been broken in this field than we can hope to sow and cultivate to the fullest extensive margin for many years to come. Additional ground breaking can but cause us to slight the full possibilities of what we have already under our hand. Progress must come in cycles. The weeding out process is just as necessary to cultivation as is the preliminary plowing.

Two characteristics of the newly developing education, unique despite the obviousness of their place in any educational system, are its individualism and its comprehensiveness. There are others, but these two seem fundamental. The former needs no exposition. Too long has intellectual superiority been held in check by the mediocrity which must predominate in groups of any appreciable size, in education as in other fields. The second characteristic, comprehensiveness, calls for explanation in this instance. Perhaps as one of the less happy results of Harvard's daring innovation, the college curriculum has tended to become too inclusive to admit of thorough and qualified instruction in all its countless branches. So many appealing subjects have been offered that the student, by the time the sententious words of the Commencement speaker have penetrated his baccalaureate consciousness, finds that the only forces he can muster for the conquering of an already harassed world consist of an army of trained fleas in the form of unrelated and unrelatable "subjects", each a source of satisfaction in the mastering, but no possible combination of which is sufficiently comprehensive to be of value. Nor am I here championing the so-called "practical courses" which too often tend to play truant from industrial and business school catalogs to find temporary lodging in the more select society of the legitimate college schedule. My plea is one for correlation rather than diversity of courses, so that some depth may be attained in a single comprehensive field instead of the usual superficial scratching of many surfaces.

It has been my privilege when an undergraduate to have participated in what I believe to be one of the leading educational experiments of the present phase. It was certainly one of the earliest pioneer movements in the field and seems to have succeeded in embodying in its essentials from the very beginning those characteristics of the new movement which give that movement its vitality. The development of its scope and influence has been cumulative. The two years since my graduation have brought many changes, undertaken in the light of previous mistakes. The fact that some of these mistakes were made upon my own education lessens not one whit my enthusiasm for the system. Rather does it give me a feeling of proprietorship, with a resultant crusading spirit which is perhaps the sign of a certain vitality, if nothing more, in any new movement which can inspire it.

Let me state here that it is not in complete ignorance of other educational experiments that I write. It has been my privilege to attend from time to time, conferences for the discussion of such experiments, with the result that I have had some opportunity to compare the system of which I write with many others equally new and worthy. There is a basic likeness in them all in that the fundamental aim of each is to attain an individualistic comprehensive method of study. It is not in a spirit of partisanship that I write. Rather it is in a spirit of wishing to spread as widely as I may what little special knowledge active participation in one phase of the great experiment has given me, and of encouraging others to do likewise from their own experiences as one means of furthering its development. At least one book, "Reading for Honors at Swarthmore: a record of the first five years, 1922-1927," by Dr. Robert C. Brooks, (Oxford University Press, 1927) has been written on the subject giving detailed and statistical information from the point of view of one of the leading experimenters. What I shall try to represent here is the viewpoint and spirit of the experimentees, an aspect which perhaps is less likely to receive its due share of attention.

The "new in education" came to Swarthmore College with the inauguration of President Frank Aydelotte on October 22, 1921, and has flourished there since that date under his guidance and that of his colleagues in what are known as the "Honors Courses." The significance of the title lies in the fact that baccalaureate degrees are

(Continued on page twenty four)

# My Coat Of Arms

By VIRGINIA STAIT

It stands upon my desk, a tragic thing  
I will not try to blazon, just to bring  
Its charge to you, in chevron or in pile,  
For I would tell of other things awhile.

It bears upon its shield lines that rank high,  
Embattled, yes!—for ancestors must die!  
The tincture is most or, with gules, azure,  
That here I do renounce, forswear, abjure;  
For it looks down from such exalted height,  
That I have felt the weight of wan moonlight!

Were they such knights they quartered only arms  
That saints had won, perhaps with chants and psalms?  
Oh did no devil tempt their wondrous days?  
Were they forever right in all their frays?

Is argent, that they used as common paint,  
So crested that I must not make complaint,  
But put by all the things unratified,  
Like curses, cards?—east-west the list is wide!  
And where at dear cross-roads I wait in doubt,  
Shall sins go by me, and I do without!

Because some ancestor, whose bones are dust,  
Has on a shield my scroll,\* to my disgust,  
Must I walk by a road so arrow-straight,  
That Bacchanalians brew a drink of hate?

Shall I close in my heart a million lies,  
And then abandon each in my replies?  
Because achievements of the myth and sword  
Look down on me, must I my murders hoard! . . .  
I'll make a bar of something gay and bad,  
And quarter what my shield has never had!

---

\* An allusion to the family name.





# Bargains

By A. EVELYN NEWMAN

I have not whined for bargains, Master Life,  
Nor wheedled to avoid just punishments.  
I've paid your price in full for all you gave—  
With zest and passion, careless of the cost—  
Paid you in youth, in dreams, in agony,  
With cat-o-nine-tail whips of mad desire,  
You've beaten me to bleeding brokenness.

For all I paid, you left me only  
Poverty and loneliness and knowledge.  
And now supremely destitute I stand,  
Supremely rich in nothingness.  
Yet with self-control and confidence  
I face your cataclysms unafraid  
And leave your exit door with smiling calm.



# Heimweh

By CARL CARMER

The smell of the garden behind my father's house—  
It faints within my longing nostrils;  
The feel of his hard hand is a dream,  
And his straight ladders pointing through the trees  
Two fingers toward a misty cover  
Are a remembered picture.

Once apple blossoms fell softly, softly,  
Each petal was a tone from a slow bell,  
And I walked sure and straight  
With apple blossoms on my hair and shoulders.

\* \* \*

Sedge grasses entangle my feet  
And I sink in the green-black marshes;  
Magnolia petals do not drift  
On gentle breezes.



# Acid Sketches from the South

By VIRGINIA McCORMICK

## THE POOR RELATION

You would think that poor relations would be barred from pleasure resorts, but they seem instead to blossom luxuriantly.

Mrs. Gordon has a cottage in Baltimore Row and she always has a poor relation visiting her. She seems to have an unlimited number of the shadowy visitants, and I suspect that it is a form of visiting not without its detractions, for Mrs. Gordon is a lady fat and sixty with a great idea of her own importance and desirous of much attention.

Mrs. Doyle is the present incumbent of the post of poor relation; a lady of charm and elasticity. She makes a fourth twice daily in Mrs. Gordon's inevitable game of bridge and as often as Mrs. Gordon revokes Mrs. Doyle smiles and says, "Take it back, Cousin Sally," with such blandness that those of us who acquiesce in her offer boil inwardly rather than outwardly, not from consideration for Cousin Sally, but in sympathy with Mrs. Doyle, whom we love and yet long to chastise for her complacency.

The Poor Relation only takes one meal a day in the hotel dining room: that is dinner, and she doesn't take that if she has been to a party in the afternoon. She is well dressed; a quiet, well-born lady, but all individuality has been stamped out, even all desires apparently suppressed by this life of catering to the whims and fancies of a rich cousin. I suppose she is the type of woman who in the old days of the South went to live as nursery governess in the homes of better off relatives and wore themselves into faded replicas of their benefactors through eternal agreements with their ideas, and I cannot decide which is the worse fate,—to be openly a slave or covertly one, for I am sure that the Poor Relation, whoever she may be at the time, is a slave to Mrs. Gordon.

She arranges those endless bridge games, using those of us who for friendship would gladly play with her if we could get rid of Cousin Sally but who through sympathy for her enforced slavery play with

her benefactor willy nilly, not having the backbone to treat Cousin Sally as our inclination dictates. The Poor Relation leads the conversation through devious byways into the platitudinous highways where Cousin Sally can tread safely and we foolishly go on each year helping her to efface herself and to make Mrs. Gordon more selfish and overbearing. We know that we are hypocrites and social jugglers; if we had the courage of our convictions we would consign the old tormenter to loneliness and, we hope, bitter regrets, taking the Poor Relation home with us to find her a real job for real money where she could gradually return to the state for which God intended her.

### THE FASHION PLATE

Prunella is our human fashion plate. I think that she was born and bred in a small town of West Virginia, but no West Virginian admits his birth place outside the boundaries of his own state. Her visiting cards are engraved very simply, on thin glazed squares, "Prunella: Virginia." Seeing them one perforce remembers the story of the young girl at The White many years ago who asked all new arrivals from whence they came until her mother said gently, "My dear, you must not ask such questions of people: if they come from Virginia they will tell you, and if they do not they will not wish you to know it."

Prunella is never seen in day light so we can only guess at the clothes in her big wardrobe trunks beyond her evening gowns, but I cannot picture her in a knitted sport frock and flat heeled shoes.

The gowns that she wears to dinner and calls "these little frocks" are fearful and wonderful. They are very short as to skirt, but have long and narrow trains or floating draperies; sometimes there is a wilderness of streamers artfully disposed to fall upon the knees of men reading peacefully and undisturbed until Prunella passed their way, or again there is a jingle of metal, marvelously wrought into embroideries, that make a seductive sound, as if she were shepherding her lambs for an unsuspected slaughter.

There is very little of the costume above the waist, and the gown is held up usually by jewelled straps bolstered we believe by a belief in destiny that Prunella never confesses.



## THE ARCHIVE ¶

She dines late; later even than the Lady from New York, and after dinner she strolls up and down the long crimson-hung lobby with some one's husband at her side, the poor, awkward thing going in equal dread of meeting his wife's eye and stepping on Prunella's fish-tailed and scaled draperies. She gets her gowns from Bendel's, so she tells us, and if they are not amazingly short for Prunella's age, which no one knows, they are startlingly long for any age at this period, for extremes never balk Prunella, whom we know to be not less than forty-five and to have had three husbands, two still alive! Now I have divulged our hidden skeleton, on which the closet door has been so tightly slammed. Fancy a lady at a Virginia resort forty years ago with a group of husbands running around the world and her position one of even questionable standing! We are getting modernized, and it is to hope that we will not be spoiled by it. Prunella is of course a vamp, but a rather obvious and harmless one compared to Anna Karenina (a nickname bestowed upon her by the Lady from New York), who is ten years younger and has found one husband such a nuisance that, having divorced him, she is determined to resist all masculine charms while using the sex *in toto* for her own amusement. Anna is at the Casino every day by the luncheon hour, unafraid of the most dazzling sunlight upon her beautifully enameled face. She smokes cigarettes and plays bridge by day and night; there is always a man hanging willingly and delightedly upon her lightest word and her mouse-like little companion with her snub nose and pale freckles is the most perfect foil for this loveliness as well as the symbol for respectability which enables even craven man to dare his wife's displeasure. We regard the taking of other peoples' husbands by Anna with a bitterness that we never wasted upon Prunella, but she is a cavewoman and rather likes our antagonism, smiling sweetly as she drags off another victim before our glaring eyes. We know moreover what Prunella says to all of them: husbands reveal it to their wives who in turn tell it upon the big porch to a waiting group, but Anna's words are as secret as a masonic rite.

# Poet In A Clock Factory

By RALPH CHEYNEY

Haunted by dead hours, another slave of the time-clock  
Obeys dull minutes that tick, tick maddeningly,  
Each a knot in the lash woven of workdays . . .  
Somewhere far off bells chime insouciant matins.



# Vanguards

By GERALD M. CRONA

What are those tiny eyes  
That guard the portal of the sky?  
A million lambent satellites  
To attend in twinkling robe  
The full faced queen of night?

Wardens they are  
Of a pool of deep confusing space,  
To arrest the thoughts  
Of dreaming man  
Lest they stray too far  
Into that vast infinity.

# And Night—

By LEBARON MONTIS

This night uneasy stirrings whip the air;  
Restless footsteps trace the paths of fancy.  
From afar comes the mad, shrill blast of a train  
A'whistling its spirit away in adventurous clouds  
Of steam—white clouds floating—floating  
In the twilight hush of things unseen, yet dreamed.

# Book Reviews

## *Religion an Illusion?*

*The Future of an Illusion*, by Sigmund Freud. Translated by W. D. Robson-Scott. New York: Horace Liveright. \$2.00.

By DR. J. B. RHINE

This book should be read only by those who are willing to think about the foundations of their religious belief; those who are unwilling would only be disturbed by it. In it Prof. Freud predicts the fate of religion because religion is, in his judgment, an illusion. By "illusion" he means a belief in which wish-fulfilment is a prominent factor and which does not admit of proof. He says, "Some of them (religious doctrines) are so improbable, so very incompatible with everything we have laboriously discovered about the reality of the world, that we compare them—taking adequately into account the psychological differences—to delusions. Of the reality value of most of them we cannot judge; just as they cannot be proved, neither can they be refuted . . . but scientific work is our only way to the knowledge of external reality. Again, it is an illusion to expect anything from intuition or trance; they can give us nothing but particulars, which are difficult to interpret, about our own mental life, never information about the questions that are so lightly answered by the doctrines of religion." Since religion has not, in his estimation, met the tests of authenticity and of verification which we find sound and useful in all other phases of human activity, he sums it all up in the one word, "illusion."

He then offers his theory of the psychological origin of religion: It originated in the Oedipus complex, the child's relation to the father. God was modeled after the primal father, and God's laws grew out of the primitive acts of repression. To these 'historical memories' are added the wish-fulfilments. But the inevitable instinctual renunciations required by religion leads to neurosis, according to the Founder of Psycho-analysis, and he therefore characterizes religion as "the universal obsessional neurosis of humanity," and predicts its abandonment "with the fateful inexorability of a process of growth."

This little book is interestingly written,—is almost conversational—and has been translated into splendid English. One would like to see a reply written as well and as sparingly.

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## THE ARCHIVE ¶

But in the opinion of the reviewer, Prof. Freud is as dogmatic as those whom he criticises. He speaks more like a dictator to science, than as a student of science. The fact that doctrines are not proven does not warrant the conclusion that they can never be proven, and it "belies the spirit of science to predict its results" in this manner. Quite possibly some of them may eventually be found to be incapable of proof, and others may be proven untenable. This is most probable, in fact, in view of their probable origin. Yet it behooves the antagonist of religion who is invoking the spirit of scientific criticism, not to violate it so outrageously in the first act.

Prof. Freud has not, in fact, kept up with the advance of science into the domain of religion, unless in its more destructive phases. He is quite plainly ignorant, for example, of the fifty years of progress that the science of Psychic Research has made. Maintaining high standards throughout its history, the English Society for Psychical Research, founded in 1882 by a group of Cambridge scholars, has gathered a massive bulk of evidence that extends the natural world out into the supernatural, and has led many of the best intellects of England and of other countries, several Fellows of the Royal Society, men of learning and achievement in diverse fields, to become convinced on experimental grounds of the reality of a spiritual world, and of the survival of the personality.

Freud is again the dictator rather than the student, when he says in effect that religion is useless to culture, and even dangerous and untrustworthy as a factor for the control of the masses. He is here strongly carried away by the force of his assumption that religion is an illusion. Were he to believe firmly that the doctrines were facts beyond dispute, were they thoroughly proven for him, it is inconceivable that this knowledge should not profoundly affect his thinking and his conduct, as it has done throughout history, to others. For example, does Freud mean that he, or any one, could believe with utter indifference that,

"There is a mystic borderland that lies  
Just past the limits of our work-day world,  
And it is peopled with the friends we met  
And loved a year, a month, a week, or day,  
And parted from with aching hearts."

And if religion can have, at its best, an important role in human life, an enriching, integrating, orienting value, it is highly urgent that we investigate, and if necessary modify, its bases,—instead of condemning it as useless because it is not accepted as true.

Prof. Freud's theory of the origin of religion will probably seem to most readers as best described by his own attack on religious doctrines, quoted in part in the first paragraph of this review. Certainly Freudian psycho-analysis, which

is almost a religion to some, has many of the essential marks of an "illusion," and in some cases undoubtedly becomes a "neurosis" in the Freudian follower. One is puzzled only as to whether this great Freudian neurosis involves the mother-substitute or the grandmother-substitute. Of course, the "Oedipus complex" is responsible.

One concession must be made to Prof. Freud, however,—that science (as method, not science as an existing body of knowledge) must furnish us with our knowledge of reality. Now all religions claim a basis of fact, and facts have nothing to suffer from investigation. Accordingly, religion should in this day extend the invitation to scientific method that other fields of human activity have given. Scientific method is simply verification—making sure. Unfortunately most religionists have been so sure of the facts—in some cases as a result of much exercise in doubt-repression in themselves—that they oppose very bitterly any attempt made at finding signs for the Thomases. All these, let us hope, will pass over both the book and this review of it.

### *Social Aspects Of Sacco-Vanzetti Episode*

*Boston*, by Upton Sinclair. Upton Sinclair, Long Beach, Cal. 2 vols., 755 pp.

By J. W. BRASWELL

In the preface to *Boston* we learn why the book was written. Mr. Sinclair tells us that he knew the world would want to know the truth about the case of Sacco and Vanzetti, hence he decided to write a contemporary historical novel based upon the "inside story" of the lives and deaths of the two men. So far as concerns them, the "book is not fiction, but an effort at history. . . . All others who played important parts in this drama likewise appear as they were, and under their own names." Paralleling the Sacco-Vanzetti case is a story of business and high finance ending in a famous law case which the author admits recently was carried to the United States Supreme Court. The incidents of this case are used as material for fiction, and they furnish especially choice material for the kind of fiction Mr. Sinclair delights in writing. Much to the credit of the author is the consummate fashion in which the real is blended with the unreal; the construction of the work is masterful.

As for the import of *Boston*, those who remember the author's former output will not be surprised to find him still ardently demanding socialistic reforms. He is as outspoken as ever in his sympathy for the laborer and in his contempt for the capitalist. He readily understands why the under dog howls and he sincerely declares that fair play would bring about a different situation. In this instance, however, he attacks not only the existing social system, but also the judicial depart-

ments of Massachusetts and the United States. His criticism of the present day court procedure is exceedingly illuminating to the average unsuspecting layman, and should be somewhat irritating to a few of our judges, if they have not grown too callous. One of the delightful things about Mr. Sinclair's novels is that he is his own publisher and therefore is forced to inhibit none of the names and facts that he wishes to use, no matter how slanderous they may seem, so long as he avoids libel. As a result, some of the remarks he makes about Judge Webster Thayer, who conducted the Sacco-Vanzetti trial, are startling to behold in print. Moreover, as the author is no respecter of persons, he does not hesitate to hold up to ridicule even more renowned figures, among them President Coolidge, President-elect Hoover, and President Lowell of Harvard. To tell the truth, Mr. Sinclair derides virtually the whole of American civilization. Of course he points his finger directly at Boston—knowing all the time how the Brahmins detest anyone who points—but his arraignment of chauvinism covers the nation from Atlantic to Pacific. Much of his criticism is valuable; we do need to consider many problems he calls attention to, and we are glad to give him the credit due an observant and constructive critic.

Yet, Mr. Sinclair's attitude is decidedly piquing. He might inform his audience in a much more gentle manner and at the same time a more effective one. It is true that he has something very important to say, but that is no excuse for his speaking in such a loud, rough voice. At times he out-herods Herod, making one fear that he knows no degree but the superlative and no punctuation but the exclamation point. A certain amount of such fury is pardonable, but two volumes of it becomes tedious. Mr. Sinclair hurts his own cause in over-eagerness; a little moderation would strengthen his argument immensely.

## *A Study of Obscenity and the Censor*

*To the Pure . . .*, by Morris L. Ernest and William Seagle. New York: Viking Press. 336 pp. \$3.00.

By PEMBROKE HOWELAND

"To the Pure . . ." This book is not addressed to the vestal virgins nor persons below the age of six years as that doubtful sounding title might probably influence the chance observer to think. It is pointed directly at censors of all kinds, and a hard fair slap in the face to unreasonable critics or fastidious censors, and indeed it is heavy enough to cause them to wince under its force.

An extended, exhaustive disquisition into the petty foibles and unreasonable inconsistencies of the censor and censorship organizations is made to furnish a revelation of the historical, national, and international customs and practices of the censors.



The national aspect is given the first consideration. It is a custom that prevails in America,—the land of free speech, to vest the privilege of literary censorship in such erudite persons as the mail carriers, policemen, tailors, farmers, and real estate agents who gain the privilege in the jury box, to inform our morally pure American democracy whether or not a questionable book, picture, cinema, or dramatic production is “obscene.” It is in the newspapers that the real *obscenity* is printed in America, and the most revolting of affairs are chronicled with impunity under the privilege of “news” and gluttonously devoured by the millions of addicts to the tabloid sheets that feature sex “news” in large glaring headlines. When the same events, so printed, later are adapted to a story in form, it *per se* becomes obscene and must be suppressed, so that the pure will not be contaminated by reading obscene words, narrations, and descriptions. Stories that are not questioned become obscene when adapted to the stage or the cinema, and vice versa. Time seems to be a good antidote for an obscene book. Many instances are cited of books suppressed because they were found to be obscene and ten years later passing unquestioned. Magazines that printed pictures that caused the censors to howl from horror and were suppressed, barred from the mails, and condemned as obscene, printed the same pictures, and worse ones a few years later and the censors saw nothing in them at that date that would do injury to the pure public. It appears that stories written by foreign authors, England excepted, are given a sort of license in America. For, although they are liable to have their books suppressed by the postal clerks if sent through the mails, or by the customs employees if sent by express, “obscenities” are passed that are suppressed when offered by an American or English author.

Internationally, the interpretations given the meaning of “obscene” vary. Its Anglo-Saxon meaning is the most rigid, the French the most liberal, with other nations fluctuating between, we gather from this study.

In the main, this book is an instrument of defense, in behalf of writers, that they may practice “freedom of speech” and use whatever words they wish to describe or narrate whatever they wish so long as its value is given to literature and not sheer vulgarity. It is an instrument of offense against the prevalent American custom of delegating authority to such agents as postal clerks, policemen, and farmers to interpret literary values and their meanings.

### *Adventure—Pure Adventure*

*Adventures of an African Slaver*, Captain Canot's account as told to Brantz Mayer. New York: Albert and Charles Boni. \$4.00.

By PAUL LUCAS, JR.

Few books fulfil the expectations of those who innocently believe all that the jacket matter tells them about the contents. *Adventures of an African Slaver*,

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## THE ARCHIVE

"being the true account of the life of Captain Theodore Canot, trader in gold, ivory, and slaves on the coast of Guinea: his own story as told in the year 1854 to Brantz Mayer, now edited with an introduction by Malcolm Cowley," is one of the really good books of recent months.

The slave trade of the early nineteenth century offered opportunities for adventure in extremest forms and for profits possibly greater than those yielded by the bootleg trade today. Naturally in an age when the spirit of romance and daring was as keenly felt as it had been in previous days of international piracy, (a sometime, noble calling) men to command ships and other men to risk their fortunes in operation of these ships were not hard to find. Of the bold, harsh captains who herded human beings into reeking ship bottoms and sailed away to Cuba, fighting desperate battles with government cruisers and running even greater risks from disease and insurrection on board, the name of Captain Canot, "Mr. Gunpowder" to the natives, is still widely known.

His story, suggesting *Treasure Island* at the outset, is begun with an account of his boyhood and of his faring out to sea at the age of twelve, leaving home and native Italy to begin a life of one hair-rising experience after another.

Let a single passage, describing a massacre in the African jungle, suffice to illustrate the tone of some of the story: "Presently, slowly approaching from a distance I heard drums, horns, and war bells. . . . Came a procession of women whose naked limbs were smeared with chalk and ochre. Each of these devils was armed with a knife and bore in her hand some cannibal trophy. . . . Then came the refreshment, in the shape of rum, powder, and blood, which was quaffed by the brutes, till they reeled off, with linked hands, in a wild dance around the pile of victims."

Not least noteworthy about this production is the art of Miguel Covarrubias, who drew the illustrations and cover design in a striking fashion and in excellent harmony with the book.

### *A Review of Reviews*

*Meaning No Offense*, by John Riddell. New York: John Day Company. 177 pp. \$2.00.

By WARREN C. OGDEN

Reviewing books, some think, is a hard job. But did you ever try to review a book of reviews?

Mr. John Riddell has at last published a book. Before the debut of this volume he had written book reviews for *Vanity Fair*. At this he had not proved himself totally unworthy of the title someone gave him, "the cleverest satirist in America."

*Meaning No Offense* is a collection of the best of these woven into some sort of a plot. You see it's this way: Trader Riddell tells would-be litterati what has

been written; explains to those who have not time or energy to read modern fiction what it's all about.

The titles to his chapters are as rich a satire as has appeared in our fair land in many moons. They are: *John Riddell: A Product of his Times*, *The Bridge of San Thornton Wilder*, *Strange Interview*, *Through Africa With Lipstick and Camera*, *Poems Appraised at Practically Nothing*, *Blue-Prints for Another American Tragedy*, *Corto Y Derecho*, *A Step-Son of the Grandfather of Mother India's Aunt Answers*, *Equestrianism For Ladies*, *New Ladies' Clubs to Conquer*, *The Man Who Knew Lewis*, *A Child's View of America*, *Hollywood Boy*, *The Ultimate Game Book*, *Do Fishes Perspire*, *Comparative Marriage*, *My Trans-Broadway Hop*, *Dead Novelists Are Good Novelists*.

As you see, the author satirizes everyone from Hendrick Van Loon to Richard Halliburton. Yet the book has not a harsh word in it. From the Covarrubias caricature of Trader Riddell on the front of the jacket to the publishers' "good word" on the back of same, there is nothing but uproarious laughter. The old Trader laughs at his readers, his publishers, and himself. There is no bitterness in his treatment of his subjects; they are all wonderful opportunities for satire—he does not try to review or evaluate.

In my estimation this book places Mr. Riddell, whatever his real name may be, on a plane with the author of *Poems in Praise of Practically Nothing*.

But the only way you can understand this book is to read it.

### *Mr. Groves Looks at Marriage*

*The Marriage Crisis*, by Ernest R. Groves. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. 242 pp. \$2.00.

By MARY ARDEN HAUS

*The Marriage Crisis* is an attempt to set forth some of the fundamental causes for the decline of family life today, and to account, in part, for the prevalence of matrimonial shipwrecks. Varied solutions of the situation are being offered, and these Mr. Groves discusses with perfect frankness. He declares the positions of the extreme conservative who would have the divorce laws more stringent, and of the ultra-liberal who advocates divorce as an entirely individual affair, brought about by mere mutual consent of the persons involved, alike untenable. It is necessary, he insists, to face modern problems with modern methods of improvement. If we must discountenance the radical and untried, we must likewise refrain from depending too much upon the ancient and outworn.

The whole point is that we fail in educating our children to meet the difficulties of marriage. We leave them to face the whole problem blindly, and often with small success.

Trial marriage is discussed at length. Mr. Groves does not attempt to broadcast any radical opinions of his own, but rather to face an open question concern-

## THE ARCHIVE

ing which he has assembled much evidence on either side. He has not a biased point of view, but a tentative attitude. He reaches, however, a definite final conclusion, which, to most readers is obvious and orthodox.

The panacea for matrimonial ills, he declares, lies not in a new method of discovering when one has failed, but in a provision for better opportunities of permanent success. The book is by no means a destructive criticism. It contains numerous remedial suggestions, which, if wisely followed, would lead, undoubtedly, to better conditions.

We fully appreciate Mr. Groves' point of view, and we think that he has, in some degree, put under the microscope a very important problem in modern life. We insist, however, that he has made a whole book out of what might easily have been said in a chapter at the most. He repeats and then tells the thing over again. His ideas are praiseworthy, but he confuses us by much resaying.

### *Plays In Lavender*

*Six Plays*, by David Belasco. Boston: Little, Brown, and Company. \$4.00.

By PAUL LUCAS, JR.

Characteristic and greatest work of David Belasco, whose plays, gathered about the threshold of the twentieth century, have exerted considerable influence upon subsequent drama of the new era, has been incorporated in the new volume from the Little, Brown, and Company press.

The book is excellently calculated to embody the spirit of Belasco's drama. The plays are prefaced by Montrose J. Moses who treats their individual histories briefly and adequately; and the book itself begins with an introduction by Mr. Belasco.

The author, writing more than seventeen years after the initial performance of the most recent of the plays selected: *Madame Butterfly*, *Du Barry*, *The Darling of the Gods*, *Adrea*, *The Girl of the Golden West*, and *The Return of Peter Grimm*—pronounces this group representative of his work. He denies partiality for any specific play, each in turn, as he says, having been his "favorite." A degree of intimacy seldom secured through formal introductions is imparted to the possessor of this collection through the simplicity and genuineness of its little three-page preamble.

As to the plays themselves, they are all familiar and discussion of each of them would be more than either space or readers would permit. The author has told us what he tried to do in them. Those of us who number many of his characters among our friends in fancy can see how well he has succeeded.

The lavender atmosphere of the material book and the composition throughout make the volume one of which any book-lover should be proud.

*Who They Are, Etc.*

In this issue we are presenting an extra dose of Poetry to the readers of the ARCHIVE \* \* \* Among those who contribute from outside of our University circle, are CARL CARMER, RALPH CHEYNEY, A. EVELYN NEWMAN, and our old friend VIRGINIA STAIT \* \* \* CARL CARMER, formerly of the University of Alabama, is now trying out the Northern winter weather at Geneseo, New York \* \* \* VIRGINIA STAIT is busily writing another story to appear in the March issue of the ARCHIVE. She also states that she has been mentioned in the O. Henry Prize Awards for her story in the December issue, *In India Ink*. The ARCHIVE congratulates this talented contributor and wishes her the utmost of success \* \* \* RALPH CHEYNEY will be remembered for his excellent contributions in the past. He is one of the co-editors of *Contemporary Verse* \* \* \* A. EVELYN NEWMAN, dean of Women at Colorado State Teacher's College, writes that she is an eager reader of the ARCHIVE, and promises that she will continue to contribute \* \* \* Again we hear from GERALD M. CRONA, of Duke University. Mr. Crona is one of the most promising young writers on the campus \* \* \* "Le Baron Montis" shrouds himself in mystery with a pseudonym. This is his first contribution \* \* \* Among the prose contributors, we again offer VIRGINIA McCORMICK, another well-known Southern writer \* \* \* GIRARD B. RUDDICK will be remembered by his one-act play, *The Cardinal*. Mr. Ruddick writes of Swarthmore, where he did his undergraduate work. He is now a student in the Duke Graduate School \* \* \* This month's issue does not carry MR. CARSTARPHEN's *Chopin and the Cat*, but we will again hear from him in the next issue \* \* \* The Book Reviews are headed by that of DR. J. B. RHINE, of the Duke Psychology Department \* \* \* J. W. BRASWELL, PEMBROKE HOWELAND, MARY ARDEN HAUS, WARREN C. OGDEN, and PAUL LUCAS, JR., and others are all students at Duke University.



## THE NEW EDUCATION

(Continued from page five)

awarded "with Honors," varying in distinction with the standard of excellence attained, to those who undertake this special work. The following somewhat extended quotation from President Aydelotte's inaugural address gives in as concise a manner as seems adequate the underlying theory of the system:

"Perhaps the most fundamentally wasteful feature of our educational institutions is the lack of a higher standard of intellectual attainment. We are educating more students up to a fair average than any country in the world, but we are wastefully allowing the capacity of the average to prevent us from bringing the best up to the standards they could reach. Our most important task at the present is to check this waste.

"The method of doing it seems clear: to give to those students who are really interested in the intellectual life harder and more independent work than could profitably be given to those whose devotion to matters of the intellect is less keen, to demand of the former in the course of their four years' work, a standard of attainment for the A.B. degree distinctly higher than we require of them at present and comparable, perhaps, with that which is now reached for the A.M.

"I do not believe that we should deny the average, or below average, student the benefit of a college education. He needs this training, and we need his humanizing presence in the colleges, but we should not allow him to hold back his more brilliant companions from doing that high quality of work which will in the end best justify the time and money which we spend in education.

"With these abler students it would be possible to do things which we dare not attempt with the average. We could allow them to specialize more because their own alertness of mind would of itself be sufficient to widen their intellectual range and give them that acquaintance with other studies necessary for a liberal point of view.

"We could give these better students greater independence in their work, avoiding the spoon-feeding which makes much of our college instruction of the present day of secondary school character. Our examinations would be less frequent and more comprehensive, and the

task of the student should be to prepare himself for these tests through his own reading and through the instruction offered by the college."

The form which this project seems to have adopted in its bare essentials, divides the four year college course into two divisions of two years each. The first two years are spent in regular classroom study, differing from that of the general undergraduate body only in that those who aspire to "read for Honors" during their last two years must elect certain courses prerequisite to work in the division in which they hope to do advanced study. At the end of this period those students in each field who have given evidence of sufficient intellectual initiative and stability to engage in independent study are offered the privilege of "reading for Honors." The choice then lies with the student, and experience has shown that very few of those chosen refuse the much coveted opportunity.

Having chosen to undertake "Honors work," the student finds himself confronted with an unprecedented amount of freedom during his last two years. It is a freedom for, not from responsibility, however. During the entire period he, or she (women are eligible for the work as well as men at Swarthmore), undergoes a course of supervised reading and intensive study in some special yet rather broad field. At the end of this time, the student is examined upon his knowledge of the field as a comprehensive unit by examiners from other institutions, and the degree of Honors to be awarded is decided by this board of examiners. The examinations are in two divisions, the first series written, the second oral.

As a basis for discussion and illustration, let us investigate the actual mechanics of the system in a particular instance. This method of study is now offered in many fields, but the division of the Social Sciences, in which the writer took his degree two years ago offers as good an example as any. The system has changed in minor details since that time, but no revisions have been made which alter the fundamental theories of the method of study. For the most part the changes have consisted in an increase in the attention given to prerequisite courses, and in a stabilizing of the material offered in each division, this latter being an evidence that the purely experimental stage is passing.

During each semester, beginning with the Junior year, we met for two-hour seminar sessions twice each week. Class attendance was

optional, and we had no examinations during the two years. At that time the Social Sciences constituting the course included Economics, Political Science, Philosophy, and History. The time was divided equally among the four, two being taken each semester with the combinations varying according to the possibility for correlating the subject matter. Today some choice is given in that only three of the four are required if the student wishes to devote one half his time to any one, to the exclusion of one other. Many further details of a like nature and not essential to an outline of the system of study in such short compass as is at my disposal are readily obtainable from the source previously cited or from the current number of the Swarthmore College catalog.

The seminar sessions mentioned above included perhaps four, perhaps five students, and a professor. Papers were read by students who had prepared special phases of the topic to be considered, and an oral discussion consumed the major part of the time. The professor took part, not as a supervisor, judge or referee, but on equal terms with the students, exercising his additional knowledge in correlating the facts presented, and stimulating discussion with contributions from the resources of his own experience. In many cases such seminar meetings, limited officially to two hours, were held in the professor's home and continued informally for another hour or even two, with tea and cakes served by the professor's wife, who often joined in the discussion to her apparent enjoyment. From a purely personal point of view, I can say without hesitation that these extra hours offered some of the most enjoyable and profitable experiences of my undergraduate days. I might perhaps add, to make the picture complete, that at many of these meetings another stimulating influence was offered by the presence of some notable personage interested in this new development. Many times we were introduced to such visitors and discussed with them quite freely the subject being studied, to find out later that we had been exchanging viewpoints with one of the leading figures in that field.

In the two years devoted to this method of study we covered eight phases of the Social Sciences, and late in May went up for ten three-hour written examinations, followed after a few days by four half-hour oral ones. An outside professor in each of the four major divisions of study comprised our board of examiners. There were two written examinations each in two of these divisions and three each in





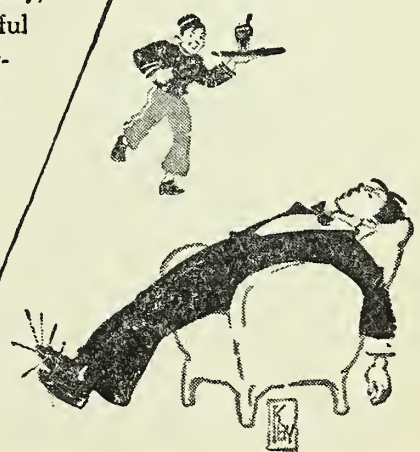
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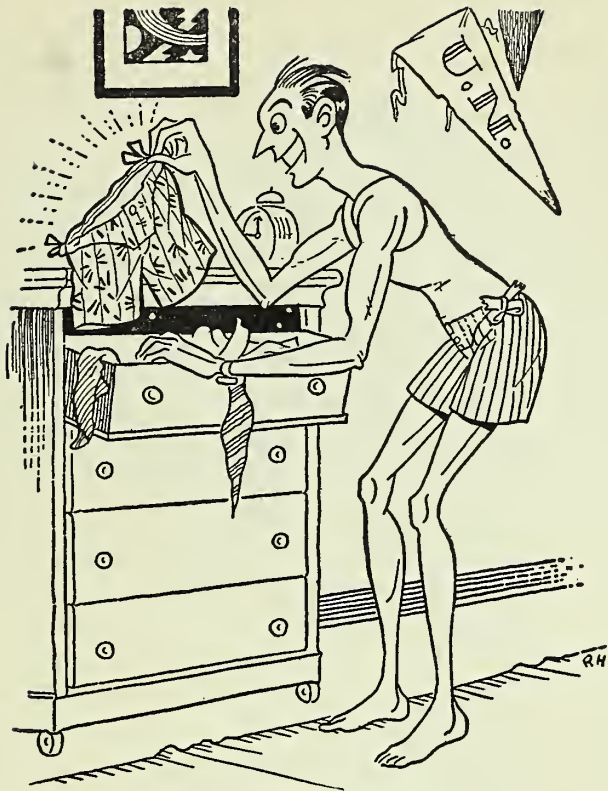
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the remaining two, the number being determined by the nature of the work covered. For example, in Political Science, a single paper covered the history of political theory while one each was necessary for the two divisions of the study of political institutions, one for the government of England, another for that of the United States. In History two sufficed, one in the development of the modernist national state through the study of France, the other in an example of the institution in action through the study of England in the nineteenth century. Philosophy required but two, one in ethical theory, the second in the history of philosophy, while Economics included three, American economic history, principles of economic theory, and the history of economic thought.

My purpose in expounding this imposing list of examination subjects is not to give the appearance of necessary erudition in one who has come through them unscathed, though perhaps not actually victorious, but to show what is being sought after in the way of unifying study into a single broad comprehensive field of related subjects. Each of the divisions in which "Honors work" is offered assumes a similar aspect. I believe, however, that the division offering the Social Sciences has by far the broadest and most comprehensive scope. Perhaps it has been too comprehensive, as the present tendency seems to be in the direction of its limitation.

It seems hardly necessary to say that such an examination program precluded all possibility of successful last minute "cramming." A systematic review was undertaken by each student on his own initiative for the preceeding two months, approximately, while a mental rest was prescribed and indulged in just prior to the examination period. A short respite was given before the orals, in which time points not sufficiently clear could be looked up once more. Following the orals the results were announced at once, eliminating unnecessary nervous strain due to uncertainty as to the outcome. As one who has been through it all, I may say that the examinations were a source of satisfaction in the taking, even when the subject matter called for seemed beyond conjecture. There was always the feeling that a paper showing a good knowledge of the subject would not be discounted unduly because of trifling lapses in minute details. More than any other single thing, the written examinations served to give a solidarity to the work



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undergone in preparation for them. The oral examinations likewise proved to be far less than the anticipated ordeal. The experience gained in scores of seminars had overcome natural self-consciousness to a surprising degree, the examiners were kindly, and not the slightest discomfiture was felt.

As for the effects of two years spent under the new system of study, a consensus of student opinion, informally expressed, seemed to indicate that the actual amount of work done greatly exceeded that of previous years, but that it had been less painfully accomplished due to the stimulating influence of the method of attack. More hours were spent in study than before had been consumed by classes and preparation combined. The first hand contact with original classical sources, a major aim of the method, compensated in additional satisfaction with the nature of the information gained, for the extra expenditure of effort over that necessary in using condensed and secondary sources. The intimate association with professors, coupled with the feeling that each professor would be on trial alongside his student when the latter appeared before the board of outside examiners, produced a healthy relationship, the fruits of which were noticeable in the results obtained. The seminar papers, at first ponderous and stiff of form, gradually became short, concise and relatively fluent. A certain capability for discrimination in the reading of assigned material soon appeared, so that greater quantities could be covered. Ability in oral presentation was fostered, and a tendency to support a point of view upon its own merits, even when in disagreement with authorities on the subject, soon developed. To form an independent estimate became the natural reaction to the perception of a new idea, with a concomitant freedom of thought in every line.

Such are some of the effects of the system of "Honors work" from the aspect of the student who has engaged in it, collected through personal discussion with a number of students sufficiently large to be in some degree representative. There are, of course, many other aspects to the operation of the system which have not been dealt with in the foregoing necessarily inadequate outline. Some of the more obvious of them seem to require mention, at least.

Perhaps the most noticeable effect of introducing such a drastic innovation as the "Honors courses" is found in the consequences to



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the rest of the college, a factor of no minor importance. This effect is admittedly great. The students who are not classed as "Honors students," a term too readily interpolated into *honor students* and thereby incurring unjust criticism, naturally feel some degree of neglect, be it actual or imaginary. The previously quoted statement of Dr. Aydelotte should dispel all fear of intentional neglect. And as a matter of fact it is worthy of note that at Swarthmore actual experience under the system has brought very real benefits to the general student body in the form of an enlarged and more capable faculty, an increased amount of attention as individuals during the first two years, the period during which attention is most needed, and an added value to the degree awarded resulting from the interest which has been aroused in the college itself due to the experiment, not to mention the publicity derived from this same source. The sacrifice for these gains has been but the loss of a certain prestige in an intellectual atmosphere on the campus which never existed until it was created by the efforts of those too often derisively acclaimed "honor students" who would try to enjoy it in its ephemerality.

There is likewise a criticism which is always found where any trace of specialization first takes shape, that of the possibility of a tendency toward narrowness. The purpose of the system is not specialization, but comprehensive study limited to a unit which is not too large to admit of such treatment. The type of student who would tend toward narrowness is seldom drawn to "Honors work" because of its very scope. Then too a breadth of mental vision is required in those to whom the course is offered. An objection of a similar nature,—that a student may engage in this work and then find himself or be found unfitted for it—is easily obviated by the provision that such a student may drop out after a certain period of trial, receiving regular undergraduate credit for the work done on passing suitable examinations.

A final criticism which undoubtedly will come from those first undertaking "Honors work" has to do with participation in extra-curricular activities. The list of students who are fitted for the work is very likely to include many who would naturally take a leading part in the undergraduate life of the college; who would, in all probability, under ordinary circumstances devote far too large a proportion of their time to such activity as a safety valve for unexpended energy.

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## THE ARCHIVE ¶

It is just such energy which the new system hopes to put to better use.

It is not too ambitious for a good student to attempt to keep up in "Honors work" and still engage in one outside activity. Judging from the experience of those who have undergone the rigors of the system, more than that seems hardly practicable. It is a noteworthy fact, in this connection, that very few college graduates are willing to admit, once the pervasive spirit of campus competition has lost its influence, that participation in more than one extra-curricular activity has proved worthwhile. A far larger number will denounce the entire field as having been a waste of valuable time and energy.

As in the case of the Rhodes Scholarship experiment, this new system can best be judged by the subsequent records of those who have been subjected to its influence. Its absolute and comparative infancy prohibits such means of estimation at the present time. Like all experiments, during its early stages it must be taken on faith, or, perhaps, on the recommendation of those who have seen it in action. Then too, no one exemplification of the system need be accepted as a whole. All sorts of modifications are possible, as is shown by any study of its present numerous forms. The principle which is their common starting point seems to have demonstrated its soundness; the problem now is one of application. In this respect, it seems a fair prediction that a solution automatic in its mechanism will appear, as the higher type of student will naturally be attracted to the institution which offers him education in its best form, with the result that laggard institutions will be forced to change their methods or face the catastrophe of becoming second rate.

# *The* ARCHIVE

Edited by DAVID H. THORPE. ROBERT M. JOHNSTON, *Bus. Mgr.*

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AMERICAN GLIMPSES AND VIEWPOINTS  
3. THE POLITICAL GULLIVER

# Accumulative Songs

By MAY FOLWELL HOISINGTON

Among the treasures of memory is a picture of my grandmother, an upright, precise old lady, unbending to recite in a sing-song voice the story of The Old Woman and her Pig. We listened with undiminished enjoyment to her hundredth repetition . . . laughing with satisfaction when "the butcher began to slaughter the ox, the ox began to drink the water, the water began to quench the fire, the fire began to burn the stick, the stick began to beat the pig, and the pig jumped over the stile, and so the Old Woman got home from market that night."

Long years afterward when delving into Folk-Lore and Folk-Songs, I came upon the Hebrew cousin (or parent) of this recitation. On the second night of the Passover the service includes the singing of "One Only Kid", of which the following is the last stanza: "Then came the Most Holy, Blessed be He, and slew the slaughterer, who had slaughtered the ox, which had drunk the water, which had quenched the fire, which had burnt the staff, which had smitten the dog, which had bitten the cat, which had devoured the kid, which my father bought for two zuzim; one only kid, one only kid."

At a Folk-Song Evening which I was giving as a part of a local Music Week, I had several Jewish high-school girls sing in Hebrew this Passover song of One Only Kid. They sang well and it made quite a sensation. I had given a preparatory explanation, so it would be understood by all.

There are a number of "accumulative" rhymes and songs which are nursery favorites. . . . The House that Jack Built, and Johnny Schmock being two of them; the latter having accompanying action. The old French Chanson "Alouette" is also well-known.

Perhaps one of the most interesting of these songs is The Twelve Days of Christmas, that is, the twelve "holy-days from Christmas to Epiphany". There are many variants in the numeration of the gifts that the lover was supposed to send to his sweetheart upon each day: but I will confine myself to one version, and the last and twelfth stanza:

## THE ARCHIVE

"The twelfth Day of Christmas my true love sent to me 12 priests a-praying, 11 lords a-leaping, 10 men a-hunting, 9 fiddlers fiddling, 8 ladies dancing, 7 swans a-swimming, 6 geese a-laying, 5 goldy rings, 4 Cornish birds, 3 Breton hens, 2 turtle-doves, and 1 plump partridge on a Juniper-tree." What a curious jumble of Old Yule games and religious symbols!

The Ten Commandments is another song that has cousins in every land, and it is a mate to the "One Only Kid", being also a song for the instruction of children sung at the first night of Passover in the Hebrew version. The name is somewhat of a misnomer, as the song goes up to twelve in the Gentile and to thirteen in the Jewish list; and moreover the things named are not "Commandments" like Moses' prohibitions and commands, but names of things—for instance "ten" in both versions is "The Ten Commandments" themselves, whence the title of the song. I give the last stanzas of first, the Jewish, and then the Christian versions:

### 1. HEBREW

"Who knoweth thirteen? Thirteen divine attributes, twelve tribes, eleven stars, ten commandments, nine months preceding childbirth, eight days preceding circumcision, seven days of the week, six books of the Mischna, five books of the Law, four matrons, three patriarchs, two tables of the Covenant, but One is God alone, who is over heaven and earth."

### II. CHRISTIAN

"Come and I will sing to you.

What will you sing to me?

I will sing you twelve-ery.

What is your twelve-ery?

Twelve are the twelve apostles. Eleven are the keys of heaven, Ten are the Ten Commandments, Nine the Nine Delights, Eight the Gabriel Angels, Seven are the seven stars in the sky, six the Minger Waiters, five the plum boys at the bowl, four are the Gospel Makers, Three are The Three Wise Men, Two are the lily-white babes, but One, ah One is all alone and evermore shall be so."

Of other folk-songs (scattered in every land) three English accumulative rhymes are fine examples: "The Tree in the Wood", "The



Barley Mow” and “One Man Shall Mow my Meadow”. There are two reasons for the ancient popularity of these repetitious songs: first the reiterations enabled the company to learn the song easily so as to join in, and also the mere catalog of things was easy for the bard. Perhaps it should be added that the things named were reminders of much else, symbolic evocations necessary in an age of wise but illiterate peasants.

A modern instance of the use of the cumulative conceit is found in Beebe’s Story of Opalina, set to music by the Conductor of the Mendelssohn Glee Club under the title of The Chain of the Jungle Life. It was sung in recent years at The University Club in New York City.

This is the story of Opalina.  
 She lived in a Tad,  
 Who became the Frog,  
 Who was eaten by Fish,  
 Who nourished the Snake,  
 Who was caught by the Owl,  
 But fed the Vulture,  
 Who was shot by Me,  
 Who wrote this Tale,  
 Which the Editor took  
 And published it here  
 To be read by You,  
 The last in the Chain  
 Of life in the Tropical Jungle.





# Deo Gratias

By MARGARET TOD RITTER

Some tremble at the vision of a soul  
Cast up and up in writhing agony  
To light the night of chaos. "God must be  
Warmed," they say. Some fear the ice-locked bowl  
Of a grotesque, impenetrable bay.  
"It is a place of cold perpetual  
Where God holds frozen images in thrall  
That once were men. God must be cool," they say.  
And some, in heaviness of heart, assured  
That God is but a dream more fugitive  
Than all the rest, contrive somehow to live  
Their given time in hopelessness endured.  
Only a Christ now and again who hears  
The vast authentic music of the spheres.



# Jonquil Gold

By MERRILL MOORE

My foolish fancy fed on foolish lies  
Had grown too fat to wear its winter clothes  
And would accept no violet nor rose  
Or jonquil gold to pay its dues to me.  
So I determined, "Wind and windy skies  
Are what it needs that it may come to be  
What it once was, unspoiled, thin, and plain,  
Simple as dew, clear as pools of rain.

Instead of a sullied stream grown fat at the brim  
Too wide to jump across, too swift to swim  
And too meandering in its silly route  
To have a notion what it is about,  
Entering this forest, trichomotizing this field,  
And flooding meadows to increase their yield."



# Well, Where *Are* We Going?

By W. WADSLEY ANDERSON

"Where *are* WE going?" That question was asked the other day by one who knew as little about the destination of the younger generation as anybody else. I could think of only one reply: "For all I know, we are going to the same place the older generation is"—which may mean anything or nothing.

And if we haven't started already on the road the fathers would like us to take, we may head off into the opposite direction merely to spite this older generation, or most of it, which seems to think of using nothing but the bull whip and the goad.

In this day of newspapers, magazines, and opinions, many of the fathers, and others who are old enough to be fathers, have become pragmatic and there has issued from these dolichocephalistic harbingers the astounding revelation that the younger generation is well past purgatory on its way to hell. And there are others who have the good grace to remember, also in encyclical journals, that there was a time when the older generation was younger and that they, the 'others', were as much a part of it as were those who choose not to remember the past but who prefer to conjure mythical and sand-bottomed phobias regarding us for the future.

While the older heads engage in arguments and debates bordering on insanity and tending toward the utter annihilation of the pro and conners, we youngers move to a vantage point where we may escape the heat and gaze perturbedly at these people who are bent on eternally damning or preserving our souls. We wonder also why the fathers, who are so near the three-score-and-ten point, do not worry a little more about saving themselves and leave us to figure out our own problems. We have longer to live, and if we see the error of our ways, we have plenty of time to change from the devil's macadam to the detour-like path toward sensibility and salvation as our fathers have done. What's more, there are more on the latter path today than the fathers would like to admit—for fathers must have something about which to write and something for which they can censure the children. Consequently,

those who believe that all of us under twenty-two are headed for hell take all specific instances and immediately transform them in generalities; those who believe that the younger generation is formed of unpolished diamonds, take our deviltries, calmly push them aside, and proclaim vociferously that we are the salvation of the earth, the literal rocks on which posterity and prosperity will find a firm and lasting foundation.

Indeed, these ululant and senile ruminants hoiden joyfully over the younger generation, practicing their periphrastic art to the *n*th degree of perfection; some offering nostrums for the degraded, others telling us propitiously that we are an ill-used and misunderstood generation of pretty good fellows after all. The former unwittingly liken themselves unto the proverbial stepmother, the latter become the incarnation of the saccharine and egotistical mother who forever prates the 'cute sayings' and angelic inclinations of her three-year-old offspring. No child likes to be treated as the unruly mule, and all children shrink figuratively into infinitesimal bundles of shame and mortification when mother drags out the family album in the presence of visitors.

Well, where are we going? And if we are, what of it? This is not the age of brass-capped shoes and sorghum diet, though some of the more aged will immediately reply that 'twould be better if such was the case. Yet these same aged ones disdain letters and use wires for the transaction of their business and keep their accounts in card-indices instead of their heads. They would have us live by a half-century old standard of youth while they discard their ancient practices of merchandising because of competition. But they forget that there is as much competition in the business of being young as there is in the business of selling bonds. They remember that we are plastic, and forget that we are not quite ready to take the cares of the world on our shoulders. We know that we are immature and that soon we must forsake the pleasaunce of youth for the more drab and conventional business of making a living and striving, incidentally, to acquire the degree no college can bestow, that sacrosanct title Success.

But since we are accused of becoming hedonistic, of tending toward the pocket flask, and of soaking our minds with libidinous and vulgar ideas and thoughts there must be some reason, for action without impulse, however minute and intangible, is rather unique.



## THE ARCHIVE

If we have hedonistic tendencies, perhaps it is for the sole reason that at present we have only ourselves, and are bent on pouring into our minds and bodies all possible while we are able to absorb, digest, and reason out that which is good and bad. Perhaps we realize that now we are free but that later we will become entangled in the snares of matrimony, business, and self-preservation, and will consequently have little time for study and pleasure. If our souls and bodies are to be emancipated, the only logical time for the act is youth.

Balzac once said: *Mourir par les stimulants ou par les narcotiques, qu'importe? N'est-ce pas toujours la mort, monsieur le docteur?* So it is with us whom the fathers are forever belaboring with: "When are you going to be something?" If a man dies while carrying a hod, or is assassinated while serving a term as president of the United States, *qu'importe?* All youth will not stack brick in perpendicular walls, nor will all of us serve our country in political offices. If a youth derives more pleasure from trudging up and down a ladder with a shovelful of plaster on his back than he would in the president's chair, why deny him that pleasure? Presidents cannot preside if there are no laborers, neither can a laborer live and do well without some form of organized government. It would appear that the older generation thinks its continual harassing of youth will assume some power of prestidigitation, and hence will transform the whole younger generation into a high and mighty successful group of perfect-in-soul-and-body intellectuals.

Youth wants to be let alone for a while. It would gladly accept terms of peace, any terms, if three words could be the grant to youth: *laissez-nous faire*. If the natural processes of youth are stopped, then humanity ceases and civilization is nonexistent. Let us cavort and appear to raise the devil. Most word-artists who are painting us must indeed be color blind.

Those who are attempting to tidy up the younger people evidently have not practiced thoroughly their song and dance, or they are wading blindly into a river over their heads. There is no one more capable of criticising a child according to children's standards than a child. The younger generation is more intimately associated with itself than the older generation can ever hope to be; and there are matters debated to a definite end among ourselves that are never brought before our elders. The young people know the circumstances, the old people do not. Would

we let a foreign judge, ignorant of the laws and manners of this country, pass sentence on prisoners brought before him over here? Then why should we be harranged continually by those who know only a small portion of our actual thoughts and lives? Our elders attempt to judge us and yet they throw up their hands and exclaim: "I don't understand these children."

Let us think for ourselves. Telling us what we should do in this or that circumstance or adversity does as much good as attempting to extinguish an electric light with a puff of breath. How can another's experience benefit us? We will not react in the same way as another has done. Better that we learn as our fathers have done—in that much touted school of Hard Knocks and Experience. Tell a baby that fire is hot and see how much he will credit the wisdom of your words. Let him but put one finger in the blaze and he knows you have spoken the truth, but he will have had to learn it for himself. A person with an average quota of common sense will not be as foolhardy as the baby, so why not credit the younger generation with average intelligence?

Young blood is hot and the admonitions of the fathers, laid on youthful shoulders to an unbearable degree, can be retroactive. Suppose a motorist drives his car over a heap of sharp nails; his tires are immediately punctured. Yet these same nails can be utilized for a good purpose. Can they not be made to hold together a house whereby the motorist may be sheltered? And again the saccharine obeisances and blandishments made by some to youth may have a like effect. Let the same motorist drive his car into the slush and slime of mud and the car is stuck. Might not this same mud be made into earthenware and porcelain by which man might be served? There is a hiatus somewhere, for evidently someone has not thought out youth's reactions.

Not long ago in a well-known university, a student was caught in a damning game of penny poker. Gambling it was, true and simple. It was a first offence but that made not one iota of difference to his discipliners. They cared not a tinker's dam for the man; an example was needed and here it was. The offender pled to be given another chance and swore to violate no more rules of the university. He claimed that, if he were expelled, his parents would make life miserable for him. His supplications failed and out he went. Not only out of college, but

(Continued on Page 29)

# Where Are the Dead Who Died in Vain?

*By* WARREN C. OGDEN

Where are the Dead who died in vain  
For sake of some enshrined ideal,  
Too lofty for the view of men  
But to them very real?

Are naked wraiths of these forever  
Blown along the chill, blue wind  
In futile search for that fair gleam  
Which they could never find?

Or, are there bound about their hearts  
The still-born hopes for which they strove,  
Like ice-clad cliffs surrounding some  
Forgotten, frozen cove?

Perhaps they sleep a dreamless sleep  
Beneath the passing sun and snow,  
Not knowing that their hopes are dust;  
And I should wish it so.

Yet oft the question comes again  
When nights are mirrors of blue steel,  
"Where are the Dead who died in vain  
For some enshrined ideal?"

# Wraith

By KATHARINE WASHBURN HARDING

It might have been a cloud  
Of drifting, pale grey smoke,  
Or vagrant, lonely wraith  
With trailing, diaphanous cloak.

Suspended it hung, and listening,  
Above a wood in the rain,  
Then melted into the twilight,—  
I never saw it again.

# To F—

By WADE H. COLEMAN, JR.

A moonlight ride—a commonplace  
You say—I know, but yet a trace  
Of glamour sometimes can be there;  
And charm tonight I find in air  
Bewitched by smiles and moonlight sheen.  
I do not care that we have been  
Nowhere but yonder and again  
Back here. The sound of high, thin rain  
And lightning leashed is in your tone,  
And I am thrilled as though alone  
With some rare goddess of a star,  
A star remote, but not too far  
For me to come and earn the trust  
Of queenly thoughts and fine star dust.



# Chopin and the Cat

## Church Spire, Bloomsbury, and the London Mercury

I am to have the church spire poem—the church spire in the half-light of late afternoon. A poet has generously offered to write it for me; however, she says with characteristic modesty, “to try to write a poem on a church spire and the light . . . I love color, and it comes in with a good deal that I have cared for.”

And another poet has described to me a peculiarly interesting house with orange doors. Galsworthy, Hardy, and O'Neill inhabit it, and John Keats sits at a desk with a pencil in his hand, while Frances Newman wanders through the hall, and a pleasant wind whines in the chimney. . . .

Speaking of Frances Newman reminds me to tell you that her posthumous volume of translations has appeared, bound appropriately in purple, entitled *Six Moral Tales From Jules Laforgue*, and published by Horace Liveright. The inscription page reads thus: “Jules Laforgue dedicated his *Moralités Légendaires* to Teodor de Wyzewa but this book is dedicated to the moonlit memory of Jules Laforgue.” Of her author Frances Newman writes:

“Jules Laforgue was one of those writers whom nature creates very slowly, very carefully, and a little distrustfully, and to whom she does not often allow more contemporaries than she allows to the Evening Star. He was one of those wits who have souls, who can sting a drop of blood out of the heart of life, and who can dip a very sharp and very shining pen into their crimson drops and write a page which is profound, and charming, and clever. He was one of those writers whose blazing wit burns into life like a flash of lightning, and far more deeply than the stolid erosions of those writers whom America respects for their cubic contents and for their specific gravity.” Then one might quote more from James Gibbons Huneker, Arthur Symons, Remy de Gourmont, J. K. Huysmans, Ezra Pound, Gustave Kahn, and Bernard Fay. . . .

Two other volumes, far more imposing than Frances Newman's, are Mr. Lytton Strachey's *Elizabeth and Essex* and Mrs. Virginia Woolf's *Orlando*, a biography and a novel which have set the literary world agog. Mr. Strachey's book has brought up again—rather added to—the perennial problem of how far a biographer may tamper with the facts of history. An historian sets his seal of approval upon *Elizabeth and Essex*, and a literary critic denounces it as imagina-

tion and very little history, or vice versa, and the warfare begins. Neither wins a victory though each claims it.

In the case of Mrs. Woolf's *Orlando* the problem of interpretation has arisen. Book columns have been filled with endless interpretations of what the reviewer or correspondent regards as the proper solution of the enigmatical pages. Some have insisted that *Orlando* represents the spirit of English letters from the splendor, touched with savagery, of Shakespeare and Marlowe to the periwigged correctness of Addison and Pope, and so on. But at last subtle minds and keen intelligences may be temporarily quieted by Mr. Raymond Mortimer's explanations in the current *Bookman*. He says that *Orlando* is a portrait of Mrs. Harold Nicholson, who writes under the unmarried name of V. Sackville-West. (Some of our Americans will exult, and exclaim gleefully, "Ah, I told you so"; thanking God, meanwhile, that their reputations for intellectual acumen have been preserved.) Mrs. Woolf's book contains not only a long quotation from V. Sackville-West's poem *The Land*, but also photographs of her as well as of the ancestors from whom she shows herself descended. . . .

Both Mrs. Woolf and Mr. Strachey are members of the interesting Bloomsbury Group. Bloomsbury is merely "a once-opulent quarter of London," now the haven of many artists and writers. Other members are John Maynard Keynes, Clive Bell and his wife Vanessa Bell, the artist, Duncan Grant, and Virginia Woolf's husband, Leonard Woolf, author, publisher, and critic. Mrs. Woolf is a daughter of Sir Leslie Stephen. . . .

While we are in London, let us mention the *London Mercury*, and by the advertisement on the back of the February number return again to the South. The advertisement proclaims to Britishers the virtues of the *Virginia Quarterly Review*, in words that read like this: "It [the *Quarterly*] gathers its readers and its writers alike from the Old World as well as from the New. But among its contents you will find the most representative thought of 'the South'. . . . And the South is just now admittedly the most interesting part of America. It is attempting to make the shift from agriculture to industrialism without losing its social tradition, a tradition which the American Civil War, 'Reconstruction' days, and Northern domination have never wholly destroyed." Huh, that is both intellectual boosting and Southern oratory. . . .

In the January *Virginia Quarterly Review* there is a poem by Witter Bynner, who is an *Archive* contributor. Still farther South, in the *Southwest Review*, Winter 1929 number, there is a poem by Margaret Tod Ritter; *Margaret, Countess of Caverno, Keeps Vigil* it is called. . . . Harold Vinal, announces several volumes by Southern writers. . . . DuBose Heyward has written *Mamba's Daughters*. . . .

B. B. Carstarphen

# Red Cherokee

By FRANCES DICKENSON PINDER

A lonely spot . . .  
The liveoaks' shade shuts out the sun.  
And not a flower in all the place  
Except that one.

It wasn't his.  
"The shade here kills 'em," so he said;  
"A waste of time, such foolishness!"  
And then he wed—

A small slight thing.  
She went into the swamp one day  
And got that rose, a cherokee.  
He let it stay.

It cost him naught  
Except her time—a thing he'd hate.  
Reckon that's why she set it here,  
Out by the gate . . .

It bloomed next spring.  
The flowers were white, as white as chalk.  
Along toward fall she disappeared.  
'Course there was talk.

The flowers were white?  
Yes, white as chalk—or her pale face.  
And now they're red, as you can see.  
There was no trace—

None you could name.  
"Back to her folks," the tale he told.  
Nobody's business, and by spring  
The gossip's cold.

He went away  
Soon after that. And it may be—  
He hated flowers—he couldn't stand  
That cherokee. . . .

# Lintels

By DILLARD STOKES

I am going away, boy.

But you will remember me. You will remember me, my lad, when you are older, when you have become a man, when you understand just what you have done.

I shall be with you when small wrinkles remind you that men grow old.

I shall stand beside you when fears come in the night time to suggest that old men die.

You will remember me.

I shall be with you when you recall but vaguely that young men love.

And soon thereafter when you grope after dreams of being young again.

We have dreamed bravely this Spring, my lad, but old men do not know how to dream.

Look closely upon me, boy, for you will not ever be seeing me again.

Look closely :

For you will remember me.



# In the Coliseum

By MARY SINTON LEITCH

Farewell, great city of the vanished great!  
I cannot bear Time's ageless, Sphinx-like eyes  
That search me through, that pierce my poor disguise  
Of consequence. On wall and tower and gate  
Have washed too long the tides of love and hate,  
Of envy, wrath, despair; too long men's cries  
Have beaten on these stones where silence lies  
Remote and chill, where long, lean shadows wait.

I would go back to lands where life is young,  
Where never a Roman legion's ruthless tread  
Shook the sweet earth whose valleys, fields and steep  
Wild hills have known the songs the birds have sung  
More than the world's harsh voices, where the dead—  
Even they—are young, but lately fallen asleep.



# Book Reviews

## *Il Duce*

*My Autobiography*, Benito Mussolini (with a Foreword by Richard Washburn Child, former Ambassador to Italy). New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 318 pp. \$3.50.

By E. M. CARROLL

A suggestion from Mr. Child, his friend and admirer, persuaded Mussolini to dictate this *Autobiography*. Composed in English, and revised by the former American ambassador to Italy, it is an exposition of his leadership in the fascist movement and of his achievements for the benefit of the American public. This purpose, however, does not detract from the frankness with which his opinions, for the most part, are expounded. It is a document of unusual human interest. But its chief significance is in its expression of Mussolini's personality and ideas rather than as an account of his life or of Italian history since the World War. "Detailed memoirs of intimate and personal character," he writes, "are the attributes of old age and the chimney-corner." The undisputed master of Italy at forty-five, and supremely confident in his destiny, Mussolini believes that his career is only beginning. His interest, therefore, is in the present and future rather than in the past.

There is nothing new in this version of the early history of the fascist movement, its conflict with the socialist parties after the war, its triumph in the historic march of the Black Shirts upon Rome in October, 1922, or in the exposition of Mussolini's programme. Much, of course, is left untold. Mussolini's important interview with the King on the eve of the march upon Rome is mentioned without any explanation of the agreement which they must have arranged. On the occasion of an interview with Sir Austin Chamberlain, he writes that Italy owed much to England and her foreign minister, but he is again discretely silent as to the specific examples of England's aid. Much is said about the violence of the socialists during the troubled days before the march upon Rome, but the similar tactics of the Fascisti are represented as legitimate measures in the defense of law and order. Shades of the Klan! The incredible official explanation of the Matteotti murder, a crime which aroused world-wide interest in 1924, is solemnly repeated. Little is said, or could be said, as to the methods used by his party after its seizure of power in silencing its opponents. Without concealing his utter contempt for democratic

institutions, he glosses over the suppression of free speech and the summary disposal of the critics of his government which have taken their place.

The picture of the Italian dictator revealed in these vivid pages is that of a militant nationalist of great capacity and determination who is supremely confident of his own powers and purposes. His followers are always influenced by the purest motives, and his opponents in the liberal and socialist parties are either "swelled-frogs," fools, cowards, or scoundrels. The moment, of course, has not yet arrived when the permanent value of his career and achievements may be fairly judged. It is evident, however, that he has transformed Italian life and institutions in many ways. Italy's cities are cleaner, the crowds of beggars have disappeared, the railways are better operated, the budget is balanced, and the gospel of work is listened to with respect. Her voice, if harsher and less accomodating than under the old parliamentary regime, is given more consideration in international relations. Her army, navy, and air force are immensely stronger, and her imperialist ambitions are affirmed in no uncertain terms. She has attained the doubtful honor, in spite of Mussolini's repeated assertions of pacific intentions, of being a possible danger to the peace of Europe. Those who place efficiency, national power, and force above everything else, rate Mussolini among the great men of modern times and his achievements as of enduring value to Italy. But those who conceive the human adventure in other terms, who believe that freedom of thought and speech is important, that government by discussion and persuasion, with all its inefficiency, is more desirable than one of force are not so certain that this estimate will be endorsed by history.

## *For The Library Shelf*

*An Anthology of World Poetry*, edited by Mark Van Doren. New York: Albert and Charles Boni. 1,318 pp. \$5.00.

By JOHN PAUL LUCAS, JR.

A demand that has been felt with increasing intensity during the past few years has recently been responded to by Mark Van Doren in the first consequential anthology of world poetry in the best available English form. My first reaction to the book, after I suddenly realized that I had spent many minutes burrowing through the pages to see if my own particular favorites had been slighted, was that this book is one deserving of a place at the side of the Family Bible in the greater American Home. I am not acquainted with Mr. Van Doren, save through having read of him, and I am not sure how he would like this idea.

The book is a purposive work in many respects. The editor briefly states his objectives and qualifies the production according to his conception of what an anthology should be. "Riches of the world's poetry gathered into readable English" is the chief qualifying phrase, and this explains certain obvious omissions.

It is probable that this particular anthology will be of more permanent value in popularization of good poetry than has any single volume preceding it. This may be distasteful to those who would keep a sort of monopoly on art, fearing the contaminating touch of the populus, but by some it is sincerely hoped that this collection, and others that may fall in its class, will exert perpetual influence toward strengthening of the poetic idea in the mechanistic age.

*Glorifying the Mountains of the Argentine*

*Stone Desert*, by Hugo Wast. Translated by Louis Imbert and Jacques Le Clercq. New York: Longmans, Green & Company. 302 pp. \$2.50.

By WHITFIELD HUFF MARSHALL

The latest literary effort of Hugo Wast, popular South American novelist, is a beautiful picture of the same region with which his other books deal, of whose description he has proved himself a master—the Argentine mountains. Mr. Wast's intimacy with this country can not be doubted, for it is obvious that only one who is familiar with this section could possibly have given as realistic a picture of the barren "stone desert" as the author of this book has presented.

The plot, if there be one, works around the actions of Marcela, a young girl who came from Buenos Aires with her family to live with her uncle, whose character, by the way, is one of the most skillfully drawn in the whole novel. The uncle, Don Pedro Pablo, is one of the typically lazy, easy-going cattle owners in a region where "a cattle-man who succeeds in owning a thousand head of cattle, even though they may not bring more than twenty dollars each, is as renowned as a potentate." The story describes how Marcela, entering an entirely new field of occupation, grasps the reigns and manages things as well if not better than the old hands. The romantic element is insignificant, which is all the better, but it is not without its interest. The character of Midas, Marcela's father, is well drawn and is suggestive of Dicken's famous Mr. Micawber.

The Argentine government, in appreciation of *Stone Desert* and *Black Valley*—a previous novel dealing with the same region, has recently presented Mr. Wast a prize of \$30,000. The announcement also comes that *Black Valley* has won the yearly award of the Spanish Royal Academy.

The translation is well done by Louis Imbert and Jacques Le Clercq, but it is obvious that the work has necessarily lost much of its beauty in translation.

*Puritanism Revealed*

*The Not-Quite Puritans*, by Henry W. Lawrence. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 228 pp. \$3.00.

By JAMES A. MCCAIN

Some time ago Professor Lawrence created much comment by calling attention to a number of sins of which the Puritans were guilty that had escaped the notice



## THE ARCHIVE ‡

of posterity. His book, *The Not-Quite Puritans*, gives to the public the results of his investigations into the private lives of certain early New Englanders, and, as he states in his sub-title, throws light upon some of their "genial follies and peculiar frailties." The chief sources of this work are the diaries of Cotton Mather, Samuel Sewall, and Joshua Hempstead, the New England histories of Winthrop and Bradford, and the police records of the time. Quoting frequently from these authorities, Mr. Lawrence shows us that all manner of wickedness was practiced among the Puritans, especially violations of the seventh commandment. He discusses the dress of these people, their marriage relations, their public conduct, their younger generation, their recreation, their drinking, and practically everything from child birth to witchcraft. From the tone of the extracts contained in the volume, Sewall and Mather appear as two American Pepys, while a courtship of the Divine would be more at home in the pages of an Erskine novel.

Although Lawrence apologizes in the Preface "That the manner of presentation is far from solemn seems appropriate to the subject matter," this does not excuse some obvious errors. As far as evidence contained, every violation of Puritan decorum cited could have been a very great exception, and probably most of them were. The author's interpretation of several records of the time is unconvincing. Although interspersed with bits of very clever wit, the pages of this work contain some very ineffectual attempts at humor that are slightly out of keeping with the rest of the volume. In addition, Mr. Lawrence never misses an opportunity to use the Puritans as a lesson against the advisability of prohibition, or in favor of freedom of divorce.

*The Not-Quite Puritans* is really well-worth reading, however. A number of the chapters, especially the one picturing life at Yale and Harvard during the first few years of their existence, are highly amusing and entertaining. If one, by any chance, thinks our Puritan forefathers were not human beings, he should let Professor Lawrence convince him otherwise.

### *All Alone*

*The Life and Private History of Emily Jane Bronte*, by Romer Wilson. New York: Albert and Charles Boni. 429 pp. \$4.00.

By MARIE UPDIKE WHITE

As long as truth can still be best carried alive into the heart by passion there will be persons who, like those creators to-day of a sort of Bronte Renaissance, will be interested in the lives and works of the remarkable sisters. This year their home at Haworth, Yorkshire, has been opened as a public museum, richly endowed with a Bronte collection from America. Last winter saw the issue of an English translation of Abbe Dimnet's excellent biography, *The Bronte Sisters*. Now there

is available the first book devoted entirely to the life and personality of Emily Bronte, who was, perhaps, the most remarkable member of this strange family.

I say "book," for *The Life* cannot quite be classed as a biography. As such it is inadequate. But as a reanimation of a strange personality it is an ingenious and almost unique performance. Romer Wilson takes the reader on a pilgrimage to Haworth, stands by him and interprets, like another Virgil conducting a soul through Purgatory. At the same time she identifies herself spiritually with her subject. Probably in some respects she reads Emily's life and personality incorrectly—her bias is too abnormal—but she interprets with a passionate conviction that createst in the mind of the reader a temporary delusion of being himself Heaven and Hell. It is a re-creation of the spell of Wuthering Heights.

It is in connection with this novel, said by some critics to have been written by Patrick Bronte, that Romer Wilson propounds her strangest theory. She sees in the three main characters of Wuthering Heights three personalities in Emily, the Satanic, the dominant masculine, and the yielding feminine. The Satanic personality (Heathcliff), or Dark Hero, was awakened in Emily by the Byronic cult coming into contact with the melancholy greyness of her life. It accounts for the many references to crime and guilt in her novels and poems. The masculine personality (Earnshaw) endows her with vigor and goads the timid feminine personality (Catherine), her outward semblance, into action. So far one follows Miss Wilson with interest, if not with entire credulity. One can hardly sympathize, however, with her utter hatred of Charlotte Bronte, which she carries so far as to resent Charlott's teaching her younger brother and sisters on the ground that she was enslaving, *i.e.*, conventionalizing, their minds. There was enough tragedy in the lives of the Brontes; it seems unkind, therefore, to turn their very benevolences into torment.

### *Bringing a French Gem to America*

*The Wanderer*, by Alain-Fournier. Translated from the French by Francoise Delisle. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 306 pp. \$2.50.

By DAVID H. THORPE

Francoise Delisle has brought to the American readers and lovers of good literature one of the most beautiful gems of recent French work. He has translated Alain-Fournier's *Le Grand Meaulnes*, and renamed it *The Wanderer*. To say that he has done a great piece of work would scarcely do the translator justice, for it is a masterpiece. And this last compliment must also be applied to the novel itself. Fifteen years ago, when the story was first published, it did not make much of an impression except with a few excellent judges. Today, in other countries as well as in France, it is recognized as having all the qualities that make a truly great piece of work.

*Page Twenty three* ¶

## THE ARCHIVE

If one wants four or five hours of the most pleasant reading, he can undoubtedly find it by reading *The Wanderer*. It is supreme entertainment. It has a refreshing smoothness that is not found in the majority of the books one reads today, for its theme takes one into the quiet, rural life that existed before the Great War, which claimed the life of the author. The story seems to flow by the reader and at times to envelope him in a perfect flood of exquisite reality. It is as if the reader were living the life of Meaulnes, as the author certainly must have done in order to paint such a beautiful picture.

The book is published with a short biographical sketch of the author by Have-lock Ellis. This is most fortunate, for it gives one an insight into the background of the novel, and associates the novel with the author, making it distinctly *his*, and no-one else's. To the lover of good literature, and entertaining novels, we can only say that *The Wanderer* is a story that should not be missed.

### *The Immigrants Again*

*The River Between*, by Louis Forgioue. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 254 pp. \$2.50.

By JOHN ACHESON

The life of the Greek and Italian immigrants huddled in their squalid colonies on the Palisades offers great scope for novelists of the so-called "American Scene." Louis Forgioue in *The River Between* has either failed to realize the immense possibilities inherent in his setting, or else (as we are inclined to believe) has over-estimated his ability as a writer. Nothing in these United States is more colorful, more gorgeously romantic than the microcosmic life of the Italian immigrant. The struggle of the dramatically-minded foreigner of the peasant class to fuse himself with the ultra-commonplace attitude of America is a picture no ordinary craftsman should attempt. Mr. Forgioue has done so—with disastrous results.

The novel's principal lack is color. The sentences are written in that un-connected, disconcerting style so popular since the publication of Hemmingway's *The Sun Also Rises*. Hemmingway's terseness, however, produced a definite effectiveness, which, under the hand of Forgioue, is transformed into an almost ludicrous ambiguity. Thus, the characters (with the exception of a little Italian-American girl, tragically struggling against race-conflict) are so shrouded in drab obscurity that it is difficult to affect interest in their actions.

It is unfortunate indeed that a story of such magnitude was not entrusted to a writer of more skill and imagination.

### *Reading for a Thrill*

*The Devil's Cocktail*, by Alexander Wilson. New York: Longmans, Green & Company. 360 pp. \$2.50.

By ROBERT M. JOHNSTON

Mr. Alexander Wilson has written in the *Devil's Cocktail* a story of the English Secret Service workings in India. The plot covers a rather wide field, a plan



to wreck the allied nations being uncovered by the English Secret Service agents just in time to save the world for future posterity. The whole of the book is of an adventurous nature, and gives an insight into the methods of the world's greatest secret service agency.

The story centers around Captain Shannon and his sister Joan. Captain Shannon, one of England's most prominent secret service agents, is sent to India for three years presumably as professor of English in the University of Northern India, Lahore, but in reality to watch certain enemies of England. His sister accompanies him, as well as his valet Cousins, who is another clever secret service man. Miles, an American detective, is met on the trip to India, and helps them out considerably in breaking up the criminal ring, while incidentally he is winning Joan as his bride.

Any one who enjoys a few hours of thrilling experiences will like the book, as once started it will not be cast aside until it is finished, unless some accident happens. Besides furnishing an interesting evening's entertainment, the book is instructive to any one who is interested in secret service work. It enables the reader to understand why England has built up a detective system second to none. Devotion to duty by Captain Shannon and his associates even at the constant risk of their own lives is just a typical example of the loyalty of these agents to their work.

### *Unsuccessful Marriage*

*The Village Doctor*, by Sheila Kaye-Smith. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 266 pp. \$2.50.

By ARTHUR BRIDGERS

This is the same old eternal triangle! This time it is the struggle within a woman for two men. She loves one man, marries another, and continues to love the first man. At last the book ends, and we find this woman with her husband, still longing for the man she failed to marry.

Dr. Philip Green comes to Speldham in Sussex to take over the medical practice. He finds it rather difficult to change his London customs for those of the country people of Speldham. He is even afraid that he will sink into peasantry, and so he fights against this. Philip decides that it is best for him to have a wife—thus Philip Green and Laura Blazier are married.

Laura does not find in Philip the husband she desires. She wants social position above that of the average Speldhamite, but she is disappointed. She wants the harsh and cruel love that Saul Peascod gave her, but she finds Philip a tender husband. Laura then longs for her lost Saul whom she refused to marry. Saul and Laura have frequent rendezvous of which Philip never has the least suspicion. Saul promises Laura a "liddle" home (as he says in his Sussex vernacular). Laura waits for this promised letter from Saul telling her to come to him.



## THE ARCHIVE ¶

We find Laura waiting late into the summer, but no word comes from Saul about the "liddle" home that he has promised her. Philip refuses to divorce her and Saul says he cannot have a wife who has been divorced. Typhoid fever sweeps down upon Speldham in the late summer. Philip works hard, caring for the physical necessities of his people. Laura leaves Philip and returns to her home at Coarsehoxne. It is there that she develops the fever. Her husband fights valiantly to save her life and he succeeds. In spite of Laura's illness Saul never comes to her or writes, asking her to come to him. Laura suspects—and rightly—that Saul no longer cares for her.

With the aid of Susan Peascod, cousin to Saul, Laura regains her health and peaceful state of mind. She finds in Philip a true lover and husband. We feel, however, that Laura has only resigned herself to a fate that she cannot change. We feel that Laura will always long for Saul and remember the days when they were lovers and rue the day she married Philip Green.

We leave Philip content and happy, because Speldham has been relieved always of typhoid fever by the city fathers' building a new water supply system and because Laura has repented and returned home. And so we last see Philip—"He walked with a confident and springing step, proud to be once more the minister of life."

### *Prize-Winning Drama*

*Goin' Home and Other Plays.* New York: Longmans, Green and Company. 295 pp. \$2.50.

By JOHN PAUL LUCAS, JR.

Ranson Rideout, author of the prize-winning full-length play selected in the 1927 contest sponsored jointly by The Drama League of America and the Play Department of Longmans, Green and Company, deserves credit for having done a forceful piece of character writing in *Goin' Home*. The play is a good one, its more or less indifferent public reception notwithstanding. His post-armistice atmosphere is illuminating, his graceful adaptation of the characters to the setting is smooth and concordant, his sketching of the individuals in the play is adequate and convincing, and his dialogue, in spite of mixed dialects, is consistent and entertaining. Bill's, "They sure can love" and Slim's ready response: "Yep, that's their business. Naturally they're a success at it"; Powell's bitter shouting: "Your mind's so damned small—it wouldn't make any—difference—if you did—change it" are illustrative of the mood of the piece.

*The Millionaire*, by Juliet Tompkins, of New York, the second full-length play of the book, is not altogether superficial and it is fairly entertaining. The story is that of the rich prodigal who, greeted with open arms on account of his wealth, is scorned when he discovers himself penniless.

Of the four one-act plays printed, *Strings*, A Romantic Comedy, by Raymond Knight; *The Machine Age*, An Historical Comedy, by Estella Kelly; *Spring Sluicing*, A Drama of the Yukon, by Alice Henson Ernst, and *Roads*, a Pastoral Comedy, by Agnes Peterson, *Strings*, I think, is the only exceptionally good piece of writing. The ancient "puppet" idea is treated with new variations and the play embodies a sweet, romantic little tale. *Spring Sluicing* is morbid and awful, but it is psychologically sound according to generally accepted pathology and psychology. *The Machine Age*, in which two dear old ladies rebel at the "new fangedness" of everything, is, frankly, inferior. *Roads* is not half-bad, innocent enough and well-founded, but it is rather without action—too pastoral.



## THE ARCHIVE

### *Who They Are, Etc.*

Our readers will doubtlessly welcome another contribution by MAY FOLWELL HOISINGTON, who writes of folk-lore. She will be remembered from her many charming contributions of verse to former issues \* \* \* The Frontispiece is the third of NELSON ROSENBERG'S series of *American Glimpses and Viewpoints*, in this he interprets the political spell-binding of our present-day elections \* \* \* KATHARINE WASHBURN HARDING gives us another delightful bit of verse. She, too, needs no introduction to *Archive* readers \* \* \* WADE H. COLEMAN, JR., an old contributor, is teaching at the University of Alabama \* \* \* MERRILL MOORE, of the Fugitive Group, is now residing in Nashville, Tennessee. He will be heard from again in the near future \* \* \* FRANCES DICKENSON PINDER is a Virginia writer who is receiving recognition for the high calibre of her work \* \* \* MARY SINTON LEITCH is a new contributor to the *Archive*. She recently paid a hurried visit to Durham to inspect the progress on the construction of the new Duke University. She has, we feel sure, been won over as a firm supporter of Duke and the *Archive* \* \* \* VIRGINIA STAIT is too well-known, and too popular to introduce; her work speaks for her \* \* \* W. WADSLEY ANDERSON, formerly of the University of North Carolina, is another new contributor. He gained prominence as an accomplished writer while still an undergraduate at the University \* \* \* DILLARD STOKES is one of our old friends. His is always a welcome name in the *Archive* \* \* \* WARREN C. OGDEN is a graduate student at Duke \* \* \* B. B. CARSTARPHEN again resumes his department from his rooms at Harvard \* \* \* The book reviews are this month headed by that of PROFESSOR CARROLL of the Duke History Department \* \* \* JAMES A. MCCAIN, JOHN PAUL LUCAS, JR., JOHN ACHESON, ARTHUR BRIDGERS, DAVID H. THORPE, and WHITFIELD HUFF MARSHALL are students with literary interests \* \* \* MARIE UPDIKE WHITE is the wife of Professor N. I. White of the Duke English Department \* \* \* ROBERT M. JOHNSTON is the Business Manager of the *Archive*, but does not confine himself to the material only.

WELL, WHERE *ARE* WE GOING?

(Continued from Page 11)

out of the state and, not long after, out of this life. Having nothing in particular to live for and being thoroughly dejected, he commenced the life of a criminal and was later killed while running a car-load of liquor. We might say *qu'importe?* But this fellow did not choose such a life, it was thrust upon him. Had he chosen it, he would probably have died happy. As it was, who knows?

Then we have the pocket flask issue. If we carry such instruments about with us, it may be for the reason that we cannot get our father's quart bottle in our pockets. Youth drinks today, partially, to relieve itself of the high tension which is the result of the age. If there is not a depression prevalent among college students due to their realization that the entire system is rotten, then why are there so many more suicides now than there were "in the good old days" as our fathers fondly express it? Incidentally the phrase may connote anything, but it is usually twisted judiciously by the person using it. Again, the age is fast. Thomas Edison says: "If you want a real thrill, ride with youth." Youth needs some outlet for its pent-up energies and when all exits are closed or exhausted, liquor or suicide usually follows. The purlieu of youth is scattered with those who have flung themselves headlong into the stream and consequently have been washed up on a desolate shore to be left by the majority—the clearer-thinking individuals who know how much excitement they can stand and the correct or the least harmful methods for alleviating the strain. Youth knows it is reprehensible but it looks to youth to criticise, youth that knows youth, rather than age that knows youth only as a vague recollection—something that happened years ago and as different from modern youth as the plow horse from the combination tractor.

If reformers want to straighten out this liquor matter in regard to us youngers, why start, figuratively, at the top and come down? If there were no intoxicants to be bought, certainly we could not buy them. The citizens of the United States voted in good faith, we suppose, for a law that would prohibit the manufacture, sale and distribution of liquors in this country. Since the law has gone into effect and since the olders are not enforcing it, why condemn anyone for breaking it?



The reforming older generation says youth must look to them for guidance. Youth raises its eyebrows, wondering whether the command be facetious or not. The resulting opinion is in the affirmative, for youth reasons that if a man says: "I am perfect; follow me", and then proceeds to enact the role of a Janus, it has the alternative of following or turning the other way. The fathers voted for prohibition and in scratching this ticket intimated that they were willing to enforce the law to the best of their ability. Yet they close their eyes and put into office men whom they know will not enforce such laws as the office requires them to, and then the fathers wonder why their sons and daughters do not revere cognate advice.

As we said, youth is plastic and youth follows youth, not only because it is pleasant but because there is the law of self preservation. What about these drunken orgies at dances we hear so much about? What about all this drinking everywhere the reformers tell us of? The 'drunkenness' is easily explained.

Over a period of time, the youngers have had drilled into them by mental myops that youth is drunk everywhere—not drunk on knowledge but on wine. Youth has looked askance and hesitated to believe such rash statements, but the supposed fact has been lambasted into them by those hoping to convert youth to abstinence. Youth says: "If all the youngers are drinking and I don't, I'll soon be left behind and forgotten, and I need the association of my fellows in order that I may succeed later on in life. I suppose I must cultivate a taste for liquor that I may continue to be one of the fellows." What is more natural? There is competition in youth, and with all the youngers reacting on the same impulse they say finally: "Ah, those men are right. And, had I not taken up drink, I would have been ousted from the companionship of those whom I like." And so it goes. By creating a monster 'everyone is playing with' but with which no one should play, the reformers unwittingly coerce the youngers into the ways from which they were to be diverted.

After youth has become accustomed to drink, it finds certain uses to which it can be put, which uses naturally follow. As youth grows older, it readily sees the illusion, and discards the rasher ways of living. It has learned by trial and error; it is learning to think for itself, to keep all that appears good and discard all that appears bad.



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## THE ARCHIVE

So the cry is kept at a high pitch, ardently imploring the abolition of whiskey—meaning, we suppose, that less intoxication is wanted in this country. One does not necessarily become inebriated when one buys a quart of brandy; neither does one necessarily remain sober who has bought no whiskey since prohibition went into effect. Many have cellars copiously supplied with wines, beers, and liquors that have been diligently guarded since Volstead completed his little war, and usually the men who own such cellars drink moderately. Those who get roaring drunk will undoubtedly get that way under any circumstances, and coping with the present conditions, they drink liquor that is not fit to burn in an alcohol heater. In fact, a large quantity of the stuff bootlegged today will not burn at all. As a result of so much propaganda, some people are going to drink if they have to manufacture the intoxicants themselves. Those who cannot distill it will buy from bootleggers who put everything in their whiskey from dried sassafras roots to pine tar soap and oiled waste.

Who is to blame? Those who make, or buy the stuff? No, not nearly so much as those who are paid to put a stop to such matters, and who do not. Instead of railing at youth for drinking, why not rail at officials of the older generation who should enforce the prohibition laws?

And we are confronted with another accusation—that of becoming sex enthusiasts. If man did not seek some outlet for nature's inclinations, the world would become a race of bachelors, until everyone died off. If youth does not clamor sincerely for youth, then why are there so many early marriages? Youth is the age of sex. Why, then, censure the inevitable? These statements may be euphemisms but the progress of the world revolves around sex, so why deprecate?

Again we come under the flagellations of the older ones who claim that our thoughts are mired in indecency. Very good, we plead guilty. But did any invention spring full-blown and perfected? Perhaps nothing but the saxophone. Did any improvement come about without the improvers first going through a period of trial and error? Did the radio or steam engine make their debuts in the acme of perfection? Why, then, not let us dally with sex in its cruder forms that we may arrive at a more sane and sensible conclusion?

Reformers would have us believe that America is forsaking everything to become immoral. Is it because reformers must have something





## PAUSE AND REFRESH YOURSELF

IT WON'T BE LONG  
NOW. AND THE PAUSE  
THAT'S COMING MAY  
NOT BE SO REFRESH-  
ING AS SOME OTHERS  
WE KNOW OF.

The moral is to avoid situa-  
tions where it is impossible to  
pause and refresh yourself—  
because whenever you can't is  
when you most wish you could.  
Fortunately, in normal affairs  
there's always a soda fountain or  
refreshment stand around the  
corner from anywhere with  
plenty of ice-cold Coca-Cola  
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refresh themselves with this pure  
drink of natural flavors and are off  
again with the zest of a fresh start.  
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OVER  
**8**  
MILLION  
A DAY



YOU CAN'T BEAT THE  
PAUSE THAT REFRESHES



## THE ARCHIVE ¶

to berate in order to earn their pay, or is it because America is becoming *more* immoral? The youth of today is no more licentious than the youth of yesterday, but today the question is openly debated, while our fathers hid themselves behind the barn to experiment or closeted themselves in their rooms to insure doubly the chance against escape of only their thoughts—and they arrived at a lopsided conclusion. Today youth realizes the only method of a clearer understanding is discussion.

During the last school session in one of the leading southern universities, a dean of an A.B. school came out in the open forum columns of the school paper and condemned the type of jokes used in the local comic publication. He tabulated the 'supposedly humorous' material under various heads and found they were 'cheap and tawdry'. He mentioned that he did not pay the comic the compliment of being immoral.

In his classification of the jokes under the heads of sex, love, campus humor, drink, and 'all others', he found that "there were fifty-one which turned on sex interests, eleven on drink, eleven on love, thirteen on possible campus incidents, and fifty-one in the 'all others' class. The issue was an exchange number, that is, there were no local contributions. All poetry, prose, and sketches had been selected from other college comics over the country. The editor was of course responsible, as he had clipped the material, but a flood of letters answering the dean proved that the editor of the comic had given the campus what it wanted. Seventy-five percent of the open forum letters resulting from the condemnation by the dean upheld the comic in all matters. One man who thought it his duty to add to the blaze criticized the advertisements, lamenting the fact that he could not find the bus schedules (the business manager of the comic evidently did the same) and said sincerely that it that it was a shame any magazine should carry advertisements proclaiming what Shakespeare would have said about a certain cold drink. (And the business manager of said comic was probably glad that Shakespeare had the fortune to be born.)

But it was evident that the campus appreciated its sex in the raw (for *jokes* about *sex* cannot be treated in any other way) and it was not afraid to say so in print. This same dean who issued the lethal vituperations later told a joke to one of his classes that was as sexy and suggestive as, but perhaps more subtle than, any the condemned issue of the comic had printed. Well, where are *we* going? If we are headed

# The Easter Fashions reflect the charm of the season

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downgrade, it would appear that some of the older generation are leading the way.

This instance cannot be taken as a generalization. There are other deans and other plain, everyday men who turn a cottoned ear to smutty stories. There are men who know not what whiskey smells like. There are men who have never given sex or immorality a first thought. Yet, if we take the reformers at their word—that America is going to the devil—we wonder a bit. Would it not be quite unfair to judge America by the younger generation? And if the reformers are not taking Young America as an example, who is left but Old America? And who is condemning youth, who is left to condemn youth if it is not Old America? It would appear that here again, to use an apothegm become trite, the moat is larger than the beam.

What the younger generation really wants is to be let alone for a while, to be unbothered that it may think out things peacefully. We enjoy being misunderstood—most people do—but such a thing becomes after a time bothersome and burdensome. Youth has a saturation point (which can be construed by the pro and conners as a *double entendre*) which has been about reached.

There is little need to go farther into the matter of sex in regard to us youngsters, for the same reason applies here that applies in the case of liquor. We have had it preached into us that everybody is doing it, so we hasten to get in the swim. Necking, petting, or whatever the act of kissing in its various forms may be called, has undoubtedly come about in part as a result of our being told that all the youngsters are guilty of such, and that we should not be parties to the same vulgarisms. Such action on the part of us youngsters is partly natural and partly the result of cautious admonitions.

This also is not as bad as the olders would have it. Cases have been reported numerous times where dates were in progress:

The boy says: "Do you neck?"

And the girl perhaps returns: "No."

"Well," the male questions, "what do you think of the criticisms and the latest book of So and So?"

And thusly, perhaps, the remainder of the evening is spent. If there is no necking or serious conversation, the progress of events takes on a turn that neither party could be condemned for nor congratulated.

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A COLLEGIAN AND  
HIS MONEY SOON  
PART—UNLESS HE  
BANKS IT



The Fidelity Bank  
Durham, N. C.



## THE ARCHIVE ¶

lated on. There are other cases, and many, when both parties spend their time giving and receiving caresses. But as the young man or woman gathers more years on his or her head, this sort of stuff begins to appear to them as vulgar as it appears to the elders, and the process gradually diminishes to a negligible degree. Again youth should be granted the privileges of youth—and credited with the average intelligence.

Such matters will not continue, for it is neither natural nor human that men and women should indulge forever in youthful habits or, if you will, accomplishments. As they grow older, they turn away from their youth and begin to look on life with an older brain and a more experienced eye, even as our fathers have done before us.

If youth were less browbeaten and left more to itself, a good bet is that it would be much better off. May we again revert to childhood in a last plea?

Little Bo Peep has lost her sheep  
And doesn't know where to find them.  
Let them alone and they'll come home  
Wagging their tails behind them.

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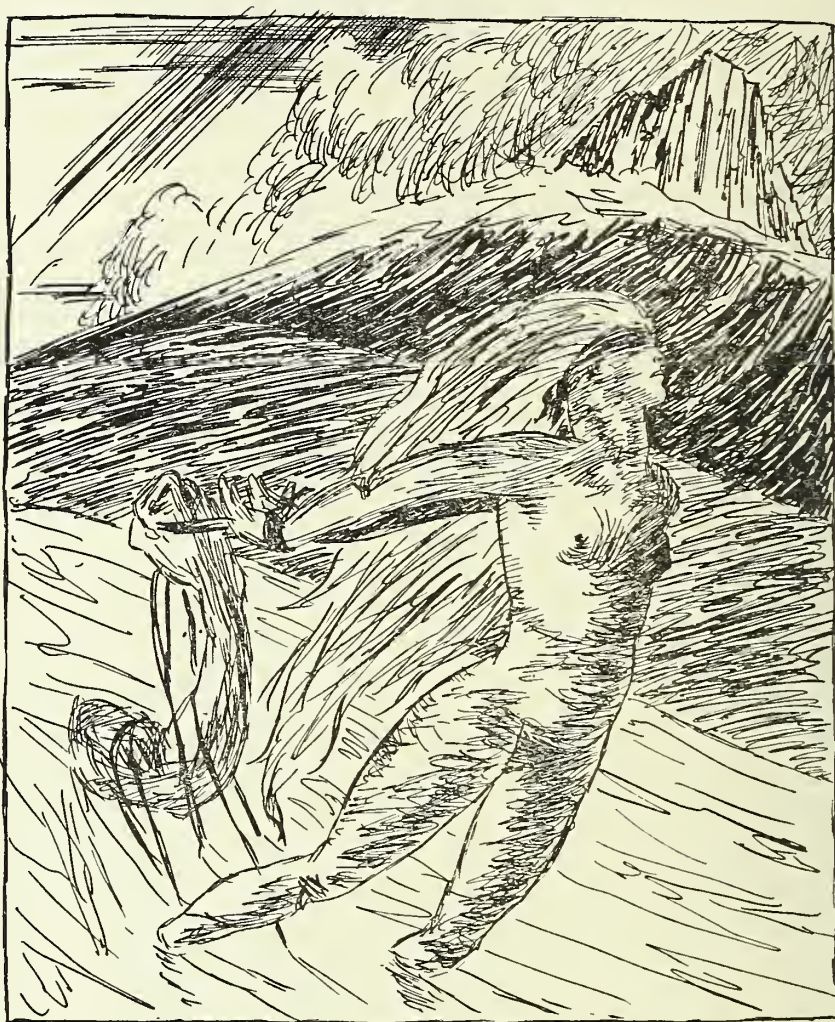
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NEILSON ROSENBERG

## AMERICAN GLIMPSES AND VIEWPOINTS

### 4. THE CACOGENIC DRAG



# The Killer\*

By SAMUEL SCOVILLE, JR.

LIKE THE inside of a seashell Seven Mountains showed all pearl and silver and opal after the first snowfall of the year. On the north side of the mountain a little brook, all dumb with snow, ran through a rift of rose quartz and poured itself into a translucent bowl of the pink stone where it whirled itself slowly against the mosses and water weed, showing gleams of gold and olive-green and blood-red in its depths. By the side of the pool the vast bole of a dead pine towered a hundred feet, sheer and straight as a candle.

From a hole near the top of the tree, a smoky-brown beast with a white blotch on its breast slipped like a snake down the huge trunk. From the point of its bushy tail to the tip of its blunt muzzle it measured a scant four feet, and weighed perhaps some thirty pounds. Yet it was thirty pounds of concentrated death, for that tree-dweller was none other than the great weasel which trappers have named the blackcat or fisher, although it is not a cat and never fishes, but which, for its weight, is perhaps the deadliest animal on the North American continent. At first sight that one seemed harmless enough, with its wide, doglike head and short round ears; yet its sinister, oblique eyes, gleaming green in the dark, and its fierce array of enormous teeth hedging its powerful jaws, showed why the Indians have named it "pekan", which in the Assiniboine tongue means "killer."

Just above the pine-tops, a great hawk quartered to and fro, its blue-gray body the color of the winter sky. Its black cap and the gray barring on its breast were the field-marks of a goshawk of the North, driven down by the cold and famine of the bitter winter.

Suddenly the fierce golden eyes of the bird gleamed like fire, and swift as the scud of a cloud it swooped toward where a black shape showed against the snow in an open space near the base of one of the lower peaks. As the great hawk approached the motionless form, it hovered uncertainly for an instant in mid-air, while the beast below struggled to raise himself up from the snow, only to fall back feebly with relaxed head and half-shut eyes.

\*From "Man and Beast," copyright 1926, by Samuel Scoville, Jr.



Fretted by a fierce hunger, the goshawk suddenly raised its rounded wings and shot down like a flash of gray, its keen talons stretched straight out as it dropped. Then, just as the crooked claws were about to clamp themselves deep into the black fur beneath, a strange thing happened.

Like the snap of a released spring, the great weasel shot six feet from the ground, gripped the goshawk in mid-air, and drove its dagger-like teeth through the great bird's neck. The sky-king had been caught in that trap of death which the crafty weasel had baited with his own black body, and the proud wings of the dead bird trailed in the snow as the blackcat carried it off to one of his numerous hunting-dens.

The tough, stringy flesh of the hawk was all the food the blackcat had for many days, so bad was the hunting on Seven Mountains during that iron month. Then dawned one of those crystal days which come in every winter. The spruces were inked black against a turquoise sky, while from the rose-gray branches of the beeches sounded the medley music of a flock of crossbills, all cinnabar-red, burnt orange, and tawny gold, against the snow. In the distance the seven peaks of the mountain towered a deep violet against the black-green of the massed hemlocks.

Down from his den in the blasted pine the black weasel moved like a shadow, his eyes glittering with the fierce hunger which had driven him forth to hunt by day. Just as he reached the ground, a magnificent red fox loped by with the swift, easy gait of his kind. In the winter sunshine he was a mass of blended tawny pinks, russets and yellow-browns, set off by old-gold dull silver, and the shining ebony of his slim, trim legs. As he passed, the blackcat darted toward him with a hungry, grating snarl. Cocking his head wisely to one side, the fox seemed to regard his pursuer with an air of amused tolerance, and as the bounding black figure came near, he quickened his effortless gait and in a flash had disappeared over the edge of a near-by ridge.

Then began a strange chase—the race of the hare and the tortoise over again. Against the dazzling speed, the craft, and the wiles of the fox, the blackcat opposed an iron endurance and the unfaltering tenacity of his breed.

At first the fox seemed resolved to make a straightaway run of it. Across the wooded slope, up one of the peaks and down on the other

side, he raced with a speed which set miles of mountain and forest between himself and his follower. Not until he reached the bounds of his farthest hunting-range did he circle back rather than dare an unknown territory with such a pursuer on his trail.

The pekan evidently was acquainted with this peculiarity of the fox family, for when the tracks began to veer in a long curve to the left, he abandoned the trail altogether, and running in a straight line toward the base of the mountain, picked it up again in a few miles after covering only about a third of the distance which the fox had run. Several times more during the day the fisher saved himself weary miles of hard going by similar cut-offs—the same method by which the red speed-king himself had run down many a northern hare.

At last, late in the day, the fox, discovering that he could not throw off his pursuer by sheer speed, began to resort to all the shifts and stratagems of his clan. At first he doubled back and forth on his tracks, and bounding to one side or the other, tried to throw his dark pursuer off the track. Such tactics however, were wasted on the black-cat, whose unerring nose solved every twist and turn and double of the hunted animal.

Then, as the sun went westering down the sky, the trail of the hunted fox skirted the edge of a sheer cliff. Passing beneath the branches of a squat white-oak, whose limbs overhung the precipice, it led back into the dense forest for a quarter of a mile or so—and ended. Immediately the black weasel, running with a swift, deadly intentness, began to make ever-widening casts on either side of the fox's tracks, all the speed and savagery of his tense body and the cunning of his fierce brain focused on the trail which hitherto he had followed with the certainty of death itself.

For a time it appeared as if the craft of the old dog-fox had saved him. Circle and hunt as he would, the great weasel could find no trace of any track leading away from the paw-prints of the fox in the snow, although he back-tracked them for nearly a mile. At the right lay the precipice which fell sheer to the rocky slope below; and it would seem as if the hunted animal could only have escaped toward the forest side of the trail.

More and more swiftly the blackcat raced to and fro and made wide interlaced arcs in the snow along the path of the fox as a chord, while

(Continued on Page 30)

# A Church Spire—In Half Light

To B. B. Carstarphen

By VIRGINIA STAIT

The colors of the morning, moon and night  
    Play all the notes of music unto me;  
The trumpet for the dawn, the drum for noon,  
    And violin for twilight's wan decree.  
This holds the purple hush, the loudest note,  
    That softly runs the scale to dearest gray;  
And then a deeper sound that is remote,  
    Will name the whispered things—a spire betray!  
    The blurrings beat and throb and break,  
        With nameless hails, with all farewells;  
    The blurrings fall, tarnish, forsake,  
        Forgetless heavens, fabled hells.

Music recessional, but with such bow  
    As only spire can play an arch across;  
And just the murmur of remembrance now  
    Answers to evensong—the song of loss.  
Remembrance—of the dreams that were not dusk,  
    Remembrance—of the triumph, not the scars;  
Remembrance—of the bread and not the husk,  
    Remembrance of a spire no largo bars! . . .  
    The blottings camp and stress and claim,  
        And leave us but our immortelles;  
What sun to sable still will name,  
    What end to endlessness reknells.

# Silence

By GERALD M. CRONA

A dead numbness hangs aloft.  
The night is drunk with stillness.  
Atoms of unearthly matter beat about in soft,  
Unmodulated rhythm, and stir the listless  
Air, inarticulate and fraught with death-like hush,  
Into an upper world unprobed and bare  
Of the most infinitesimal stamp of sound, and the rush  
Of things headlong from their earthly lair.  
In this sphere Infinity holds command  
With its infallible chart of guidance;  
And in this region the mysterious hand  
Of fate brews magic soft-descending silence  
That accompanys the soul of death's door,  
And lies entombed about it evermore.





# In My Garden

By JAMES MARSHALL FRANK

I once tended my flower  
And kept it in bloom,  
But now it seems withered  
Perpending a doom.

Maybe I blundered  
Forgot its pale face,  
So left thus defenseless  
It lessened in grace.

Or is it because  
A weed has grown near  
That shadowed its beauty  
Preparing its bier?

A weed without culture  
Rank-growing and vile,  
No delicate blossom  
Could equal the trial.

When the weed is destroyed  
And light is let in,  
Then surely my flower  
Will blossom again.

# Eleanor

By JAMES MARSHALL FRANK

Oh, the beauty of sorrow,  
Oh, the grandeur of pain,  
They are the breath of the living,—  
Without them none can attain.

Only the craven cullion  
Demands surcease of a drone,  
The hero welcomes the burden  
That wrings from the mortal a groan.

A tear is the dew for the trodden,  
A sigh is the wind to the sails.  
If one would enjoy the haven  
One must encounter the gales.



# Chopin and the Cat

## Beata Beatrix

- . . . For I am but a startled thing,  
Nor can I ever be  
Ought save a bird whose broken wing  
Must fly away from thee.
- . . . I can but give a sinking heart  
And weary eyes of pain,  
A faded mouth that cannot smile  
And may not laugh again.

*Elizabeth Siddall Rossetti*

The currents of Romanticism in Literature and the Arts are often turbulent; delicate vessels with shining sails stem the tides gayly for a brave while, and then strike snags and flounder. Sometimes, too, by a curious fate they are carried near the shores and stranded, while their companions sail on. Literary history is not always a happy one, not even with the delightfully rebellious Romantics. Every one is familiar with that sad boy Chatterton,—“the marvelous boy, the sleepless soul that perished in his pride”, as Wordsworth has said. The story of his foisting the Rowley Poems on literary London in the eighteenth century is well-known, but perhaps more touching are the details of his unusual life and his suicide from poison in London where he had gone to seek his fortune and did not find it. The history of Romanticism provides other stories equally as sad.

Among these tragedies is the pale, wan figure of Elizabeth Siddall, who was the wife of the great esthetic poet Rossetti. I have quoted a few of her verses at the beginning of this page. They are not great poetry, by no means! but there is in them a melancholy note so redolent of coming tragedy that the Rossetti student, and the student of humanity as well, cannot fail to overlook them. Their author was an artist also, and those who know her work in the Tate Gallery in England tell us there is a pathos evident in the drawings.

But those who wish to know her more intimately have only to read Rossetti's famous sonnet-sequence, *The House of Life*. In many respects it is a record of the poet's life with Elizabeth Siddall, wrought into exquisite poetry, although we can be quite sure that Elizabeth Siddall is not the only model in the poems. But many sketches still exist which Rossetti did of his wife, many of them

pathetic since they picture her languishing comfortably on numerous pillows during her long illness. But the finest of all is the very spiritual and devotional painting *Beata Beatrix*, dated 1863. Mrs. Rossetti had died the preceding year, and the painting of *Beata Beatrix* is a memorial to the frail and beautiful creature. R. L. Mégroz says that it is also "the aspiring prayer of a childlike and yet beautiful soul to an ideal removed to desperate distances by the death of a loved person." It was a "childlike confession," like the placing of the poems in the coffin.

Rossetti first met Elizabeth Siddall in 1850, during the first hectic days of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. She was younger than he (he was only twenty-two) and was a milliner's assistant in Cranborne Alley. Walter Deverell, the artist, discovered her while he was on a shopping-expedition with his mother. That evening he broke into Holman-Hunt's studio and exclaimed in words that Holman-Hunt has preserved in his *Pre-Raphaelitism*:

"You fellows can't tell what a stupendously beautiful creature I have found. By Jove! She's like a queen, magnificently tall, with a lovely figure, a stately neck, and a face of the most delicate and finished modelling. . . . Wait a minute! I haven't done. She has grey eyes, and her hair is like dazzling copper. . . . She's really a wonder; for while her friends, of course, are quite humble, she behaves like a real lady by clear common sense . . . knowing perfectly, too, how to keep people at a respectful distance."

Thus "Guggums", as Rossetti afterward called her, was introduced to Burne-Jones, Holman-Hunt, Ruskin, Swinburne, William Michael Rossetti, and the other Pre-Raphaelites. Rossetti was soon charmed with her and engaged her as a model and also as a pupil. Then followed a few years of happy, excited life, until Elizabeth's health gave way to approaching consumption. Rossetti did not marry her until May 23, 1860, and that day he wrote to his mother, "But you will be grieved to hear her health is no better as yet."

Their scarce two years of married life were marred by her continuing illness. The quoted verses attest to her suffering and her unpeaceful mind. Returning home at eleven o'clock on the evening of February 11, 1862, Rossetti found her sleeping heavily; there was an empty laudanum bottle at her side. There is this entry in Rossetti's brother's diary: "Death of poor Lizzie, Gabriel's wife. . . . Spite of the efforts of four doctors, she died towards 7½ this morning. . . . The poor thing looks wonderfully calm now and beautiful. . . ."

And the rest of the story is known wherever *The House of Life* is read. While the coffin of the dead "Beatrix" was still open at Chatham Place, Rossetti left his friends and went in alone where it lay. He took the volume of love poems and put it into the coffin "between her cheek and her beautiful hair, and it was . . . buried with her in Highgate Cemetery."

B. B. Carstarphen



# Humoresque

By MARGARET TOD RITTER

I'll tie my heart together  
With a piece of yellow string  
And Owl will say: "I want that gay  
Tag of a gaudy thing."

Owl, being blind,  
Hordes every kind  
Of curious relic he can find.

I'll clasp the veil above my heart  
With a long straight pin of fir.  
"Whoo-oo, whoo-oo, I always knew  
I was a connoisseur!"

Until at night,  
Regaining sight,  
Owl sees me in a better light.



# *Glimpses of the Orient*

Ping An\*

By WARREN C. OGDEN

Slowly Lao-tsze\*\* raised his eyes from the black marble floor of the pagoda. Meditatively he gazed at the long stretch of deep, green water that lay before him. The Lotus blooms were ivory petals inlaid in jade. Against the faint, pastel tints of the dying Sun, fantastic trees made silhouettes of ebony. Notes of a slow, distant bell silvered in the silence of a Night that soon would swallow up the Day's discontent.

Motionless Lao-tsze sat and dreamed of the strange peace that calmed men's mad desires and soothed their passions. A stream there was whose mystic silence stilled men's endless strivings, whose breathless calm brought peace.

Below the gossamer clouds, sank the Sun, and, for one brief moment, scattered wantonly its burnt-red gold o'er the water deepening to ebony.

Lao-tsze raised his eyes to gaze once again upon the beauty of the Sun-set. There, before him—bathed in the last rich rays—stood a slight figure. So silently had her little bare feet come that Lao-tsze had heard no sound. The Sun God kissed her glistening black hair, close bound, and touched the rich satin that wrapped her little body. Motionless she stood—the Spirit that touches men's Souls and gives them deathless Joy, she might have been, so beautiful she was.

Scarcely breaking the silence of the twilight, Lao-tsze murmured, "Little Lotus Bloom, why have you come?" In the stillness of the evening, she stole to his side. Lightly she laid her head upon his knees and gazed into his eyes.

"Lao-tsze," she whispered, "Yin Hsi, the Guardian of the Gate, has told me sad things. He said that you were going far away—far away to the Land of the North."

Lao-tsze silently fathomed her deep, brown eyes. Slowly he looked

\* Farewell.

\*\* Lao-tsze. Chinese philosopher, founder of Taoism Ca. 550 B. C.

away—the Sun had sunk and thin fingered shadows crept from their hiding-place.

“You are not going away, Lao-tsze, far away to the North?”

Faded pastels forgot that they had ever lived, and lost their souls in the blue-gray smoke of Heaven’s evening alter. Lao-tsze’s eyes wandered from the fresh grave of the Sun God to the birth-place of the evening Star. A slender hand with delicately shaded nails touched his cheek ever so lightly. Again his eyes sought hers.

“Dear little Lotus Bloom.” There was a long pause. “Yes, I am going away; Yin Hsi spoke truly. It is the will of Heaven that I stay here no longer.”

A breath of darkness sighed through the shadow trees. Lotus Bloom’s hand crept into that of Lao-tsze.

“We must not strive against the will of Heaven. In Tao there is peace, peace that hushes the noise of the World. Water is the highest good: it strives not, but seeks the lowest level. Therefore it is close akin to Tao. Who is there who strives and overcomes? For a time only he rules. Tao knows no contest, yet overwhelms all things.”

Lao-tsze was silent. Once again he lost himself in the darkening blue of the West.

“You have forgotten your love so soon?—Look at me, Lao-tsze. Has my beauty faded that you cast me aside?”

Slowly he replied, “No, Lotus Bloom, you are still more beautiful than any other. Your lips have not lost their crimson stain; your eyes have not forgotten their luster.—It is I who have changed. Now I know that the pleasures of Life satisfy not. It is not through them that we shall find peace.”

Stars, like the soldiers of Silence, formed a vast array. Forgetting their natal sky, they filled the liquid darkness of the waters, each one a messenger telling the will of Heaven. A lone bird darkened a path across the sky—a shadow in the darkness.

## Tha-Rui

“Time is very old.” Fui-Mi looked across the lidded waters that half slept in the vast Cavern called Life. Like liquid onyx stone, the dark waters drank the light that flickering fell from the sconces hidden among dull, glittering stalactites of shadows. From far away came the echo of a silent voice bathing in the gloom of endless night.

Shu-Ton answered no word for the liquid echoes murmured, "Time is very old—very—old." Stillness hung like a mighty bird in a sky that knew no stars. Eyes, dead and glazed, were fixed upon the dying jewels of the heavy pillars. Still they reflected some faint, vague lustre of desire. But now the only passion that remained was the longing to be rid of all desire. Would the sconces ever burn? Could the candles of desire never burn to the thick encrusted sockets, leaving but the peace of Brahma?

Up rose the last remaining of the hidden flames, sparkling all the crystal columns of the cavern. Jewels darted crimson, gold, and saffron. Sparks of light made beautiful the chamber; changed by subtle alchemy its gloomy darkness into vast, phantasmagorical beauty.

"See," Fui-Mi almost cried, "It is the end of all desire. We have conquered and there awaits the calm of Brahma's peace, the Silent Sea, Nirvana."

Shu-Ton's face was changed. Shu-Ton, who had followed without question all through life; Shu-Ton, whose face was moved not by famine, death, or war; Shu-Ton was on the agonizing storm of Doubt. Through all the years he had tortured his body with thirst and steel and brand. In all these his face had never changed. The crowds had said, "Surely he has lost desire; he has risen above all things of earth."

But now the face of Shu-Ton was moved. His lips were trembling in an agony of despair, but he could speak no word.

The last torch of desire had flickered and was about to go out. The vast cavern of his soul would soon taste nothing, the darkness of never changing peace. All of these years he had striven for peace. Years without number had stared at him, seeking Nirvana. Now the goal of it all was within his extended fingers, but—there was the blinding doubt—would there ever come a time when deathless peace would pall?

"Fui-Mi, Fui-Mi," his lips writhed in silence, "Is it the death of desire that we really seek? Is the passionless peace of Nirvana the highest good in the life of man?" Still his lips moved in the agonizing stillness of the cavern. Doubt stared like the burning eyes of a tiger in the jungle's night. But the icy waters of oblivion were stealing through his veins.

The last flickering torch died. The death of desire crept on the incoming tide of darkness. Nirvana—the death of desire.



# To Milton

*On reading his English sonnets again*

By "OMO"

Milton! whose very name sounds in my ears  
Like heaven's trumpet-call to ardent battle  
Against the league of sins that money's rattle  
Leads on from age to age, allied with fears,  
And base conceit that in the approaching years  
No end awaits the soul but dark and dust;  
Thy English sonnets cleanse my mind of rust,  
Inflame my heart, and stultify my tears.

So free and strong and current of thy verse  
(Whose close-linked thought in rime knows no restraint)  
That when I read thy vigorous lines, the curse  
Of impotence departs: no longer faint  
And cumbered with myself, I sweep away  
On eagle-wings into the light of day.

# Evening in Charleston

By CHARLOTTE I. BALL

Silvery light on old stone walls,  
Red roses drenched in rich perfume,  
Old houses with time worn faces  
Gazing dreamily out to sea;  
Gardens steeped in drowsy beauty  
Softly whispering of the past,  
And somewhere near, a violin,  
Low sobbing in the fragrant night.

# Book Reviews

## *A Mexican Interpretation*

*Mexico, Past and Present*, by George B. Winton. Nashville: Cokesbury Press. 296 pp. \$2.00.

By J. FRED RIPPY

The student or statesman who seeks an understanding of present-day Mexico by an examination of the past history of the country has labored until recently under a considerable handicap. If he turned to H. H. Bancroft's monumental work, he found a vast arsenal of facts poorly interpreted and difficult to assimilate. A. H. Noll's, *From Empire to Republic* was found to be too brief and all but out of date. Priestley's *Mexican Nation* was much better, but it required much knowledge of the history of the country as a prerequisite for comprehension and was written in a somewhat involved style at times difficult for the layman, to say the least, to understand. Dr. Winton now comes forth with a book which has most of the virtues and few of the faults of previous works. "This is a volume," he correctly remarks in the preface, "not so much of history as of interpretation."

The interpretation is thoroughly grounded in facts, however; for Dr. Winton is familiar with the history and atmosphere of Mexico. He knows the country by virtue of long and intimate personal acquaintance and careful study. Whoever desires to acquire a reasonably correct understanding of conditions in Mexico today can do no better than turn to this little volume, which can be read at one sitting. It will carry him with sustained interest through the colonial period and the war for independence to the long struggle for democracy and social reforms—a struggle which has not yet ended. And when the reader has finished, he will not be disposed to speak disparagingly of Mexican revolutions. Many of them have, indeed, been motivated by violent temperaments and personal ambitions, but the vast majority have represented a struggle between military and ecclesiastical privilege and social democracy, a combat between the forces of progress and of reaction. If the leaders of the forward-looking groups had always been faithful to their vision, perhaps the struggle would long since have ended. Mexico's tragedy has lain in no small measure in the fact that men have often lacked consistency and honor. They have not always kept the faith.

Dr. Winton's book does not go beyond the year 1927. It leaves many of the reforms undertaken a decade ago still incomplete and the struggle between the re-

## THE ARCHIVE

formers and the Catholic Church in a deadlock. Since then, the struggle has broken out anew in armed revolt. Before our neighbor reaches the goal of a modern democratic republic, with its masses educated, energetic, prosperous, and happy in their equality before the law and their opportunity to advance untrammelled along the road which leads to human betterment, several more chapters will probably have to be written.

### *Sketching Negro Advance*

*The Negro in Contemporary American Literature: An Outline for Individual and Group Study*, by Elizabeth Lay Green. The University of North Carolina Press. 94 pp. \$1.00.

By JAY B. HUBBELL

"In preparing this outline," says Mrs. Paul Green, "I have become impressed with the fact that the phenomenon of artistic activity by and about the Negro is no fad, is no local color interest which in a few years will belong to the past, but rather is something native to the life of America, something vital and alive, part of our strength and tradition, and should be cherished as such."

Mrs. Green outlines her material under the headings of Poetry, Drama, Fiction, and Criticism. She includes more than her title suggests, for she gives some space to such older writers as Paul Laurence Dunbar, Joel Chandler Harris, and Booker T. Washington. There are separate chapters on Eugene O'Neill and Paul Green. Countee Cullen and Langston Hughes represent the younger Negro poets. A chapter is given to DuBose Heyward's *Porgy* and Mrs. Julia Peterkin's *Black April*. The bibliographical material is adequate for the purposes of the general reader.

### *Sea, Jungle, and an African Empire*

*The Pedro Gorino*, by Captain Harry Dean (with the assistance of Sterling North). Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 262 pp. \$3.50.

By C. H. LIVENGOOD, JR.

As the autobiography of a Negro sea-captain, *The Pedro Gorino* is unusual enough to incite the interest of the average reader. But it assumes proportions which are even more unique as it unveils the life-history of this Harry Dean who was born in Philadelphia, whose progenitors were African kings, who had circumnavigated the globe before he was fifteen, who penetrated the jungled interior of Africa and circled it eighteen times in his attempts to found an African empire, who thrice amassed huge fortunes in the land of his forebears, yet was roaming the streets penniless a few months before this book was written. Here in the prosaic sea of modern literature we find a romantic islet fully as glamorous as one of the semi-barbaric ports Captain Dean himself describes.

The book relates the adventures of Captain Harry Dean, written by himself with the assistance of Sterling North. It is the first book of either of the co-

authors, one a philosopher of sixty-three, the other a poet of twenty—and here we have an engrossing tale pictured with the experience of age yet colored with the vigor and romance of youth. The story progresses in an easy, absorbing, narrative style, delightfully punctuated with poetic phraseology and brilliant metaphor:

“Far out on the wild Atlantic we had no thought of the Biscayan tides but were surrounded by porpoises even before we came to cloudless Madeira and the pearl Teneriffe, set as they were in a sea of glass. . . .”

Here and there we glimpse the fatalistic philosophy of Captain Dean, rather to be expected in a man who has been prevented by circumstance from realizing his dreams of a free African nation, who was forced by fate to cast a fortune in diamonds into Cape Town bay, who has been shot, cut, poisoned, thrown overboard, victimized by “the pampered sons of imperialism in the native country of his own race.”

In this autobiographical narrative we see Captain Dean not alone as a striking example of the old sailing captain but as a philosopher, scholar, humanitarian, and potential empire-builder. He has devoted a life-time to an unselfish but vain attempt to reorganize South Africa as a Negro empire. To this end he devoted his whole fortune, built schools among the natives of the interior, and was well toward founding the nucleus of his free state with the assistance of King Lerothodi and Queen Baring in Basutoland when circumstance and intrigue dashed his plans to bits.

About his trim schooner, the *Pedro Gorino*, Captain Dean’s quest centered. She was of Norwegian make, freak-rigged to give the most advantageous spread of canvas. The captain strikingly describes her, resting in harbor among her sister ships, “proud as a swan in a flock of wild geese . . . seventy feet long with lines of a greyhound.” Though the vicissitudes of her captains’ life, she successively served as tramp freighter, transport, whaling ship, and pleasure cruiser. In her master’s eyes she gleamed as the ancestor of a great African fleet. Here is Lindbergh’s “We” in nineteenth century form.

Houghton Mifflin Company have produced the story in a very readable and interesting volume with large, clear type—quite in harmony with the active, stormy life-story it bears. Here is a narrative outstanding among modern true stories—fantasy materialized.

### *El Dorado*

*A Great Man*, by Walter Vogdes. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 310 pp. \$2.00.

By HAROLD C. WEINGARTEN

An author’s first book is akin to a tottering child just learning to walk. Both venture into the project with enthusiasm and are impelled for some time by their



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own impetuosity—only to find some other qualities are necessary to maintain the swift moving though erratic pace set at the beginning. Walter Vogdes has given us as his initial volume the story of a city in California during the post-gold rush era.

Squatters, destined to be the curse of the landowners of the west are introduced, and their vicious methods of seizing land and dealing destruction to their enemies, exposed. The economic conflicts and the trading in food commodities during the boom are absorbing reading, and facilitate the movement of the book considerably.

Intermingled with the problems of the day runs the figure of the giant David, dark, glowing, and determined to be a great man; Emily, with life, love and passion breathing from her very pores; and the suave, polite, unbeliever, Dr. Lewis. Their lives are a network of emotions, beliefs and dogmas, and as immutable as Gibraltar.

In a terrific convergence of emotions we have a picture of a crazed mob dealing destruction to the city and leaving in its wake the charred ruins of what was once the melting pot of Californian civilization. There can be no doubt but that the feverish activity of the inhabitants as portrayed by Mr. Vogdes was characteristic of our forebears, but a feeling lingers that the life and the color of the crowds composed of drunken miners, lecherous women, land speculators and noxious squatters is not adequately described by the new novelist.

*A Great Man* is far from a model piece of work, notwithstanding the care and preparation the author undoubtedly underwent. He shows a tendency to philosophize at inopportune moments which is very diverting to the reader, but despite its imperfections, it is thoroughly readable.

### *Humanizing The Brownings*

*The Brownings: A Victorian Idyll*, by David Loth. New York: Brentano's. 289 pp. \$3.75.

By MARIE UPDIKE WHITE

In an age when culture-enthusiasts banded themselves in Browning societies, when critics called the Ring and the Book a "vivified cathedral" and said Mr. Browning's was the most "complexly subjective" of all English poetry, ladies' clubs were frequently addressed by Mr. Loth's mother, a Browning lecturer who practiced her lectures on her little son. By the time David Loth grew up, however, women had taken up golf and gone into business and politics and the Browning fad had gone into history. But as yet no one had debunked the Brownings or made human beings out of them. This Mr. Loth set out to do.

In the manner of the "new" biographer he set to work. The august and venerable poet and his middle-aged wife must be addressed and spoken of only as Robert and Ba. Mr. Browning senior became "Bob." When Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, sought an interview with Browning the biographer abbreviated

the royal name to "Bertie." In fact only two gorgeous opportunities for being informally chummy were missed; Mr. Loth (shall we call him David?) failed to call Mr. Landor "Walt" or Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe "Hat!"

To be modern is so earnest a desire with Mr. Loth that he implies that personal eccentricity alone could be responsible for anyone's acting like his own time, or in other words doing as the Victorians did if he were a Victorian. Even in Victorian times, a middle-aged elopement like the Brownings' was a prosy phenomenon at best, but the Brownings found it satisfactory and never felt keenly, as Mr. Loth does, that they "starved" their love. Mr. Loth's brilliant caricaturist style has one really deplorable result,—it makes his subjects seem real only in their most trivial moments. He valets them admirably, but is too afraid of genuine feeling to act as their friend, although he really feels some affection for them.

But these slight touches of flippancy and bad taste are more than compensated for by the fact that Mr. Loth has not only made the Brownings real and human; he has also done an extraordinarily good job of relating their lives to the events of their day. Too seldom does any biographer see the advisability of providing a living background in time and action for his subject. Mr. Loth does this admirably. The Brownings' lives become part of the moving play of world events,—Italian unification, the *coup d'etat* of Napoleon III., the American Civil War start to life as their milieu.

Although the book lacks all scholarly paraphernalia except a three-page list of authorities, the material of it was undoubtedly the result of careful research and wide reading. It is safe to say that any one desiring an initial acquaintance with the lives of the Brownings could with more pleasure and profit gain it from reading this book than from reading Chesterton's or any other so-called scholarly life of Browning.

### *Love and Superstition*

*Jack-o'-Chance*, by Grosvenor Sadler. Boston: The Four Seas Company. 237 pp. \$2.00.

By W. P. FARTHING

*Jack-o'-Chance* tells of the bold adventures of a gallant, but reckless young knight, Sir John Halstrick, who came to the Massachusetts Bay Colony at the time when the witchcraft fever was at its height. Such an environment sets a most illustrious background for the plot of a fascinating love story. There, in a community of God-fearing, superstitious, narrow-minded people, Sir John lives a suspected life because of his courtliness and the mysteriousness of his mission. He defies the saintly witch hunters of the colony. Because of the recklessly bold attempts he makes to save the life of a beautiful girl accused of witchcraft, he earns the name "Jack-o'-Chance."

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The book is very interestingly written and is based upon actual history. In the opinion of the reviewer, however, Sadler has overdone the superstitions and the imaginations of the early settlers, although records do prove that they were a harsh, religious sect of people. Of course, it is the author's privilege to exaggerate. The choice of words, the beautiful descriptions and expression, the careful allusion of boresome details, all form the loveliness of style which is the charm of the novel.

The lover of adventure, romance, and suspense should not miss reading *Jack-o'-Chance*.

### *Racketeering*

*Love in Chicago*, by Charles Walt. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 254 pp. \$2.50.

By WHITFIELD HUFF MARSHALL

All indications seem to point to the fact that *Love in Chicago* will be Harcourt's big money-maker this spring, just as *Bad Girl* was last. The new book has an appeal because it is realistic—it is newspaper material, the stuff that tabloids describe in glaring streamers. We do not mean to imply, when we say the book is realistic, that it is not exaggerated, for the enormity of crime is certainly stretched a bit by Mr. Walt. This rather unusual author, a so-called child of the criminal underworld, has written the book from material gleaned from personal experience.

The story is told through the diary of a rather unique murderer, a lone-wolf, who comes to Chicago to make his fortune in the racketeering game. He succeeds admirably for about a year (that is, until the end of the book, where he is eternally damned by poetic justice). The most interesting feature of the novel, we believe, is the author's desire to show that this class of people—the gangster, the racketeer, *et cetera*—are utterly devoid of any moral code or conscience. The murderer's surprise, when he finds that there are some people who believe it wrong to commit crime, is an interesting bit of tragi-comedy. The love story is an old one, but these unusual circumstances make the old plot ring with interest.

The author's style is crude, but it is from this crude style that much of the realism is gained. Other bits of reality are gained by using, at times, minute detail. Zona Gale uncovered this little known writer, and this fact gives cause to the dedication:

To  
Clarence Darrow  
Who  
Passed the Buck to Zona Gale  
and  
Zona Gale  
Who Encouraged Me



*A Brutus in Skirts*

*Charlotte Corday*, by Marie Cher. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 238 pp. \$2.50.

By GERALD M. CRONA

When Brutus with an awful stroke dispatched the great and ambitious Caesar, he performed what he regarded a duty for his country. Likewise, Charlotte Corday imbued with a zeal for her fatherland, came from obscurity to accomplish a similar deed on the eminent scientist and physician and dastardly demagogue—Marat of the French Revolution. With rankling heart she witnessed this giant of the Revolution assuming a more and more dangerous position in affairs of the time, and with an impulse to destroy him pervading her spirit, she followed it through to the deed that was to lift her out of the unrecognized masses to the pedestal of martyrdom.

Charlotte Corday clearly saw the act would mean another stroke of the guillotine, and when it descended this time she would be numbered among its victims, but such a monster could not live. France must be exonerated from the bloody hand. Charlotte Corday accomplished the task she set herself to, and calmly awaited her fate—the guillotine. It descended, but not until the ambitious dreams of Marat had been thwarted by her delicate hand.

In *Charlotte Corday*, Marie Cher gives a graphic picture of the affairs at the immediate beginning of the French Revolution. By her hand the spirited girl from Champeaux assumes the vestment of a martyr and the heart of a most zealous patriot. Students of this great revolution will find in *Charlotte Corday* new interests of those glamorous days delicately hung about the figure of Madmoiselle Corday, and shaped with an eye that has value for background and important details. The concise and lucid style adopted by Miss Cher is sufficient to recommend the volume to lovers of classic prose, but adding the zealous and patriotic assassin—Charlotte Corday—and the gripping affairs of the day, make the book singular and outstanding to a degree that it will be irresistible once the first page has been turned.

*Apologia Poeticae*

*How to Profit from that Impulse*, compiled by Lucia Trent, Ralph Cheney, and Benjamin Musser. New York: Dean and Co. 62 pp. \$1.50.

By WARREN C. OGDEN

In the recently published volume, *How to Profit From That Impulse*, a number of the young poets of America have presented to the public a collection of their ideas concerning modern verse. Several of the contributors to this book are already known to the readers of the ARCHIVE by the verses they have had published at various times on its pages.

Believing that the world is in a new age and is creating a new variety of



## THE ARCHIVE

poetry, a number of the new poets have decided to explain to those who care to know, the real meaning and aspiration of verse. Technical points are discussed and tangled snarls are unraveled.

It seems to be the purpose of these young writers to submit to the public a Poetical Apologetics.

### *Sophisticated Naivete*

*Ballyhoo For a Mendicant*, by Carlton Talbott. New York: Horace Liveright. 102 pp. \$2.00.

By WARREN C. OGDEN

Carlton Talbott presents to the reading public, or that small part of it which enjoys clever absurdities, *Ballyhoo For a Mendicant*. The volume is a collection of odd ideas gleaned from many ages and twisted into grotesque shapes by his clever style.

In the cycle of what is generally termed Culture, there is a place where the sophisticated mingles with the utterly naïve. In this place are found the fantasies of Cabell, the absurdities of Hoffenstein, and the satirs of Lewis Carroll. It seems very possible that Talbott will make for himself a name as a member of this group.

His style and mental attitude are well expressed in one of his *Woodcuts* of 1498:

In woodcut universities  
The students never weary grow,  
But sit alert for centuries  
In semi-circles, row on row,  
And fill their minds with so-and-so.

The crinkly incunabula  
In mighty stacks grows higher, higher,  
Runneled and tunneled by the worms,  
Who look for philosophic fire  
And, like the students, never tire.

Talbott, the jacket of his book says, has ever been one who loves "old beer, old cheese, old books, old pictures, old houses, young rain, young trees, young girls." Caring not a twopence for all the aviation, banks, clergymen, and law, he has found in the useless relics of many ages much of the absurdity of life which amuses him. It will, no doubt, prove equally amusing to readers who enjoy subtle absurdities and clever vanities.

### *Drab Drunkenness*

*Peter the Drunk*, by Charles Wertenbaker. New York: Horace Liveright. 270 pp. \$2.00.

Wertenbaker's *Boojum* was an adolescent concerned with living life. His *Peter* is a mature man who contemplates life and tries to worry out its meaning. Both of them drink far more than is necessary for their purposes. Peter is drunk on the first page of the book, and well on the way to being in that state when the book ends. It becomes monotonous, sordid, trifling, trite, and overdone. Wertenbaker presents a vivid and drab picture of drinking.

The theme of the book is expressed by Peter himself in one of his moral "hang-overs." "Oh, the pity and bitter futility of it. You get tight and there's nothing to do but sober up. Then there's nothing to do but get tight again. You have a big time, then you get flat. Where does it get you? Right back where you started from."

The author writes naturally, and in a matter of fact tone. Conversations are punctuated by blasphemies and abound in slang. At least the collegiate readers will recognize "nub," "gripe," "tight," and "trying to sex him." The dirt in the book is there merely for its own sake, for it does not prove anything. All of us know just such characters as Peter, but there is little or no need to fill up two hundred and seventy pages of a book with their drab drunkenness.

*The Fat Bard—and the Beggar's Opera*

*Mr. Gay*, by Oscar Sherwin. New York: John Day Company. 179 pp. \$2.50.

By JOHN PAUL LUCAS, JR.

Echos of the pudgiest man buried at Westminster are heard again in Mr. Sherwin's whimsical little book about the life and times of Mr. Gay. The work is a portrait and properly in the centre is the figure of a unique poet whose progress and success were motivated more by the enterprize of his famous friends than by his own efforts. Properly too, the London background of the early eighteenth century is sketched in such a way as to afford a harmonious setting for the chief figure. But the picture derives its vividness, its life, from the mixture of colors and the nice perspective. Mr. Sherwin has given his matter a tone that would have made it in keeping with the period about which he writes. And it is not overdone. Where the material is purely of a matter-of-fact nature the book becomes simply a record of events.

The relation of the "first night" of *The Beggar's Opera* is perhaps the most entertaining part of the book. The disturbed, dubious, half hopeful Swift and Pope who contributed to the completion of the work; Gay, "perspiring with trepidation"; the typical, colorful audience of the Theatre Royal, Lincoln's Inn Fields; the general hesitancy of the reception, and the final burst of approval have striking appeal as told by the author.

Pope, Congreve, Swift, Arbuthnot, and others of the Scriblerus Club following make frequent appearances and the esteem in which Gay was held by these gentlemen is repeatedly testified.

One is more convinced than ever, upon reading this most recent version of the whimsical Mr. Gay, that had the poet lived today, he would have been popular in a newspaper way—the best newspapers—and very much after the fashion of Samuel Hoffenstein, witty, superficial, ridiculous, likable.

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His body "interred as a peer of the realm," over his tomb appeared the self-inscribed epitaph, the single thing for which, excepting his opera, he is commonly best known:

*Life is a jest and all things show it,  
I thought so once and now I know it.*

### *Rapid-Fire Drama*

*Seven Modern Comedies*, by Lord Dunsany. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 204 pp. \$2.00.

By DAVID K. JACKSON, JR.

Lord Dunsany, whose real name is Edward John Moreton Plunkett, has again proven himself a master of the one-act play in his latest book, entitled *Seven Modern Comedies*. Writing to please himself and possessing a vivid imagination, as well as a keen observation of human nature, this titled Irish playwright has written plays of fantasy and subtle wit, in beautiful rythmical prose style. His comedies are a combination of symbolism, romanticism, and realism with the leading motive being, in his own word, doom. No one doubts the truth of this motive, after reading *The Jest of Hahalaba* and *In Holy Russia*. More than once the introduction of a mythical character of his own creation is brought into his play to bring about the *dénouement*, as well as create a more ridiculous situation for the flesh and blood characters.

Technically, the plays conform perfectly to the unities of time, place, and action. The dialogue is smooth, rapid-fire, and sharply to the point, bringing about quick action and limiting Dunsany's portrayal of character somewhat. The plots are cleverly and carefully constructed with a *dénouement* very similar to an ending of one of O. Henry's short stories.

Of the seven comedies, *Atalanta in Wimbledon*, *The Raffle*, *The Journey of the Soul*, *In Holy Russia*, *His Sainted Grandmother*, *The Hopeless Passion of Mr. Bunyon*, and *The Jest of Hahalaba*, the last is perhaps the best. Briefly, the plot concerns Sir Arthur Strangway who, in spite of a warning of the consequences, has his wish granted by the god of laughter, Hahalaba. To tell one the results of this highly amusing situation would be giving away a most interesting plot. One must read the play. The publication of *Seven Modern Comedies* should be a source of great pleasure to Dunsany admirers.





# PAUSE AND REFRESH YOURSELF

OF COURSE IT'S NO  
FAIR PLAYING THE  
PROCTOR AND SPYING  
OUT SUCH A DELICATE  
SITUATION AS THIS.  
BUT THEN, WE'RE  
NO PROCTOR.  
AND WE CAN  
RESIST ANYTHING  
BUT TEMPTATION.

All of which goes to prove (if  
we may be excused for saying so)  
that the pause that refreshes is  
the sanest temptation which mil-  
lions ever succumbed to. And to  
these same millions the pause that  
refreshes has come to mean an  
ice-cold Coca-Cola. Its tingling,  
delicious taste and cool after-sense  
of refreshment have proved that  
a little minute is long enough for  
a big rest anytime.

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

OVER  
**8**  
MILLION  
A DAY



YOU CAN'T BEAT THE  
PAUSE THAT REFRESHES



## THE ARCHIVE †

### *Who They Are, Etc.*

Nelson Rosenberg is the artist whose work appears in the frontispiece. The subject of this allegory has long been one of Mr. Rosenberg's intensest interests. The form is an attempt to give an etching-like quality to the pen lines. \* \* \* Again we have the pleasure of presenting Samuel Scoville, Jr., to the readers of the *Archive*. Mr. Scoville is one of the most prominent of nature writers and has gathered his material for his stories from personal observations. \* \* \* Our well-known friend, Virginia Stait, sends us a poem dedicated to the former editor of the *Archive*, Mr. B. B. Carstarphen. \* \* \* Gerald M. Crona again contributes his work. He is by now a well-known contributor. He is an undergraduate in the English department at Duke. \* \* \* Warren C. Ogden, formerly of Davidson College, and now in the graduate school of Duke University, will be remembered from his book reviews and contributions of verse. \* \* \* We are fortunate in being able to present two poems from the popular pen of James Marshall Frank, a Tennessee writer of the Fugitive group. \* \* \* Readers of the *Archive* will undoubtedly welcome another contribution from Margaret Tod Ritter. She writes that she is anxious for the *Archive* to enlarge its circulation. May Lamberton Becker, in *The Saturday Review* offers the same suggestion, and their advice is being acted upon. \* \* \* Harold McCurdy is an undergraduate of Duke. \* \* \* Charlotte I. Ball writes of her native Charleston, and is a new contributor to the *Archive* thru the influence of Samuel Scoville, Jr. \* \* \* The Book Review department offers Professors J. Fred Rippy, of the History Department, and Dr. Jay B. Hubbell, of the English Department. \* \* \* C. H. Livengood, Jr., Harold C. Weingarten, W. P. Farthing, John Paul Lucas, Jr., Frances L. Foushee, David K. Jackson, Jr., and Whitfield Marshall are students at Duke. \* \* \* Marie Updike White is a frequent contributor to the book columns of Edwin Bjorkman, of the *Asheville Times*. \* \* \* Warren C. Ogden and Gerald M. Crona have been mentioned above.

# “Short” Biographies



Last week “Spud” Smith started to wear HANES Shirts and Shorts. “Spud” is one of those fellows who likes plenty of style but insists on the original comfort of a South Sea Islander. He’s got what he wants with HANES.



“Socks” Simpson had an appointment with the HANES dealer day before yesterday. He’s wearing HANES Shirts and Shorts now. “Socks” is keeping to only one kind of shirt—the HANES Rayon. But his many Shorts are multi-colored. “Socks’s” underwear closet looks like the stockroom of a rainbow factory.



John Frazer never did like the morning trip to the shower-room. He thought his shoulders and chest weren’t built on Full Back proportions. But now he’s wearing HANES Shirts and Shorts—and wears them to the shower. (He’s taking a bath every day, too.) John says HANES would be better than a Tuxedo for the Junior Prom.



“Dick” Egbert came in with a box last night—it was loaded with HANES Shirts and Shorts. He said something about flowers that bloom in the spring when he hauled out the colorful Shorts. “Dick” had reasons for getting HANES. Low price was one. Perfect style another. And comfort another. “Dick” says HANES Shorts are flared just right—they don’t snug your legs like the paint on a house.



HANES Shorts come in a variety of modern colors and patterns or conventional white if you prefer. Prices are fifty cents, seventy-five cents, and one dollar. HANES Shirts, though, are all-white. The materials are soft and easy to wear. The Rayon Shirt is especially popular. HANES Shirts are fifty cents, seventy-five cents, and a dollar.



If you’re keeping to union suits—be sure to see the HANES line. HANES SAMSONBAK has the exclusive tug-of-war belt guaranteed not to rip or tear. \$1. There’s a wide range of HANES Suits from 75 cents to \$1.50. At the HANES dealer’s you find HANES Union Suits and HANES Shirts and Shorts in variety enough for anyone.

## THE KILLER

*(Continued from Page 5)*

his deep-set eyes flamed with rage at the baffling delay. Still there was no sign of any track on either side of the long trail. At last the dark weasel stopped under the low-hanging boughs of the oak, and his wide head turned slowly from side to side as he scanned the snow for any sign of the fox.

Suddenly he saw where a mass of snow had fallen from the oak some ten feet away toward the cliff side. With a quick spring, he caught the end of a great branch which nearly touched the ground, and slipped along it like a great black squirrel. A moment later he had solved the mystery of the lost trail. In a wide crotch of the drooping limb showed the prints of the fox's feet which had dislodged the snow that had betrayed him. The fugitive had run for a long distance past the oak, and then, doubling back, had leaped with one bound into the crotch from which the snow had fallen. Following his tracks along the limb, the blackcat came to a place where another huge branch hung over the cliff. Beyond the end of that limb the prints of the fox's paws showed again where he had jumped to a little ledge of rock some ten feet below, from which he had followed a concealed path which zigzagged down the face of the cliff to the ground.

Perhaps some hunted animal which the fox had pursued had shown him that desperate way of escape. Only as a last resort had he finally hazarded his own life on such a leap and such a path, where the tiniest slip on his part, or a slide of the banked snow underfoot, would hurl him to the rocks.

The great weasel took one look at the way along which the fugitive had gone, and another down the depths which lay before him. At the bottom of the dizzy precipice a great spruce showed its spiring top and tough, drooping branches loaded down with snow. Without an instant's hesitation the black killer sprang into the air, stretching out its wide paws and arching its squat body as it whizzed downward toward the tree far below. In a second it had crashed like a dislodged boulder straight through layer after layer of yielding boughs and elastic twigs, to land finally in a deep drift beneath the tree.

There are few animals who would have dared such a leap, and fewer still who could have endured the shock of such a landing. A





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## THE ARCHIVE ¶

blackcat, however, is built of reinforced steel and leather, and a moment later that one was pursuing the recovered trail with the same fierce intensity which it had shown from the beginning, having cut off by the desperate jump several minutes from the fox's long lead.

Running faster and faster as the hours went by, the great weasel raced the sun out of the sky and ran down the stars during the night that followed, and the dawn of the second day found hunter and hunted moving slowly around the mountain like a red-and-black tandem, so close were they to each other. The silver-tipped brush of the fox, which had waved above him like the white plume of Navarre, trailed through the snow, and he lurched and staggered as he ran; yet try as he would, the blackcat could not close up the gap.

Then, as the sun showed clear of the central peak, the fox suddenly stopped and with both fore paws squeezed out the snow-water which his bushy tail soaked up like a sponge. Just as the great weasel reached him, he sprang away again, refreshed by his moment of rest, and, freed from the weight which had held him back, instantly opened up a wide gap between himself and his black pursuer. As he neared the top of a long hill, the reason for his sudden spurt appeared, as he shot into the entrance of a cunningly concealed burrow toward which he had been heading all the night through. At the sight the lips of the fisher curled back from his fierce teeth in a soundless snarl of anticipation, for an animal who goes to earth with a weasel on his trail usually goes to his death. The red fox, however, had still left one last resource of the underground people, as he went down the burrow with a full minute's start over the black killer behind him.

The main tunnel of his den branched a few feet from the entrance into shafts which led to the bedroom, storeroom, and kitchen-midden respectively, where all the refuse of the establishment was tidily buried. Close to the entrance, however, and half hidden by an elbow in the tunnel, was a fourth passage which led to the secret exit which every well-regulated fox-house has. Flashing into that side-shaft, the fox dug desperately, and before his moment of grace was half over, had masked the entrance to the hidden tunnel with a layer of earth fully six inches thick.

*(Continued on Page 34)*

FANCY ICES

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A COLLEGIAN AND  
HIS MONEY SOON  
PART—UNLESS HE  
BANKS IT



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Durham, N. C.

With a pattering rush, the great weasel entered the burrow just as the fox slipped out like a tawny shadow into the middle of a thicket fifty yards away, where the secret shaft opened. Like black fire, the furious pekan flowed through every tunnel, but passed unheedingly the masked entrance to the secret outlet. Then, as he was about to rush out and circle its entrance on the chance of again picking up the lost trail, he came upon a couple of plump partridges cached in the store-room. At the sight the fisher forgot everything save the raging hunger which gnawed at his entrails like a rat, and a few minutes later, full-fed, he curled himself up in a round, warm ball and slept until dark. Before he awoke, a snow-storm, that friend of the hunted, had set in and blotted out, beyond all finding, every track and trail made during the day.

Meantime, far away across the mountain, in one of his hunting-dens, the red fox slept too, his warm brush wrapped like a quilt around his soft nose and the bare pads of his paws. He was tired and hungry, and homeless, yet fortunate beyond most animals, since he was one of the favored few who had escaped with their lives when once the Black Death of Seven Mountains had been upon their trail.



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## ANNOUNCEMENT

This number concludes the forty-first volume of the *Archive* to which you will find an index in the rear. According to custom the magazine will suspend publication during June, July, August, and September, and begin its forty-second volume in October. With this number the present editor relinquishes his office, also according to custom, and accedes it graciously to the newly elected editor, Mr. Gerald M. Crona.





AMERICAN GLIMPSES AND VIEWPOINTS  
5. MOBILE VULGUS

# Merry Heart

By MAY FOLWELL HOISINGTON

White is my hair. . . .  
    Fluff of thistle-down;  
Furrowed my cheeks;  
    Brow a knitted frown;  
Ridge-veined my hand. . . .  
    Bony, knuckled' claw.  
(Once it was kissed,  
    Rose without a flaw.)  
Far in the past  
    Passion's stinging tears. . . .  
Blood has run thin,  
    Locusts ate my years.  
One thing I keep,  
    One of all I had:  
Memory of days  
    Lovely, young and glad.  
Faint ticks my heart,  
    Palsy nods my head. . . .  
Still I can laugh. . . .  
    Even smile when dead.

## An Open Letter To Mr. Howard Mumford Jones

To the Editor of *The Archive*

Durham, N. C.

Dear Mr. Jones :

I have just received your very interesting review of my book of verse, which appeared recently in *The Archive*. Since you have exercised, in reviewing my poetry, an almost unlimited public candor, may I hope that you will permit me an equal candor in return? Your review interests me, first, because of its remarkable similarity to my poetry as you represent it: it is practically meaningless. One difference between a poem of mine and your review is that I understand my own poem, while you do not understand, as I shall show, what you are talking about. When you actually do say something as you often do, it is both interesting and intelligible; in this review you have said nothing whatever.

For some reason my verse fills you with an inarticulate scorn, but after carefully examining your remarks I can discover nothing but scorn. I do not maintain that my poetry is better than you seem to believe it to be; merely that you have not proved anything about it one way or another.

Your first point, concerning the "gray lean spiders," is sheer carping. Why are not spiders necessarily gray? Do you mean that no such necessity inheres in nature—that, in fact, no such spiders exist? Or that, even if they do, they shouldn't? The second of these two possible interpretations of your dogma is nonsense; the first is refuted by the fact of my personal observations of spiders that are both gray and lean. Then, after having let this "metaphysical" blood out of a bloodless straw man, you proceed to make puns upon the adjective "tight." No passage of poetry, however good it may be, can survive such treatment. William Shakespeare writes :

That time of year thou mayst in me behold  
When yellow leaves, or none, or few do hang  
Upon those boughs that shake against the cold,  
Bare ruined choirs where late the sweet birds sang.

How, it may be asked, can any man behold in himself a time of year? Why *yellow* leaves? Red leaves are just as common in autumn. And how in the name of heaven can the branches of a tree be a choir? "Only metaphysical" branches "are thus to be characterized." Moreover, birds do not sing in choirs. Choirs are churchly institutions. "One suspects, not that" Mr. Shakespeare "has no meaning to convey, but that in his effort to convey his meaning, which is apparently a subtle one, he has over-stressed it, so that it results in no particular meaning at all." Or take a stanza in Drayton's ode on the Virginian Voyage, where, speaking of the ocean, he says, "So absolute the deep." How can the ocean be absolute? Does he mean "absolute ocean"? or absolutely deep? Or *posolutely deep*? The phrase, to you, means nothing whatever. This, in spite of the fact that the stanza in which it occurs is one of the most beautiful in English poetry.



I do not wish to imply that I believe any stanza of mine is beautiful; but that, Mr. Jones, you have said nothing that would prove the lines you are so contemptuous of to be bad. The manifest hostility, the manifest unfairness, of your approach to my book is finely betrayed in your mangling of one of my lines in quotation:

With the furious murmur of their (the Confederates') chivalry.

Your parenthesis slyly prepares the reader for your—your stupid gyrations in the next paragraph.

They are stupid because the burden of proof lies upon you. You have no right to ask, *Why* the "furious murmur of their chivalry"? The farthest any critic can go is, *Why not*? I do not need to justify my use of an image. It is your business, if you can, to prove *Why not*. It is not your business to assert that it is wrong; you are not Dr. Johnson; you are simply a talented professor of English, and when you assert something you have got to support it.

Your method of criticizing poetry would, if universally used, make poetry impossible. It is H. L. Mencken's method. There is obviously no reason why a poet should use a combination of words never used before. When you come, in the Jacobean poets, upon a phrase used for the first time, you think it has been used before because it has been used afterwards as a convention; it gives you no shock. Moreover, you, as a professor, are paid not to be shocked; you are not going to say *Why this?* or *Why that?* to the thing that gives you your living. Ingratitude is not your vice.

Your charge that I leave out the steps by which the reader is prepared for an unusual image is more serious. It all depends upon which reader you are talking about, and which steps. You know perfectly well that my verse has nothing to do with the "clotted nonsense" of the decadent symbolists—the vague vaporings and wise bathos of Maeterlinck, in which there *are* no steps. By what steps does Donne connect the imagery of "The Extasie"? The steps are there, if difficult. You have no right to complain of the difficulty of the steps; your business is to see if they are there. If they are there the matter of difficulty is not important. The fact that the passage you complain of has been understood by at least twenty-five living people proves that they are there. Whether they are good steps, whether it is a good passage, is another question.

How can you make my supposed return to the seventeenth century the basis of your assertion that contemporary Southern poetry is "advanced?" Is a period three hundred years gone an "advanced" period? What do you mean by advanced? You don't mean anything. You mean, by begging the question, to give yourself an authoritarian air. You may have a case against my poetry; you haven't yet argued it; you have begged every question.

Very sincerely yours,

*Allen Tate.*



# A Carven Lily

By KATHARINE WASHBURN HARDING

A pale green carven lily  
Cut out of priceless jade,  
A frozen flower of beauty,  
Time's hostage unafraid.

Cool as the sound of waters  
Within a night's white flame,  
Life's mystery unknowing,  
Its miracle a name.

Sea-clear, a matchless blossom,  
A magic thing full blown,  
Without life's benediction,  
A carven flower of stone.



# As Is A Lute

By KATHARINE WASHBURN HARDING

As is the spirit of a lute,  
Her dreams were dim and misty cool,  
She strung them on a silver chain  
And dropped them in an ebon pool.

Reflected in the pool the stars  
With jeweled fingers probe the deeps,  
They find the silver chain again  
And hang it round her while she sleeps.



# Chopin and the Cat

## Southern Critic- Professors

Things conspire to make the South an interesting part of America. Perhaps the *Virginia Quarterly* wasn't vainly boasting in its blurb on the rear cover of the *London Mercury*: ". . . And the South is just now admittedly the most interesting part of America." Certainly we have our accent, South Carolina has its Magnolia Gardens, New Orleans has its Mardi Gras, the Southwest has its art colonies; there are still lynchings that make amazing headlines, floods that give birth to folk-songs. At any rate we are either interesting or queer enough to be written about in the magazines and newspapers. Edwin Mims and William J. Robertson regard us seriously enough to write opulent volumes about us, and their publishers regard the books seriously enough to bring them out encased in jackets adorned with blurbs. Gerald W. Johnson writes in *Scribner's*, ex-Governor Hobby in *Forum*, Stark Young in the *New Republic*, John Crowe Ransom in the *Sewanee Review* all about the South—not to mention the columns and columns of ingenious explanation why we chose not to preserve our political unity.

Mr. William C. Frierson, of Ohio State University, in the January-March number of the *Sewanee Review* takes an encompassing survey (which turns out to be a mere squint) at the recent critical writing about the South in the various magazines. His article is called "Narcissus in Dixie." Although not settling the matter, nor arriving at any definite conclusions, Mr. Frierson does make some interesting analyses and bring up new problems. For those who follow the current magazine articles about the South Mr. Frierson's categories of Southern critics will be interesting. He says that these contributors to *Scribner's* and *Forum* are writers that are perhaps not widely known, but nevertheless intelligent men who have voiced the southern reply to northern criticism; for the most part literary students rather than sociologists or professional critics. These men he divides into two schools: "those who welcome the industrial progress and certain of its attendant results—Edwin Mims, William J. Robertson, Grover C. Hall, and, to an extent, Gerald W. Johnson; and those designated the Higher Provincialists who would build on the traditions of the South a civilization immune to northern infection—Stark Young, Donald Davidson, John C. Ransom."

Edwin Mims says, "Mammon is a terrible monster, but he is a good slave for promoting the higher needs of mankind"; while Donald Davidson writes, "The South has been damned for its provincialism, but there never was a time when the South needed its provincialism more—if by provincialism we mean its heritage of individual character, the whole bundle of ways that make the South Southern." It is against this latter attitude that Mr. Frierson makes most of his attacks, and for which he asks the questions: What Southern traditions and customs are properly retainable? What precisely are the native lines of development southern critics speak of? Is the attack upon puritanism a sufficient ideal or incentive to motivate a people?

The whole problem seems to resolve itself into the question of whether or no the old southern traditions and—shall we say?—civilization were, after all, mythical. Is there really a southern attitude? Southern ideals? Did the Old South really develop an attitude toward life and a manner of living so universal as to be called Southern? Was it not, rather, the culture of Richmond, of Charleston, of Atlanta, of New Orleans? At any rate, we have it authoritatively that America has no national culture, that it is a loose federation of cultures, none of which is prominent enough for recognition except that of New England and the South, and those two "civilizations" are fast diminishing in local characteristics. One suspects that even New England's culture is and was largely Boston. If the Southern critics who write in the magazines of preserving our provincialism would first determine precisely what constitutes our provincialism and what of it is worth preservation, it seems that much of their crusading would indubitably merit and gain the attention of southern readers. Mr. Frierson's scoring their angle of criticism is not groundless. Perhaps the task of adjusting our sectional identity is more a business of historians and sociologists than of writers and professors. But we do not mean to disparage the latter group, for certainly their pioneering efforts are commendable and their presentation of the southern scene in literature is effective means as far as those means will go.

Mr. Frierson's attitude to the young southerners is interesting and perhaps very sane: "The older generation's habits of thought are not subject to change, but the inquisitive spirit manifests itself increasingly among the youth. And these young men do not turn to the southern 'leader' for guidance; they have become suspicious of him, and they think the southern professor over-cautious if not just a little stale." Mr. Frierson believes that the greatest failure of the southern critic-professor is not to realize that the younger generation is unconcerned with attacks upon puritanism and that these young men are not traditionalists, nor in sympathy with the notorious attitude toward culture possessed by Corra Harris.

Chopin, still without an idea, and the Cat without a mouse, take their bow.

*B. B. Carstarphen*



# Smoke on Snow

*By* RALPH CHEYNEY

The locomotive moults feathers of smoke  
And naked trees burst into profuse blossom.  
The smokestack is the black stem of a white chrysanthemum  
To a little girl who snubs her nose against the pane.  
Farm buildings behind telephone wires are a scale  
For the winds to practice.  
She watches a fountain of silver smoke  
Play through white flames of snow;  
And she gives a little sigh.  
She could not tell you the reason she feels sad.



# Infinity

*By* BERNARD JONES

A thought—  
    That touches deepest chords  
    And sets the heart afire;  
A wish—  
    That burns into the heart  
    With all of life's desire;  
A dream—  
    That circles all the span  
    Of earth, and sky, and sea;  
A life—  
    A fragment in the plan  
    Of all Eternity.  
These are—Infinity!

# Fantastique

By AGNES LILLIAN PACE

First there was a brown wall,  
That's all—just a dull brown wall.

But through my window I could hear  
Something to fear—the breath of a giant drear.

Then over the wall's side—  
Yes, she had cried—trickled the tears of a young bride.

And now, how long under the moon it must have sat!  
For look at that—the long slender limbs of a silver cat.



# Only Then

By JOSEPHINE JOHNSON

When the last stronghold has fallen,  
When the inmost dream is dead,  
When the years, like locusts, have stripped you utterly bare—  
Only then shall you know the barren peace  
Of the desert;  
Only then  
Can you understand the cold, bleak strength  
Of high mountains.

# Book Reviews

## *The Epic Tradition*

*The New Argonautica*, an heroic poem in eight Cantos of the voyage among stars of the immortal spirits of Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Francis Drake, Ponce de Leon and Nunez da Vaca. By Walter B. D. Henderson. New York: The Macmillan Company. 352 pp. \$3.00.

By ALLEN H. GILBERT

We are now trained to suppose that interest in literary types is confined to professors who prepare anthologies for freshmen in order to appear busy and yet save themselves the anxiety of more exacting studies; but that men of creative ability are concerned with typical features as criteria of excellence would hardly be supposed. In the present volume, however, the epic walks before us; the foreword begins: "An epic poem does not base on a conceit, but on an event which is historical, well known, and important"; and the appendix explains that the sail of the *Argo* is the analogue of the shield of Achilles. Still further delight for the traditionalist is furnished by the explicit allegory of the work, explained to the reader (The Secondary Meaning, p. 19) as Tasso set forth the allegory of his *Jerusalem Delivered* and Spenser of his *Fairy Queen*. Tasso writes: "Godfrey . . . stands for Understanding, and particularly for that understanding, which considereth not the things necessary, but the mutable and which may diversely happen, and those by the will of God. And of princes he is chosen Captain of this enterprise, because Understanding is of God, and of nature made lord over the other virtues of the soul and body, and commands these, one with civil power, the other with royal command. Rinaldo, Tancredi, and the other princes are in lieu of the other powers of the Soul."

Similarly Professor Henderson: "The chief persons, Raleigh, Drake, and De Leon, may be taken to represent the intellectual, the actional, and the aesthetic faculties of a single individual; Nuñez da Vaca the comic-ironic spirit within him according between various and often contrary desires." Like some other poets, as Ben Johnson and Tennyson, the author has anticipated the scholar by indicating, both in general and in thirty pages of notes, his sources in Appollonius Rhodius, Sir Walter Raleigh, Milton Dante, and others, some of them scientific writers. In his traditionalism Mr. Henderson goes beyond two other recent authors of epic tendencies, Hardy in *The Dynasts* and Mr. Benét in *John Brown's Body*; he is rather less traditional or conventional than Mr. Noyes in *Drake*.

But however fascinating—to the reviewer at least—new applications of traditional methods may be, the fearful fiend of recent criticism requires us to say: "Lo,





*History By Journalists*

*Torchlight Parade: Our Presidential Pageant.* By Sherwin Lawrence Cook, New York: Minton, Balch & Co. 308 pp. \$3.75.

*Randolph of Roanoke: A Political Fantastic.* By Gerald Johnson. New York: Minton, Balch & Co., 273 pp. \$3.50.

By WILLIAM K. BOYD

A new chapter is being made in American historiography, which we may call "The Day of Journalists." Editorial writers, feature men, penny-a-liners—and others of the profession—are trying their hand at the writing of history, especially the history of their country. The significance of the movement is best comprehended when we consider its antecedents. Nearly a century ago the literary historian made his advent—the man of letters who found in history a subject for his art and skill. The result was the broad comprehensive treatment of a long period or a great theme—as Bancroft's *History of the United States*, Parkman's masterly volumes on the French in America, Motley's contributions to Dutch History, and Prescott's studies in the Spanish Conquest. The works of these men were as much a contribution to American letters as to American history; they served their day by making American scholarship respected through works of distinctly literary merit.

Then came the Civil War—the triumph of nationality. It was followed, strangely enough, by a decline of the literary school, with its broad sweep, and the rise of the scholar with his monograph on a restricted theme: in short, along with the New Industrial Revolution there arrived the historical technician. However, the reading public for history dwindled in proportion to the advance made in professional knowledge of the indentured servant, the land system of New England, the Arts of Trade, and the political orgies of Reconstruction. Ten years ago the reading public was "fed up" with the discoveries of dry-as-dust scholarship. Now, behold the revival of popular interest in history, stimulated and fed not by the scholar or technician, but by the journalists, adventuring on a new experiment in newsgathering.

The future must pass judgment on the achievement of the new school. At present it is sufficient to raise two questions, viz: to what audience do the journalists appeal, and what do they offer that audience? The answer to these questions is that they appeal to that public generally known as "Main Streeters" and that they offer little that is new and much that is old, dressed however in new literary forms. For instance the conflict between Hamilton and Jefferson is an old story, but it is given a new dress and a new emphasis by Mr. Bowers, who frankly is the apologist for Democracy. On the other hand Jesse James, Kit Carson, and Lorenzo Dow become new candidates for historic fame. Indeed throughout the journalists are prone to exalt the esoteric, the odd, the unusual: do they thereby give to the reader a better understanding of human experience, social and political?

These reflections find apt illustration in the volumes under review. The story of our quadrennial elections has been told in accurate and reliable detail by Mr. Stanwood in his "Presidential Elections." The book is too meaty in facts and figures for entertainment, too elongated for Main Street, too compressed even for absorption by the scholar at one sitting. Hence the opportunity for Mr. Cook's *Torchlight Parade*, which marshalls before the reader the major presidential elections since 1800. But in the marshalling too much emphasis is given the parade and too little to those forces which shaped results. For instance, the author is oblivious to the influence of sectionalism on parties and programs; that this country is a group of sections—North, South, West—and that the game of politics has centered in the problem of winning adequate support for a party in at least two of these, he does not sense. Platforms, too, are neglected; true they seem to be of diminishing importance, but such has not always been the case. Again, a single issue, slavery, is made the sole issue of 1860, without mention of tariff, immigration, or public lands, and there is no hint that fear for the future of Southern institutions, rather than the extension of slavery was the motive for secession.

It is perhaps too much to expect of red-blooded journalists to digest the rationalized pabulum of the pale scholar. His real opportunity is to contribute from his reflections and observations. But, alas; associations with party politics are apt to give a taint of partisanship. If Mr. Bowers is patently an apologist for the Democracy, Mr. Cook's sympathies, to a less degree, are with the Republicans. The decision of the Electoral Commission was sound morally and legally just. The withdrawal of Federal troops and the return of Home Rule at the South, a blot on the Republican escutcheon. A generation later, that new apostle of Democracy, Woodrow Wilson, was an able bigot, surrounded by small men, a person "incapable of straight thinking when contractual morality was concerned"; never popular with the people, he was rejected at the first good opportunity in the year 1918. Of distinct value however, is the estimate of President Coolidge; not a great President, nor a failure; rather near the bottom of a line of honorable, useful executives. Yet here Republican prejudice is manifest: spite of the new interpretations of scholars, Coolidge is ranked ahead of James K. Polk. If only the journalist could find and absorb the discoveries of the scholars!

Mr. Johnson's *Randolph of Roanoke* is typically journalistic. For brevity "John" is omitted from the title; does the omission breed familiarity? How far removed is the journalistic style from that of the literary historian is well illustrated by these sentences. "But Congress had to be consulted, and it was obviously not the sort of thing we could announce with a megaphone." (p. 151). "But Mr. Jefferson was right up to the neck, now, and it was as easy for him to wade through as to try to back out." (p. 153).

It should be added that the standard authority on John Randolph is Senator Bruce's thorough work in two volumes, published a few years ago.

Can the journalist historians push forward the boundaries of knowledge and also give us a better understanding of human experience? As yet the question can not be answered affirmatively.

*Natural and Supernatural*

*Witchcraft in Old and New England*, by George Lyman Kittredge, Cambridge: Harvard University Press. \$6.00.

By FRANK C. BROWN

For all persons interested in the subject of folk-lore whether scholar or general reader this book will be most entertaining and thought-producing. By the student of literature, history, religion, psychology, sociology, and law the vast amount of material here brought together in a most readable form both because of the style and the press-work of the book must be regarded as a most valuable contribution.

Professor Kittredge emphasizes throughout the book two general truths which he establishes beyond doubt, that "maleficium, or injury to goods or body or life through supernatural means" lay at the basis of all witch-belief and that this body of superstition in most of its forms was a natural inheritance of the race and not a group of exotic beliefs transported from the Continent or elsewhere.

The subject-matter is treated under eighteen chapters: the first, "A Typical Case", is an account of various witch-trials, original records of which are in the Harvard College Library; the second, "English Witchcraft Before 1558," is a most interesting and comprehensive presentation of the many cases of witchcraft in many forms in England between 900 and 1558. The chapter ends with a fine summary; the third chapter, "Image, Magic, and the Like", concerns itself with *envoutement*, the use of effigies of wax, clay, wood, or of almost any other substance, which may be pierced with nails, pins, thorns, or burned or roasted; the next chapter entitled "Love and Hate", has to do chiefly with witchcraft in causing love or hate by means of spells, philters, rings, knots, and in telling whether wives or husbands are true or false; "Madness, Curses, and Eflshot" is the title of the fifth chapter, which is a discussion of the belief "that a witch or wizard can drive a man mad" and avers "that the whole subject of demoniacs is inseparable from witchcraft"; it should be added that this delightful chapter discusses also the cures for madness; chapter six, entitled "Venefica," is concerned with the subject of poisoning in various ways; "Charms Ghoulish and Profane," the subject of number seven, discusses the vast field of folk-medicine, or folk-cures, and is rich in *exempla*; "Wind and Weather," the title of number eight needs no comment; "The Witch and the Dairy," containing very interesting material, still to be parallel in America,



much in fact in North Carolina, explains why cows often "go dry," why butter "will not come," how to break countless spells, and how witches make fish plentiful or scarce; chapter ten, "Metamorphosis," gives many instances of the transformation of witches and devils into hares, weasels, cats, lizards, moles, snakes, scorpions, crocodiles, goats, etc., etc., in order to accomplish certain desired ends; "Mirrors and Thieves" is an engaging discussion of mirror-magic, or, crystal-gazing, by means of a mirror, a basin of water, a beryl or other stone, a sword blade, a polished finger nail, a sheep's shoulderbone; "Treasure Trove" is a discussion of the guarding of buried treasure by dragons or other monsters or spirits and of the spells, incantations, and conditions necessary in the successful quest for such treasure; "Haunted Houses and Haunted Men" contains many instances of supernatural appearances in houses, of the following of men by goblins, and of the disturbing of horses and cows by some sort of witch-demons; "The Seer" is an exposition of the relationship of witch and prophet; chapter fifteen contains an account of the water ordeal; sixteen is a fine discussion of "The Compact and the Witches' Sabbath." "The Witches' Sabbath" is a combined religious service and business meeting followed by a debauch of feasting, dancing, and wild lust; "King James the First" is an exhaustive discussion of the appalling proportions to which the whole belief attained during James I's reign; and the last chapter is a very sane treatment of "Witchcraft and the Puritans."

This brief outline in no sense does the book justice because the interesting narratives of the many examples contain of course the real life and spirit of the work.

### *Fascinating Scholarship*

*Henry the VIIIth.*, by Francis Hackett. New York: Horace Liveright. 452 pp. \$3.00.

By DAVID H. THORPE

With the trend of many writers to publish "modern, popular biography," there has been a tendency for them to sacrifice accuracy for the sake of interest and to achieve brilliancy in writing. This can not be said about Francis Hackett's new book, *Henry the VIIIth.*, for he has written accurately, and at the same time has attained a degree of brilliance that but few writers can boast of. *Henry the VIIIth.* is an intensely interesting story from start to finish, it is a book that all people interested in that period of English history will want to read, and one that no one should miss. It places its author in the front ranks of modern biographers, and, with the possible exception of Emil Ludwig, second to no-one.

In a foreword to the book, Mr. Hackett states that he has invented none of the dialogue of the many characters. This in itself is astounding, for the whole work



## THE ARCHIVE

abounds in conversations both brilliant and significant. He further tells the reader something of the full records and documents that afforded him the rich details that he has been enabled to give.

The work is divided into "Books," and aside from the first and last, each is titled by the name of one of Henry's wives. Particular emphasis is put upon the many women who succeeded each other as Queen of England under the polygamous dynast. Their influence upon the policies of Henry, and their political significance is deftly handled. The first of this long line is Catherine of Aragon, the young Spanish princess who was brought to England to marry Arthur, Henry's elder brother. After satisfying himself and the Church that his marriage would be legal, after half a dozen unsuccessful attempts to produce a male heir to the throne, and after twenty years in the process, Henry satisfied himself that he was living in adultery, and promptly divorced the worn-out Catherine. Anne Boleyn bore a mere daughter, and subsequently lost her head. She was succeeded by Jane Seymore, the mother of Edward the VIth. Anne of Cleves was ugly, so she was sent home, and was followed by the vivacious and indiscrete Katheryn Howard who was the second wife to go to the headsman. Katherine Parr was the last of the line, and outlived her husband.

From every angle, *Henry the VIIIth.* is one of the most promising books of the season. There is not a moment of boredom between its attractively bound covers. This "personal history of a dynast and his wives" is the cream of what the psycho-historian offers to the reading public.

### *Success For A New Author*

*Rome Haul*, by Walter D. Edmonds. Boston: Little, Brown, and Company. 347 pp. \$2.50.

By DAVID HUDNUT THORPE

When one picks up a first novel by a new author, one has a feeling of scepticism as to the merits of the story and its execution before one has even opened the covers. That was the feeling that unconsciously came to me as I started to read *Rome Haul*. But by the end of the first chapter, my opinions were rapidly changing, and by the time that I had read two more chapters, I had forgotten that this was a new novelist; in fact I had forgotten all else besides the fascinating story that was unfolding itself before me. I seemed to be living in the country of the Erie Canal; I was a part of the very atmosphere.

That Mr. Edmonds should give such a splendid picture of his locale, is not surprising when one learns that he was born and brought up in close proximity with the old canal. He has seen first-hand what he pictures to his readers; he has talked to the people and learned their history, and the stories of fathers and grand-

fathers. So graphically are the characters of Dan Harrow, Mrs. Gurget, Fortune Friendly, and the other picturesque people of the canal presented that one fairly falls in love with them all.

Although the story has a note of sadness in it, it does not depress the reader as do so many of the newer novels. The thought that one has as one finishes the last page is that of having read an excellent book. There are, of course, certain uncertainties and small crudnesses that lack of experience have forced on the author, but these are largely overlooked because of the charm of the story and the method of presentation.

### *Race Propaganda*

*Black America.* Scott Nearing. Vanguard Press. New York: 275 pp. Price \$3.00.

By BERT CUNNINGHAM

This book is essentially a propaganda volume, based upon the assumption that the Negro is fundamentally as economically fit as the white, and that his present position is due to restraint and dominance of the white man. A satisfactory review of this volume would require the writing of another volume, since a considerable part of the data used is capable of more interpretations than that given by the author. As an example, there are many excellent photographs in the volume, but those showing especially the squalor of certain Negro sections might well be duplicated in some white regions that the reviewer has seen. On the other hand some Negroes, and in the South, too, live in homes that would be palaces to many white people. These alternate facts are ignored by the author. There are doubtless race prejudices—both black and white—but it is very questionable if such books as this one have any influence in correcting these prejudices and establishing better race relationships.

### *Revealing The Feminine Heart*

*The Veiled Door,* by Caroline Giltinan. New York: The Macmillan Co. 101 pp. \$1.50.

By MAY BESS REDFORD

Another traitor to the feminine heart has published a book of poems. Miss Giltinan quite shocked me at first reading with her revelation. These short poems each have a poignant reality that makes them genuine. They are natural. And besides, she has made the poems rhyme—which will make the book a little more attractive to some people.

I can not say all the poems are by any means to be admired. Some of them are unnecessarily obscure and pointless, but we must not blame Miss Giltinan for a bit of mystery, since the style of today demands it.

But there is no use to point out what seems to exasperate the individual. The poems as a whole have struck me favorably, except for the above mentioned fact that they are quite bold in revealing the feminine heart. However, such revelation is bound to make for touching poems—and it has.

I would like to go through the book and point out every line that is good. But there are a hundred pages and each page consists of a poem. And each poem has at least one good line. I would like to give especial prominence to the little poem on VALUE. This seems to be the poet's philosophy:

"A wounded eagle screams;  
A woman breaks her heart.  
One is cruelty;  
One is Art."

## *The Third Goal*

*Children of Fire and Shadow*, by Lucia Trent. Chicago: Robert Packard and Company. 95 pp. \$2.00.

GERALD M. CRONA

In her third volume of poetry, Lucia Trent has not departed from the type of verse which with her other two books has brought her not a little recognition. The simplicity and sincerity of the poetry contained in the author's most recent volume assures it of attention from many lovers of poetry. Lucia Trent is already recognized as one of the greatest women poets, and *Children of Fire and Shadow* cannot but add to the prestige she has already attained.

The following is representative of the poetry one will find in *Children of Fire and Shadow*:

A lyric seems too frail a thing  
To compass my adventuring.

How can its frail stanzas hold  
My passion in their narrow mould?

My love for you, a moulting flood.  
That sweeps the channels of my blood?

My faith in you, a citadel  
That the gargoyled walls of hell?

And yet within its frame  
I seal the magic of your name.

*A New Angle On Main Street*

*Hello Towns*, by Sherwood Anderson. New York: Horace Liveright. 339 pp. \$3.00.

By DAVID HUDNUT THORPE

Sinclair Lewis shows us the unlovely side of main street, Edgar Lee Masters has opened the veins of main street and showed us the poetic side of it, and now comes Sherwood Anderson to open another window on the life and feelings of the small town. As the Editor of two newspapers in Marion, Virginia, he placed himself in the midst of the people, he felt their pulse, heard their heart beats, and reports it thru the meduim of his new book, *Hello Towns*. Occasionally he uses his imagination, but for the most part, he has taken the material for this book directly from the pages of his newspapers.

Mr. Anderson has divided his book into twelve parts, each representing one month, and each month he divides into four weeks. The newspaper being a weekly one, this division fits harmoniously the content, as the material presented gives the impression of being clipped from the paper. The joys and sorrows, the parties and meetings, the weddings and funerals, the elections and the shootings all are treated with a kindly, sympathetic hand. The occasional editorials have an understanding air about them that shows the work of a master penman. From the adventures and death of Nellie, the Print-shop cat, to the report of the O. K. Harris murder trial and the county fair, Mr. Anderson has seen things from the town's point of view. He does not defend the small town, but he does show us the real side of it without marring it with too much of the tragic side of it.

For an simple, penetrating, sympathetic view of Main Street, *Hello Towns* will delight the reader from start to finish. It is a book that can be started at any place and instantly catch and hold the eye. When the last page has been turned the first feeling one will have is that of disappointment,—disappointment that there is no more to read!

*The Kingly Spirit*

*The Grand Manner*, by Louis Kronenberger. New York: Horace Liveright. 262 pp. \$2.50.

By MARY ARDEN HAUS

Mr. Hale has proved once and for all in his *Man Without a Country* that the general public is willing to accept an utterly absurd improbability at face value if the details be but plausible and realistic. Nevertheless, the author who attempts to make a highly fictitious plot acceptable to modern readers does a very daring thing.

Mr. Kronenberger in *The Grand Manner* has taken for his hero a nineteenth century king with fourteenth century ideas, whom he pictures so steeped in tradi-



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tional theory of Divine Right that, surrounded on all sides by industrial and political development, he still holds his own little kingdom of Hedenstrom wedded to the past. He is not the typical wicked ruler of a fairy tale, but rather the benevolent despot, clinging desperately to the old regime, but fighting a losing battle against the inevitable forces of progress. Finally, compelled to abdicate his throne, broken physically, and mentally unbalanced, he dies in exile.

The plot is a good one and original. It is fairly well handled. The author relieves the improbabilities of chronology by placing the time in the middle nineteenth century, just far enough back, modern but not contemporary. The book, however, is rather self-consciously written. We cannot help feeling that Mr. Kronenberger has been reading an authoritative essay on *The Writing of Novels*. How the thing is done and why is too obvious, and only at the last do we lose ourselves in the story.

Nevertheless, when we learn that Mr. Kronenberger is only twenty-three years old and that this is his first attempt at novel writing, we are inclined to give him rather more unqualified praise. He has really done a daring thing, and has done it, on the whole, well.

### *Columbus and Others*


*Unknown Lands*, by Blasco Ibañez. Translated from the Spanish by Arthur Livingston, New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc. 270 pp. \$2.50.

By J. W. BRASWELL

*Unknown Lands* is a story of romance centered around the first voyage of Columbus into the New World. Ibañez tells of the preparation for departure, the hardships at sea, the epochal discovery, and the return to a glorious reception in Spain. Even though the author is attempting not a biography but a work of fiction attached to a thread of history, the portrait of Columbus is not what it should be. It merely brings out the same characteristic outlines that tradition has made clear, leaving dim most of the nicer distinctive shadings. Probably the most interesting incident in which Columbus figures is the dispute as to whether he or a sailor on board the *Pinta* is entitled to the monarchs' reward for first sighting land. Of course "the Admiral" takes the reward, but Ibañez, like the historians, impeaches him for doing so.

The main part of the story, however, is concerned not with such matters as this, but with the adventure of a fictitious pair of young lovers—a boy of seventeen and a girl of fifteen. They fly from oppression at home, and are pursued by the conventional, hard-hearted villain of second-rate novels. After thrilling experiences on board the *Santa Maria*, all ends as the sixteen-year-old reader would have it: the villain is stabbed in the neck and the lovers are happily married.

(Continued on page 24)

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# “Short” Biographies



Last week “Spud” Smith started to wear HANES Shirts and Shorts. “Spud” is one of those fellows who likes plenty of style but insists on the original comfort of a South Sea Islander. He’s got what he wants with HANES.



“Socks” Simpson had an appointment with the HANES dealer day before yesterday. He’s wearing HANES Shirts and Shorts now. “Socks” is keeping to only one kind of shirt—the HANES Rayon. But his many Shorts are multi-colored. “Socks’s” underwear closet looks like the stockroom of a rainbow factory.



John Frazer never did like the morning trip to the shower-room. He thought his shoulders and chest weren’t built on Full Back proportions. But now he’s wearing HANES Shirts and Shorts—and wears them to the shower. (He’s taking a bath every day, too.) John says HANES would be better than a Tuxedo for the Junior Prom.



“Dick” Egbert came in with a box last night—it was loaded with HANES Shirts and Shorts. He said something about flowers that bloom in the spring when he hauled out the colorful Shorts. “Dick” had reasons for getting HANES. Low price was one. Perfect style another. And comfort another. “Dick” says HANES Shorts are flared just right—they don’t snug your legs like the paint on a house.



HANES Shorts come in a variety of modern colors and patterns or conventional white if you prefer. Prices are fifty cents, seventy-five cents, and one dollar. HANES Shirts, though, are all-white. The materials are soft and easy to wear. The Rayon Shirt is especially popular. HANES Shirts are fifty cents, seventy-five cents, and a dollar.



If you’re keeping to union suits—be sure to see the HANES line. HANES SAMSONBAK has the exclusive tug-of-war belt guaranteed not to rip or tear. \$1. There’s a wide range of HANES Suits from 75 cents to \$1.50. At the HANES dealer’s you find HANES Union Suits and HANES Shirts and Shorts in variety enough for anyone.

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In spite of the shortcomings of the book, though, the author deserves to be praised for the occasional vivid glimpses he gives of the Spain of 1492. Under Ferdinand and Isabella the nation was then in one of its most glamorous eras. The long Moorish wars had just ended, and religious hatred and superstition were predominant.

### *Dissembling*

*The Leading Man*, by Horace Annesley Vachell. New York, London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 346 pp. \$2.50.

By WHITFIELD HUFF MARSHALL

Horace Annesley Vachell, one of the better-known British novelists, long ago established his reputation as a successful fiction writer and dramatist. His latest work, *The Leading Man*, shows none of the marks of an elderly writer (Vachell is now nearly seventy); rather it is brimming over with a youthful spirit—the work of a man ever young in his ideas.

Valentine Godden, son of the traditional English middle-class family, dissembles throughout his entire life. That is why he was so successful in his character roles on the London stage. His every triumph is purchased with costly sacrifices, and he is continually forced to act, playing the part of anyone but the real Val Godden. However, it is the real Val Godden (of whom we now and then receive a glimpse) who is the most admirable character in the book. It is a character strong in its weakness; lovable in its infirmities.

So long as novels of this calibre are being written, America will continue to realize that England is still supreme in this field—especially when we consider such names as Galsworthy, Wells, Walpole.

### *Masterful and Mediocre*

*The Hermit Thrush*, by Kathleen Millay. New York: Horace Liveright. 129 pp. \$2.00  
*Bowls of Fantasy*, by Flora Bishop Hendricks. Chicago: Robert Packard and Co. 76 pp. \$1.50.

By GERALD M. CRONA

In *The Hermit Thrush*, Kathleen Millay has proven herself a poet of many moods. Her verse covers an extraordinarily wide range of thought, and possesses a certain charm that, while it is not exquisite, attains its beauty through forceful thoughts deftly put. Imagery does not find an important part in *The Hermit Thrush*, but the reader cannot fail to be struck by Miss Millay's charming lyrical powers.

A unique part of the author's latest volume, is a number of pages which are devoted to poems on the Sacco-Vanzetti case. In her poems on this subject, she





## PAUSE AND REFRESH YOURSELF

IT'S REALLY A SHAME  
TO INTERRUPT THE PRO-  
FESSOR'S CHASE OF THE  
DIURNAL LEPIDOPTERA  
AND TURN THE BULL  
ON HIM. BUT YOU  
HAVE TO BLAME THE  
ARTIST FOR THAT.

Obviously few of us have the  
chance—or temerity—to make  
matadors out of ourselves. But  
even in the normal course of  
human events, there's nothing so  
welcome as a refreshing pause.

Happily there's a soda foun-  
tain or refreshment stand—with  
plenty of ice-cold Coca-Cola  
ready—around the corner from  
anywhere. With its delicious  
taste and cool after-sense of re-  
freshment, it makes a little min-  
ute long enough for a big rest.

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

OVER  
**8**  
MILLION  
A DAY



YOU CAN'T BEAT THE  
PAUSE THAT REFRESHES



challenges the justice of the law that dealt so harshly with these two men, and rather advocates the heeding of public opinion. *The Hermit Thrush* should please every lover of good modern verse.

Although Flora Bishop Hendricks' first volume of verse, *Bowls of Fantasy*, appears in a strikingly colorful binding, the reviewer cannot hesitate to remark that the beauty of the book goes no farther than the mere cover. The volume is replete with similes that are exaggerated beyond the bounds which are pleasant for the imagination to compass. Not only are the poems imperfect in that they are superfluously exaggerated, but the author has completely ignored the reader's taste of variety, and has thrust upon him mere pictures of rustling leaves, flowing grain, and a myriad of other poetic commonplaces. The book does not stand among the best.

### *Practical and Beautiful*

*Machinery*, by MacKnight Black. New York: Horace Liveright. 80 pp. \$2.00  
*The Peddler of Dreams*, by Elizabeth Davis Richards. New York: William Albert Broder. 96 pp. \$2.00.

By DAVID HUDNUT THORPE

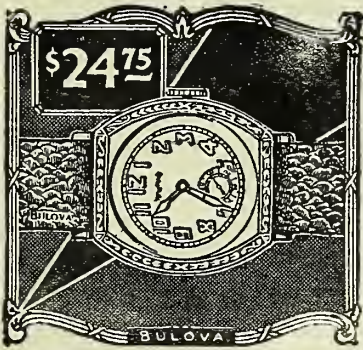
Poetry lovers will welcome MacKnight Black's new book of verse, *Machinery*, for here they will find the practical merged with the truly beautiful. He has absorbed the spirit of the machine age with its monstrous engines into his imagination and written his impressions with a beauty that but few poets have offered in recent times. Since the advent of Carl Sandburg, readers have been greedily looking for another such writer. They will find their search ended when they read the work of this poet.

Using metaphors that are both surprising and pleasing, he fairly gives his readers new eyes thru which they may see the beauty and poetry in man-made perfection. Let us turn, for example to a striking little bit entitled *New Mother*:

*Dynamos are bosoms,  
 Round with the sweet first-filling of a new mother's milk.  
 The lowlands have fostered enough of sons, and the hills, and the sea.  
 Now a strange mother with nipples of iron gives suck to a nation.  
 At her side the young towns take strength on their lips.*

While *Machinery* may be classed as Practical Beauty, *The Peddler of Dreams*, by Elizabeth Davis Richards, may be called Beautiful Beauty. To say that this attractive little volume definitely establishes Mrs. Richards as a poet of note is the least that the reviewer can say as an introductory remark. The first thing that pleases the reader is the beauty of the rhythm that Mrs. Richards employs. Each thought it expressed in a filmy, lace-like effect that reminds one of frost on a windowpane, so delicately are they treated. Music seems to run constantly thru her remarkably well-phased and stately verse. There are so many exquisite passages

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that the lover of poetry will enjoy, that one is at a loss to pick out any one and say that it is outstandingly better than the others. One very pleasing little bit is called *Tears*:—

I covet laughter in my youth  
For I have heard that tears  
Await the traveler along  
The highways of the years.  
And I shall store the joys of youth  
To hold against the day  
When neath the weary ache of age  
Old memories hold sway.

Another striking piece is the one entitled *Echo*:—

The daffodils march up and down  
My garden, row on row;  
While purple scarves of iris wave  
And small winds blow.  
And when the matins bubble out  
From every budding tree  
I live again another spring—  
The spring you went from me.

For one who walks the path alone  
Through flame of suffering  
Is calmed by Beauty, even in  
The poignancy of Spring.

### *Who They Are, Etc.*

The frontispiece is the last of the series of sketches by Nelson Rosenberg, and is a mob study. The faces, though drawn from character studies, are composite rather than individual. Mr. Rosenberg is planning to go to Art School next year. \*\*\* May Fowell Hoisington will be remembered by her many contributions in the past. She writes to tell us that she is not in the decrepit state that her *Merry Heart* would indicate. \*\*\* Allen Tate's new book received some adverse criticism in the January issue of the *Archive* at the hands of Mr. Howard Mumford Jones. In this issue he tells his side of the story. \*\*\* Katharine Washburn Harding writes that she is to include her two poems in her new anthology. \*\*\* B. B. Carstarphen takes his bow in this installment of *Chopin and the Cat*. \*\*\* Ralph Cheyney sends us his best wishes and this excellent study. \*\*\* Bernard Jones graduates from Duke this year. He has not yet announced what his plans are for the future. \*\*\* Agnes Lillian Pace contributes from Colorado Springs. \*\*\* Josephine Johnson is added to our list of contributors thru the Poetry League of Virginia. \*\*\* The Book reviews are headed by those of Dr. W. K. Boyd, Dr. Bert Cunningham, Dr. Allan H. Gilbert, and Dr. Frank Brown of the Duke Faculty. \*\*\* Gerald M. Crona is the newly elected Editor of the *Archive*. His first issue will appear in October. \*\*\* May Bess Redford, Mary Arden Haus, J. W. Braswell, and W. H. Marshall are all student at Duke.



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October 1928-May 1929

VOLUME XLI

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*Seventh Hill, The,* by Robert Hilley. Gerald M. Crona. October.  
*Seven Modern Comedies,* by Lord Dunsany. David K. Jackson. April.  
*Stone Desert,* by Hugo West. W. H. Marshall. March.  
*Six Plays,* by David Belasco. J. P. Lucas, Jr. February.  
*Training of an American: The Earlier Life and Letters of Walter Hines Page,* by Burton J. Hendrick. T. J. Shaw, Jr. October.  
*To the Pure,* by Morris L. Ernest and William Seagle. Pembroke Howland. February.  
*Torchlight Parade,* by S. L. Cook. W. K. Boyd. May.  
*Unknown Lands,* by Vincent Blasco Ibanez. J. W. Braswell. May.  
*Village Doctor, The,* by Sheila Kaye-Smith. Arthur Bridgers. March.  
*Veiled Door, The,* by Caroline Giltinan. May Bess Redford. May.  
*Witchcraft in Old and New England,* by George Lyman Kittredge. Frank K. Brown. May.  
*Whither Mankind,* by Charles A. Beard. Jay B. Hubbell. January.  
*Woman at Dusk and Other Poems,* by Arthur Stringer. John Guice. January.  
*Wanderer, The,* by Alain-Fournier. David H. Thorpe. March.  
*White Oak Farm,* by Elliott Crayton McCants. Jennings G. King. November.  
*Woman Who Invented Love,* by Guido da Verona. Paul Lucas, Jr. December.  
*War Among the Ladies,* by Eleanor Scott. Mary Arden Haus. December.









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